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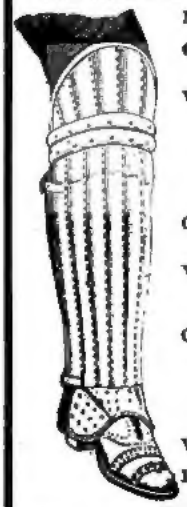

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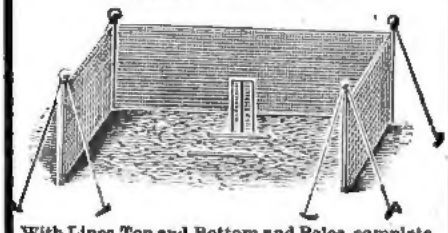

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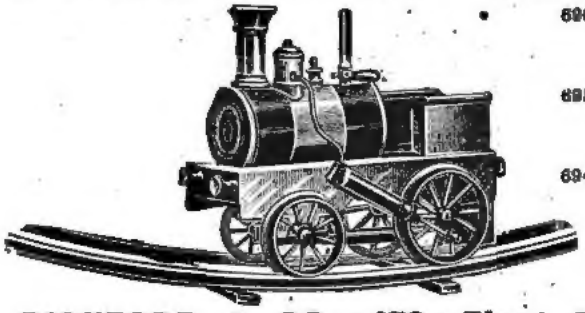

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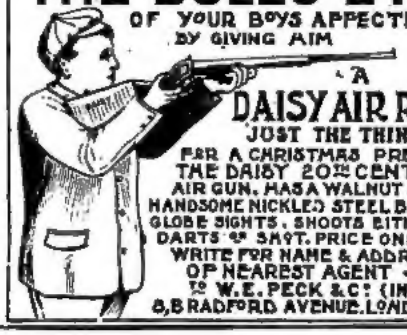

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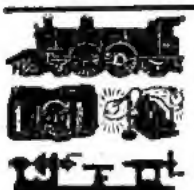

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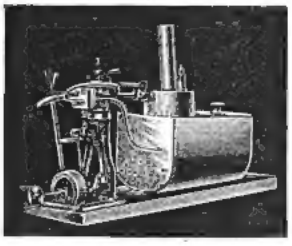

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THE CAPTAIN.

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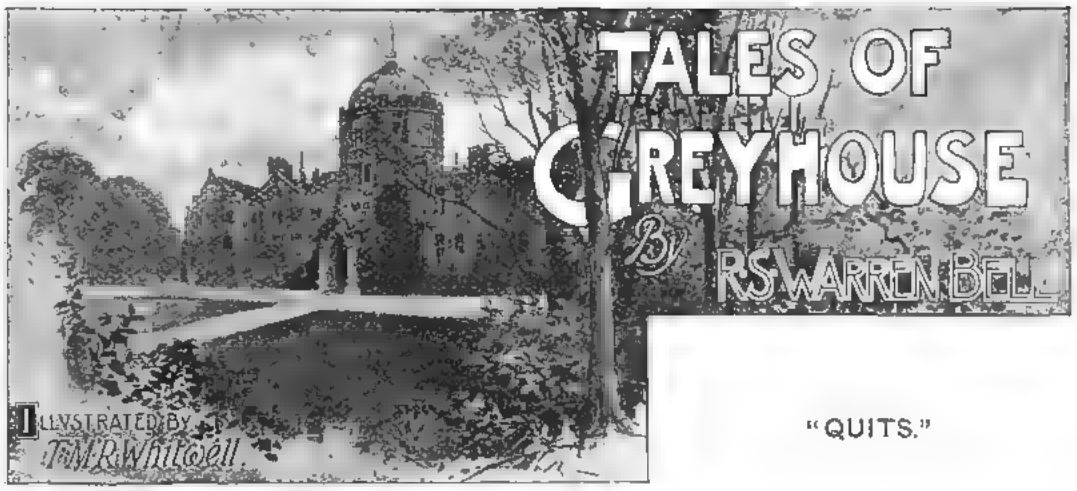
"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR.

MARCH, 1901.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1.	**Friday**	*St. David*	6.37
2.	*Saturday*	*John Wesley died*, 1791	6.38
3.	**Sunday**	*Second in Lent*	6.40
4.	*Monday*	*Forth Bridge opened*, 1890	6.42
5.	*Tuesday*	*Sir Hiram S. Maxim born*, 1840	6.44
6.	*Wednesday*	*George du Maurier born*, 1834	6.46
7.	*Thursday*	*Battle of Poplar Grove, S. Africa*, 1900	6.47
8.	*Friday*	*Battle of Aboukir*, 1801	6.49
9.	*Saturday*	*Scinde War ended*, 1845	6.51
10.	**Sunday**	*Third in Lent*	6 53
11.	*Monday*	*A. E. Stoddart, cricketer, b.*, 1863	6.55
12.	*Tuesday*	*Last day for March Competitions*	6.56
13.	*Wednesday*	*Bloemfontein surrendered*, 1900	6.58
14.	*Thursday*	*King Humbert I. of Italy born*, 1844	6.59
15.	*Friday*	*Mrs. Kendal, actress, b.*, 1849	7.2
16.	*Saturday*	*Duchess of Kent died*, 1861	7 4
17.	**Sunday**	*Fourth in Lent*	7.6
18.	*Monday*	*Princess Louise born*, 1848	7.7
19.	*Tuesday*	*T. Hayward, cricketer, b.*, 1871	7.9
20	*Wednesday*	*Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., b.*, 1836	7.10
21.	*Thursday*	*Robert Bruce born*, 1274	7.11
22.	**FRIDAY**	**APRIL "CAPTAIN" PUBLISHED**	**7.13**
23.	*Saturday*	*National Gallery founded*, 1824	7.15
24.	**Sunday**	*Fifth in Lent*	7.17
25.	*Monday*	*Lady Day*	7.18
26.	*Tuesday*	*Duke of Cambridge born*, 1819	7.20
27.	*Wednesday*	*Cambridge Lent Term ends*	7.22
28.	*Thursday*	*War declared against Russia*, 1854	7.23
29.	*Friday*	*Royal Albert Hall opened*, 1871	7.25
30.	*Saturday*	*Oxford Lent Term ends*	7.27
31.	**Sunday**	*Palm Sunday*	7.28

Calendar Events for May are Invited.

GREYHOUSE.
Drawn by T. M. R. Whitwell.



"QUITS."

I REGRET to say that Charles Henry Carew, Esq.—who generally answered to the name of "Parsnip"—had a good deal of the vindictive in his nature. He always remembered a good turn, but, on the other hand, he never forgot a bad one. This, at any rate, was his character when at school. When he grew up, and broadened his mind by travel and mingling with his fellow-men, most of his mental littlenesses disappeared. But at Greyhouse he never won much popularity, didn't shine in class-room or playing-field, and failed to attain any sort of distinction, except in the art of swimming. Every fellow can do something rather well. Parsnip could *swim*—I was just going to say "like a fish." Not quite like a fish, perhaps, but miles better than any other fellow either of his size or age.

But of that ar on.

Parsnip must have had a lot of good in him, or Sir Billy would never have been his friend. Sir Billy was clever—not a doubt of it—and earned the approval of all his masters; he was very popular—never said ill-natured things, or performed underhand tricks; was shaping into a very pretty bat, too, and could bowl a bit. Not much good at "footer," perhaps, but showed promise of getting into the cricket eleven some day. Sir Billy, moreover, had given proof, in more than one fistic combat, of grit and pluck. He had downed his man, and taken a drubbing—in a word, he had graduated at Greyhouse as "a decent sort."

And he was Parsnip's chum. Fellows couldn't quite understand that; but so it was.

"Can't understand what a real white man like Billy can see in an out-and-out bounder like Parsnip," you'd often hear a fellow say.

More than a few fellows in the Fourth would have liked to be Billy's best friend; but Billy stuck to Parsnip, defended Parsnip when, in his absence, hard things were said about Mr. Carew, fought a fight or two in Parsnip's behalf—as a staunch chum has not infrequently to do—and thoroughly proved that there was nothing of the fickle or the changeable in his friendship. You know old Shakespeare's lines! Well, Billy was all that.

One sweet summer day, some five weeks from "the end," Hodges, the best bat on the Army side, having buckled on his pads and buttoned his gloves, went forth to practise at the nets. Meeting Parsnip and Sir Billy as they emerged from the Lower School changing-room, Hodges told them that they might come and bowl at him.

"But I've got a bad finger, Hodges," said Sir Billy.

"Oh, yes," said Hodges, "that tale will do for your grandmother. I know those bad fingers."

"His finger's beastly bad—I've seen it," chimed in Parsnip.

"Hold your tongue!" said Hodges gruffly, "and come on both of you. No shirking."

So the two fags obediently trotted after Hodges, who, walking a few yards in front of them, swaggered along with about a mile of "side" on to every square inch of his body. Hodges knew he was what Greyhouse termed a "big bug" at cricket, and so considered himself quite as famous a man in his own sphere as the captain of Yorkshire in his. He was not exactly a bully, but he was so fit and hard himself, and so keen on his game, that he would take no excuses such as Billy had

offered, and punished anything like funking with Spartan severity.

It was unlikely that Sir Billy would have laid claim to a sore finger had the whole of his hand been in a good state of repair. The nail on the forefinger of his right hand had been badly smashed in a house match a few days previously, and it was not possible for him to get a tight grip of a cricket-ball without experiencing considerable pain. So, although he clenched his teeth and did his level best to bowl straight, he soon exasperated Mr. Hodges.

"This is absolutely rotten stuff you're sending down, Travers!" he shouted. "You're not trying!"

"Yes, I am, Hodges," bleated Billy.

"Brute!" muttered Parsnip. "Good! I hit him on the wrist then."

He had, and uncomfortably hard. It didn't improve Hodges' temper either. Shortly after, much to the bowler's satisfaction, a fast ball from Parsnip got up nastily and introduced itself to Hodges just above that great man's belt.

Hodges, smarting in two places, cursed volubly. He couldn't do anything to Parsnip, as Parsnip could hardly be held responsible for the ground being hard and nobbly. However, a little later, Sir Billy sent down a really dreadful ball—a bad wide on the off—which broke away still further as Hodges made a furious lunge at it.

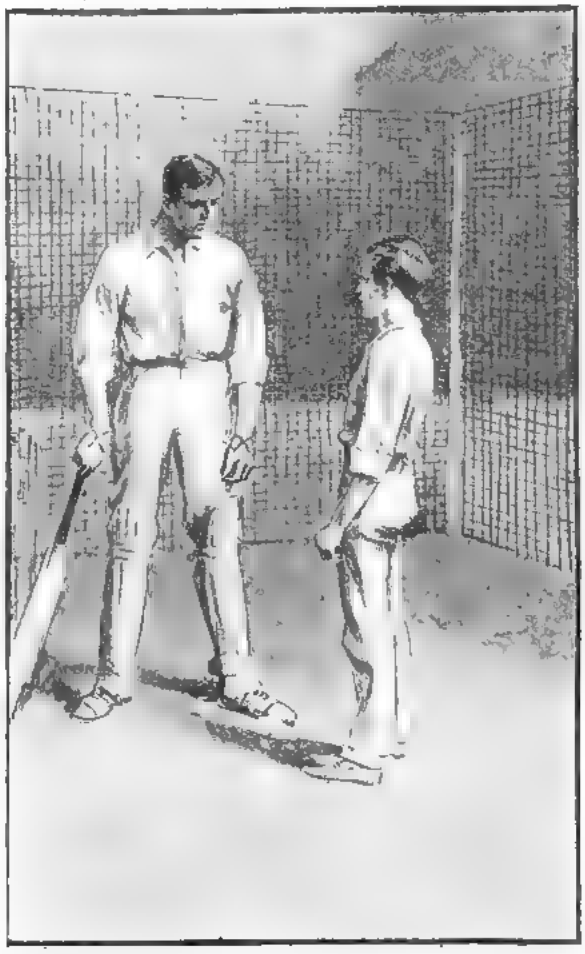
"You did that on purpose, young Travers!" he shouted. "Come here!"

Sir Billy meekly obeyed the order, and stood before Hodges in certain expectation that he was in for a licking.

"First you make a moan about a finger, and then you turn sulky and bowl wide. What do you mean by it?"

"I bowled as well as my finger would let me, Hodges," apologised the small boy.

"Humbug! I've heard from several fellows that you are a very decent slow bowler, with a leg break. Precious little leg break you've given me to-day. I suppose you and Carew wanted to go and gorge yourselves at the tucker instead of coming down here. I'll teach you to turn sulky. Bend over."



"FIRST YOU MAKE A MOAN ABOUT A FINGER, AND THEN YOU TURN SULKY AND BOWL WIDE. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY IT?"

Sir Billy obeying, Hodges administered to him punishment with the flat of his bat, and put so much energy into it that it took the victim all his time and teeth to keeping himself from blubbing. His eyes were full of tears as he walked away.

"You can cut now, both of you," said Hodges, angrily flinging his bat down. "I believe the smallest brats in the First Form could bowl better."

So Billy and Parsnip slunk off, but as Parsnip went he turned and gave Hodges a peculiarly unpleasant look out of his small pig eyes, and when Parsnip treated anyone to a look of this sort it meant that the person so favoured had been allotted a place of distinction in Parsnip's black ledger.

Parsnip trudged doggedly along by Billy's side.

"Sting up much?" he inquired.

"Oh, a bit," said Billy carelessly.

"Beastly cad!" observed Parsnip, referring, of course, to Hodges. "I should like to get even with him. How could he expect you to bowl with that finger?"

It was clear that Parsnip considered that, by licking Billy, Hodges had also licked *him*. That was the view Parsnip took of the matter, at any rate. Billy had told Hodges that he had a bad finger, and Hodges had chosen to doubt his word. This was an insult to his chum which Parsnip could not overlook.

So he again observed, in a low and menacing tone: "I should like to get even with him."

It was Sir Billy's way to be silent whilst others chattered. Parsnip continued to mutter uncomplimentary things about Hodges as they crossed the lower playing-field, but Sir Billy said never a word. These two understood one another: Parsnip was quite content to talk and let Billy listen. Sometimes Billy talked and Parsnip listened. A queer thing, this friendship; but it *was* a friendship. There was nothing half-and-half about it.

When they reached the upper playing-field, Parsnip asked Billy what he was going to do?

Billy said: "Oh, I think I shall get a book and have a read."

This fondness for reading on Billy's part sometimes annoyed Parsnip, who didn't care a hang about books, and was irreverent enough to term Sir Walter Scott "a dry old rotter!" And Sir Walter was Billy's hero! However, on this occasion, Parsnip simply said, "All right," and they parted in the quad. Billy went off to his class-room for a book, and Parsnip made his way to the tuck shop.

Billy, holding "The Antiquary" affectionately under his arm, presently passed through the quad, and sought a shady spot in the upper playing-field, where he laid himself down, and, reclining on elbow, began to look for the place "where he had left off."

But he was feeling sore in mind and body, and found it difficult to settle himself to his reading. Billy was somewhat given to brooding—now and again he got a fit of melancholy, and then he liked to be all by himself, and have it out with himself.

'Twas so on this occasion. He gazed at the page before him without taking in the sense of the printed words. The event of the afternoon was rankling in his mind. The injustice of the punishment he had received rose up before him, and brought the hot blood to his face. Till to-day he had regarded Hodges as a jolly nice chap. He and Hodges both sang in the choir, and were both fond of music. Hodges was one of the fellows who used to linger behind after evening chapel on Sunday, and listen to Kitt's playing. Billy had often stood at Hodges' elbow—there was a musical bond of sympathy between the big fellow and the small one. And yet—in spite of this—Hodges had licked him for not bowling straight. He couldn't help bowling crooked with that finger—why couldn't Hodges take his word? Hodges was, as Parsnip had declared, a beastly cad.

Sir Billy was not in the habit—even in thought—of labelling people with names of this sort, and a moment after he had—mentally—used Parsnip's expression, gentler reflections prevailed, and he recollected that, after all, Hodges was awfully keen on cricket, and detested slackness, and often had tales of split fingers and bruised knees told him by kids who had nothing the matter with them whatever, but just wanted to get off "fielding," and didn't mind endeavouring to do so by inventing a neat cram concerning a physical ailment of some kind. Perhaps, decided Sir Billy, it was quite natural that Hodges should have disbelieved *him*. After all, it didn't matter. The licking was over and done with—why make such a song about it?

Then it struck Sir Billy that Parsnip seemed to be very bitter against Hodges. Of course! He remembered now. It wasn't only because he—Sir Billy—had been licked unreasonably that Parsnip was so wild. No. Only a few Sundays since Parsnip had interrupted Kitt's playing, and had had his ears boxed by Hodges for his pains. And Sir Billy had been—indirectly and unintentionally, of course—instrumental in getting Parsnip's ears boxed. It all came back to him. Parsnip had hit Billy, and he had not hit Parsnip back—and a week later they had made it up.

So Parsnip had not forgotten that smack on the head—hence his animosity against Hodges!

Such were Billy's reflections as he lay on the grass. Suddenly there was a rustle of approaching feet, and directly afterwards a bottle of gingerbeer was quietly put down by Billy's elbow. Billy didn't say anything—he knew Parsnip wouldn't like him to—but when a minute or so had elapsed he took a pull at the gingerbeer and found it very good.

When he looked at his book again—he was lying in such a way that he was unable to see anything except the brick wall in front of him—he perceived a large chunk of cake reclining patiently on the open page. Billy—without looking round—polished off the cake and finished the gingerbeer.

Then he felt distinctly better—quite himself again, in fact. Of course he knew Parsnip had brought the gingerbeer and cake. Parsnip

—the unpopular, the looked-down-on Parsnip—liked to present offerings to his chum in this off-hand way.

"I say, feel like a bathe?" inquired Parsnip.

"I don't mind," said Billy.

"Then come on—there's still an hour before tea."

So Sir Billy closed his book, rose from the grass, stretched himself, and followed Parsnip, who, as I have said, whatever else he couldn't do, *could* swim.

The Greyhouse bathing-place was unpoetically yclept "The Hole," being a portion of the river staked off for the use of the school. Greyhouse possessed swimming-baths, but nobody cared to dabble about under cover in the summer term, when The Hole was available.

Having procured their towels, Billy and Parsnip set forth. Somewhat to their discomfiture, on turning into the dressing-shed they almost ran into Hodges, who was bound on the same errand as themselves. Other fellows were knocking about there, in all stages of dress and undress, and some had just come down to look on.

Parsnip's small pig-eyes followed Hodges' every movement. Parsnip's slow brain was working in its own slow way. He well remembered that Sunday night when he had hit Sir Billy, and Sir Billy had refrained from hitting him back. Parsnip felt that he was in his chum's debt, and that he ought to find a way of paying him back before term ended.

There seemed to be a bit of an opening here. Hodges had licked Billy without cause. Billy couldn't pay Hodges out, but he—Parsnip—could and *would*.

Now Hodges was a fine bat, but a poor swimmer. Parsnip knew that. Hodges didn't care much for the water, but took a dipper in The Hole every day because it was the fashion. He didn't care to be out of anything of this sort; but he loved not the water. Parsnip knew that, too.

There were two diving-boards, one stationary, supported by piles fixed into the bed of the river, the other a spring-board, which Parsnip and all good—and some bad—divers used.

Having divested himself of his raiment, Hodges headed for the stationary board and marched solemnly along it until he reached the end. Arrived there he took a look at the river, and submitted his legs and arms to a gentle chafing, in the common manner of the hesitating bather.

Hodges was thus occupied when there was a shout behind him of "*Look out in front!*" and a figure shot past him. The figure was Parsnip's But so clumsily did Parsnip—who for some unaccountable reason had used the stationary instead of the spring board—shoot past Hodges that he fairly upset the big Fifth Form fellow's balance, with the result that, as Parsnip dived neatly into the water, Hodges toppled after him and fell in with a most ignominious "splosh."

He rose to the surface spluttering, his mouth full of water, and his brain overflowing with fury. He had recognised Parsnip's voice, but, when he looked round for Parsnip, Mr. Charles Henry Carew was a considerable distance off, treating the crowd on the bank to a little fast exhibition swimming.

Hodges' absurd tumble off the board had given a good deal of amusement to the crowd, not because Hodges was unpopular, but because any mishap of that kind was welcomed as a sort of relief to the regular routine of bathing. The smaller fellows marvelled at Parsnip's temerity, and shuddered as they thought of the licking he would get "when he came out."

"That's a bit off Billy's score," thought Parsnip, surveying Hodges from a safe point of vantage, "I expect Hodges will lam me something terrific when I'm drying, but I don't care much. It's worth a lamming to have bunched him over like that—ho! ho!" And Parsnip gurgled at the remembrance.

He stayed in the water as long as he could—for some time, in fact, after Hodges had clambered out and gone to the dressing shed. At last Parsnip was the only fellow left in The Hole, although a good many chaps were still fooling about on the bank. Judging that it must be getting near tea-time, Parsnip at length left the water, and went to dress.

Hodges grabbed him roughly as he entered the shed.

"Now then, you clumsy young fool," he exclaimed, "anything to say before I lick you?"

Parsnip decided that action would help him more than speech. Why not take refuge in the water again?

So, with a sudden jerk, he freed himself from Hodges' detaining hand, and dashed out of the shed. Hodges followed hot after him. The crowd yelled—this was good sport indeed! The great Hodges was actually condescending to chase a mere fag!

Parsnip's naked form could be seen dodging and gliding along in front of his pursuer, who several times made fruitless lunges at the runaway. Once he clutched his shoulder, but Parsnip, to whom terror had lent extra strength and speed, shook him off and dashed forward more swiftly than ever.

Quite forgetting that he was a great batsman, and, in short, a person who ought to have been

THE FELLOWS HELD THEIR BREATH. WOULD PARSNIP FIND HIM?

above this sort of child's play, Hodges fumed and cursed as he raced desperately after the fugitive. In point of speed, of course, he was vastly superior to Parsnip. Exerting himself to the utmost, he overtook Parsnip again just as the runaway arrived at the river's edge.

"*Stop*, will you?—d'you hear——"

Parsnip did hear, and did stop—but not exactly as Hodges imagined he would, for he flung himself down on the grass, with the result that Hodges tripped over him, and fell into the river.

Parsnip heard the splash, and rose to his feet with a look of relief. Time to slip on his things and get away now!

But wait! Looking towards the water to see how his persecutor was faring, Parsnip could see nothing of that persecutor.

The crowd on the bank rushed up, white-faced with apprehension.

"Where is he?" inquired Parsnip, in his slow way.

"*He's drowning—he only came up once. Quick, Parsnip!*"

It was Billy's voice.

"Where?" asked Parsnip.

"There—in the deep part by the tree. *Quick!*"

No need to urge Parsnip further. Clean as a whistle, he was over the bank, diving down, down, down into the deep part by the tree—a part that bad swimmers were always warned to avoid.

He rose to the surface, took in a fresh supply of breath, swam a little way on, and dived again.

Nothing could now be seen of Parsnip—nothing of Hodges—just a big, ever-widening circle where Parsnip had disappeared.

The fellows held their breath. Would Parsnip find him? Hodges must have been seized by the cramp, or he would never have sunk so suddenly.

They craned forward—the suspense was horrible. It was all a matter of seconds, but it seemed like hours, like weeks. Hullo!—look!—Parsnip's head—right away there on the far side of the tree, the very worst place a fellow could get into.

Parsnip's head—his shoulders! Had he found him? Look! Had he? No! Yes—yes—YES!

"Hurrah! Bravo, Parsnip! Well done, sir! Bravo, Parsnip!"

Other fellows, who had been waiting for Parsnip's reappearance, now jumped in and swam to his assistance. And none too soon, for he was quite pumped. But he had found Hodges.

"Here you are—take him, you fellows! Hurry up!"

They relieved Parsnip of the dead weight he was hauling at, and Parsnip, paddling feebly to the bank, was helped ashore by a dozen friendly hands.

The others towed Hodges in, turned him upside down to let the water run out of him, massaged his limbs, and then, when consciousness returned, bore him away to the infirmary.

Late that night Parsnip turned to the occupant of the bed next to his.

"Awake, Billy?"

"Yes, rather."

"I say, Billy—d'you think Hodges will *die?*"

"Of *course* not! He'll be all right by to-morrow—everyone says so."

"Oh, I say, I am glad."

There was a brief spell of silence. Then:

"I say, Billy!"

"Yes, Parsnip?"

"You know why I shoved Hodges off the board?"

"Yes," said Billy, "I think I know."

"You remember that Sunday—and the Sunday after—well——"

"Oh, that's all right," said Billy hastily, "never mind that."

"Yes, but I—I wanted to get quits with you."

"You did—to-day," said Billy; "thanks for wanting to," he added simply.

So then, feeling that all was square between himself and Billy, Parsnip heaved a deep sigh and fell asleep.

THE END.

Warren Bell

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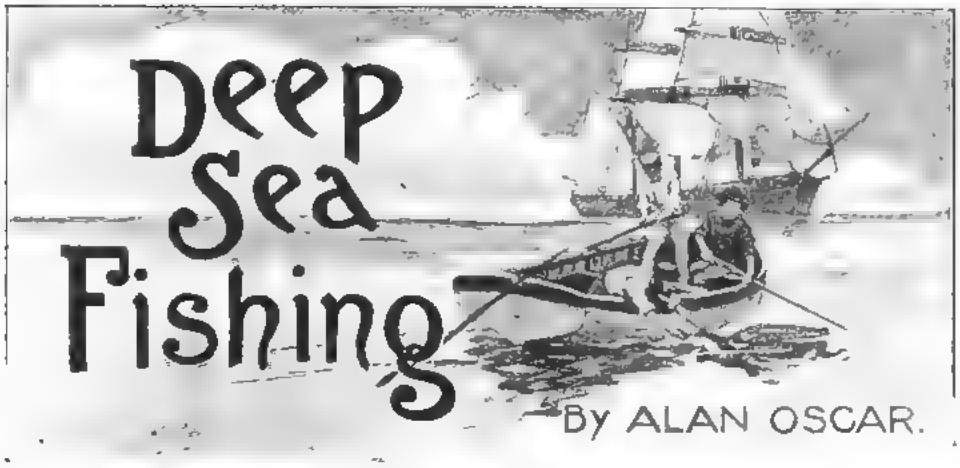


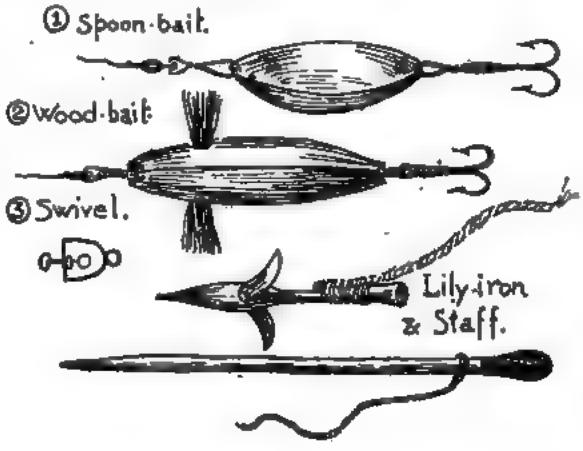
Deep Sea Fishing

By ALAN OSCAR.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

WAS it not Dr. Johnson who defined angling as a rod with a worm at one end and a fool at the other? It is of no such mild sport as this we are going to write. Talk as you may of the joys of a day's trout fishing; the best trout fishing I ever had was through a hole in the Canadian ice. Even salmon fishing, though good sport enough, will not compare with deep sea fishing; and you have got to go to sea for it, and in a sailing vessel—nowhere else can you get it.

Your ordinary river fisherman is—like the poet—born, not made, but deep sea fishing is strong enough sport for anyone to enjoy. Here is no sitting in silence on a placid river's bank; here is no place for that mild enthusiasm which exclaims after a blank day in the rain, "Wasn't that a glorious nibble I had just after lunch!" No; deep sea sport is all excitement and result; it does not deal with fish measured by inches and weighed by ounces, but with active monsters weighing stones and hundredweights; no flimsy trout rod will suffice—far stronger tackle is necessary.



For whale fishing, read the "Cruise of the *Cachalot*"; for cod fishing, "Captains Courageous"; both of these are trades undertaken for profit. Come with me and I will show you better sport still. Here you may sit astride the jib-boom, with a leaping, bounding, surging vessel rushing behind you, and haul up into your arms a fish which will spring and wriggle from your tightest grasp unless you grip him like grim death, and whose flesh, when you fry him for breakfast, will look more like meat than fish. Or you may venture out on the "dolphin-striker," being prepared to be dipped—perhaps to your neck—as the ship pitches, from whence you may spear a porpoise if your eye is steady and your arms are strong. But to particularise.

We have cleared the Channel, have skirted Portugal, and struck the trade winds. The morning is one dazzle of glory; every dashing wave breaks into a million diamonds in the slant rays of the rising sun. The sails belly out under the brisk breeze. The ship bounds and surges along through the sapphire sea. The men are washing decks—you can have a dozen buckets of the clear, cool, salt water dashed over you as a shower-bath if you

will. Your appetite is ravenous. Drink your coffee and nibble your biscuit, then come "forrard" and catch your breakfast; for has not the senior apprentice whispered "Bonito under the bows!"

We prepared our tackle some days ago. First the bait. We cut the handle off a nickel spoon, bored a hole in each end of the bowl, fastened a few inches of wire-covered gut to these holes, attached one end, with a swivel, to a long cod-line, and on the other mounted two hooks back to back. (See diagram (1) on preceding page. This affair, when towed, twirls and darts about like a small fish, and is a killing bait—so says the senior apprentice.

Another of our crowd had cut an imitation fish body out of a piece of hard wood about 4ins. long. This he had notched at the ends and grooved on either side; in these grooves he fitted wire with loops at each end, to which hooks were attached. To make the affair still more like a fish, he had pulled a bunch of stiff bristles from a scrubbing brush, and fixed them on either side to represent fins—or wings—some bright tin had been tacked on the body so that it should glitter when in the water. Here is *his* bait. (2.)

CATCHING BONITO
FROM THE JIB-BOOM.

The bonito is a fish something like a gigantic mackerel; he seems alive with electricity, and is a very swift swimmer. This comparatively little chap—2ft. long or a little more—will play round a ship going nine knots through the water with the greatest ease. There is need of his swiftness, for the porpoise is his enemy; as he chases the flying fish, so the porpoise chases him.

But let us get forward! Bonito steak fresh from the sea is a breakfast not to be despised.

Up on to the forecastle! Out on to the bowsprit! Further still. Out—out—to the jib-boom end!

What a grand picture! One moment turn and look at it! The whole ship is before our eyes. The great bellying sails, up to the royals; the gracefully moving hull beneath. When she dips her bows, so that the thundering foam roars in her hawse-pipes, you can see along the decks to the poop, where the mate of the watch and the men washing decks look like Lilliputians in the distance. We—astride the jib-boom—feel as if on the back of a plunging horse. But to business! There beneath us, darting along just below the surface, now and again showing nose, or back fin, or tail, above water, swim our prey—shoals of them!

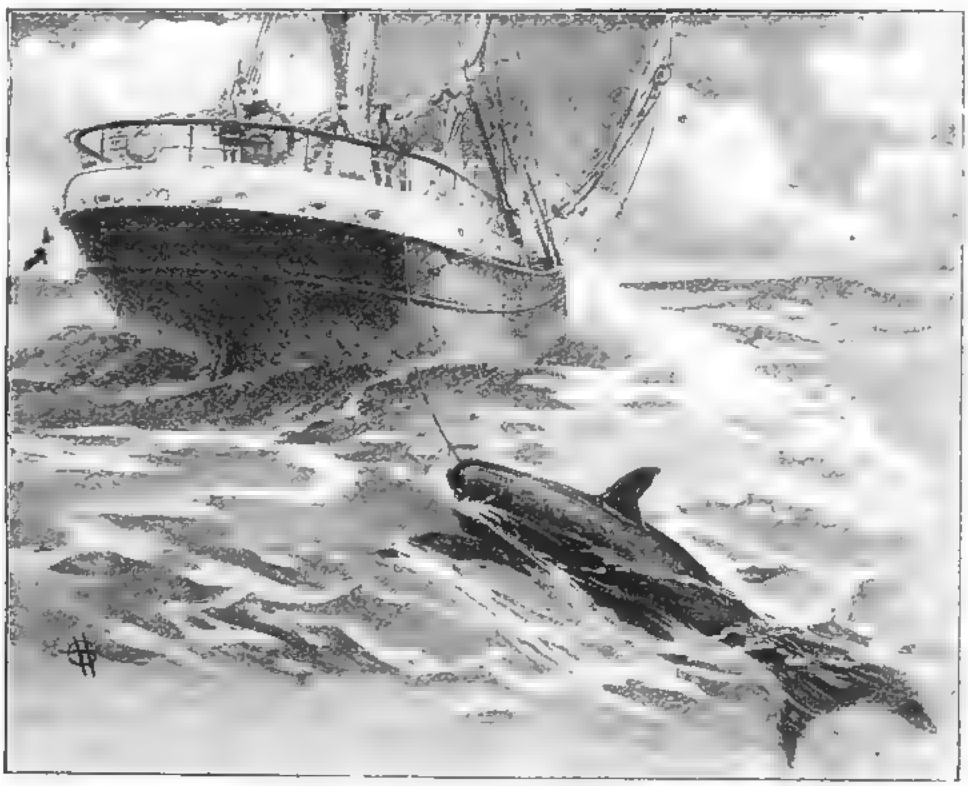
Lower away the line! The bare mechanical bait is all that is wanted. Just to the surface! So! The senior apprentice brings forth a towel from the bosom of his shirt.

"What on earth's that for, Murray?"

"You'll jolly soon know. You try to hold a bonito in your arms without; why he'd spring from here on to the fo'castle deck!"

L'enfant dit vrai! as I, with experience, can avouch. Yes. It is impossible to hold the wriggling, shock-giving creatures unless you wrap them in something of the sort.

Well, I lowered my line, and let the bait dance along the flashing sea surface. Beneath us was the uncloven wave. Our noble ship caught not the virgin water over which we sat, so that, though a few yards astern the prow made the divided seas to roar and foam, below us it was still translucent, transparent, broken only by its natural waves. Hardly had I floated my bait, when a flash — a jerk! seeming almost to pull my arms out of their shoulder sockets.



"HAUL IN!" CRIED THE MATE.
Playing a shark

"Strike! Haul up!" yelled Murray. And I hauled. Hand over hand. Flinging, jerking, wriggling, darting, up came my first bonito, the cod-line making my hands sting again.

Murray was ready. No sooner was the creature's sharp nose hauled up to the boom, than he pounced on him with his towel, and instantly hugged him tightly to his breast.

"Now then! Out hook!" said he, as his whole body shivered under the wriggles of the wild thing; but it was no easy matter. I compromised by unbending the line and letting fish and bait go in on to the deck together.

Grand sport! Only it does not last long enough. Having caught sufficient for breakfast we desisted; for your true sportsman does not kill what he cannot use. And so we went aft to breakfast, and ate our first bonito steak—very good it was!

"'Saint Helena beef' they call it," said Murray; and indeed it was of a different flavour to the dead-white fish of northern seas, and was darkly red—there was just a suspicion of animal flesh about it.

The grand trade winds swept us along nearly to the Equator, where, in our first tropic calm, I caught my first shark.

Jack's method of securing this sea monster is crude. Just yank the sharp hook through a piece of fat pork, bend it on to a rope, drop it overboard, and let him gorge it; then haul him up by main force and slaughter him. Is he not the sea tiger?

"No," said Mr. Mate. "I'll show you a better way than that, which will give you half-an-hour's good sport."

He produced—to my wonder—a bonito hook some 2ins. long, to replace the ponderous shark hook which every ship carries amongst her stores, and which is a heavy affair, weighing a pound, and half-an-inch thick.

"You can never catch him with that!" said I, as I looked down at the silent green monster which swam along so smoothly about the stern. In the dark shadow of the hull the brute could be seen quite clearly—it looked some 10ft. or 12ft. long, and the picture of evil, with its wicked little eyes and its shovel-nosed snout. About it sailed two pretty little, blue-striped attendants—"pilot" fish—and on its back a thing like a leech waved—a sucking fish (*Remora*).

"Oh, yes, I will," said the mate. "Here, Murray! Let's have the log-line."

Murray unslung the log-reel with its line, and the mate bent on his little hook, baiting it with a small piece of salt pork; then, the apprentice holding the log-reel, Mr. Mate lowered his hook and line over the stern. Down it goes till the bait touches the glass-like water. Instantly the horrible monster makes a slight sidling motion; he has seen it! Look at his sharp, cruel, pig-like eye—the eye of a devil. Now he has turned with a slow, powerful sweep, and is gliding towards it without a perceptible movement in his fins; only his wicked, shifting eyes proclaim him to be alive. He pushes at the bait with his shovel nose, looks sideways at it, makes as though he would swerve away—then, suddenly, there is a swirl; a flash of white as his belly shows for an instant, a snap of the jaws. He has taken it! Yet still he lies quiet—stationary.

"What now?" I whispered excitedly

"'St!" replied the mate. "Stand by now, Murray! He'll gorge it directly."

As he spoke, the awful brute gave the bait a shake—almost as a terrier would do—then, with an angry blow of his tail, a swift swerve, he dashed off astern; he had felt the hook.

"Give him line!" shouted the mate, as he let the log-line rush through his hands. "Look out now, when he eases!"

Murray held the reel; the line flew from it. The brute took perhaps 50yds.—then the tension began to slacken.

"Haul in!" cried the mate, and began to gather in hand over hand, Murray reeling up sharply, and I helping to pull in. All of a sudden I felt the cord torn from my grasp. The great fish was off again!

We played him thus for a good half-hour, till his dashes became weaker and weaker. At last the mate became aggressive; held him as he dashed away; hauled more strongly when he eased his rushes—and presently the sea-tiger lay beneath the stern, feebly flapping with his tail, his serrated jaws half open, as though he were gasping.

"He's drowned!" said the mate.

A running bow-line of stout rope was now bent round the log-line, and this noose was slipped down and settled below his big side fins. It was now jerked tight. Then the onlookers clapped hold, and John Shark was hauled on deck. One blow with an axe just above his tail fin, and he lay helpless, with the last breath of life ebbing fast away.

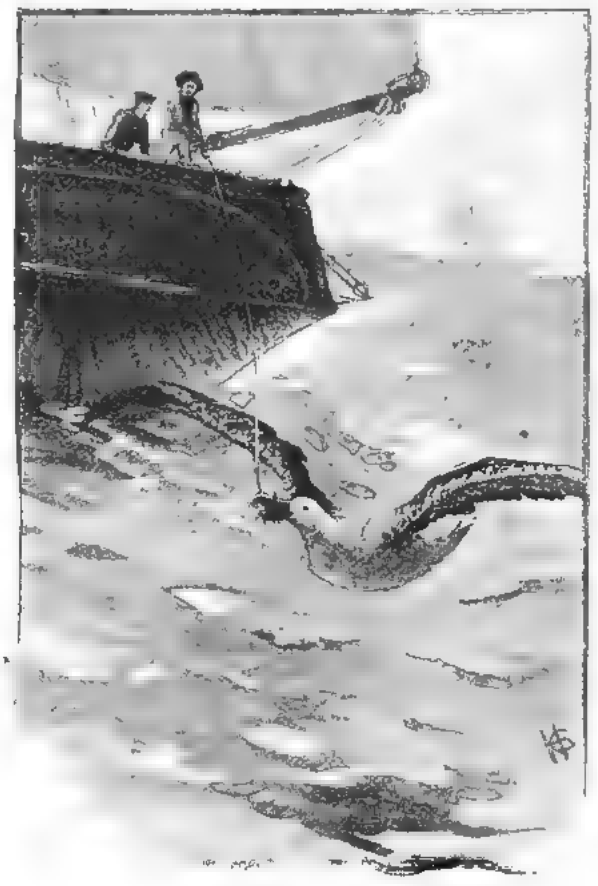
Eleven feet three inches long! A giant to have been caught with bonito hook and cod-line! Old Bill Whiskin, a shrivelled, brown, ex-man-o'-war's man, cleaned his jaws and backbone for me—the latter like a lot of ornamental draughtsmen strung together. The jaws, when full open, went over my head without touching. Having opened him and found in his stomach two partly digested small fish and an empty milk tin which he had probably got from our own ship, the carcass was thrown overboard, where its kind would soon devour it. Jack will not eat full-grown shark for fear he should be feeding on some poor sailor. Anyway, the flesh is coarse and rank; though young shark—say of 3ft. length—may be eatable under the circumstances of a long sea voyage.

One shark which we caught was full of young. I counted over seventy! Some were not fully

formed, the largest were perhaps a foot in length. Whilst in the water they were swimming in and out of their mother's mouth. This brute was of the blue, sharp-nosed species.

One night, in the Bay of Bengal, we caught three big sharks in the middle watch. But the most awful shark I ever saw—though I believe the species is comparatively harmless—was a dirty-white ground shark, in Algoa Bay; he had snaggle teeth 2ins. to 3ins. long, which had outgrown his jaws and projected like ragged twigs from between his closed lips, and he was 14ft. long!

Turtle catching is not bad sport; like shark fishing it requires a dead calm. The Bay of Bengal is a good place. Here you may often see turtle lying asleep on the surface. Now a harpoon is of no use; it will go through the reptile easy enough, crashing in the brittle shell, but it has no hold, and when you attempt to draw *up* it draws *out*, leaving a horrible jagged wound in the poor brute. To *catch* a turtle a boat is necessary



CATCHING AN ALBATROSS.

In such circumstances we used to man the jolly-boat with three hands, two to pull warily, one to snatch Mr. Turtle. Look! There is a fellow asleep about half-a-mile away. Off we start, rowing with as little splash as may be, till some 30yds. off. Now we give the boat way and ship our oars, one still steering. The boat is pointed so that she comes up *astern* of the turtle, and runs alongside of him. Now, the moment approaches! We glide nearer, nearer to the brown, silent creature. Murray is ready. We creep alongside, all breathless, silent. He seizes one flapper, I grab the other *on the same side;* one hoist, which nearly drags the boat's gunwale under, and our turtle is floundering in the bottom of the boat. This is the only way. Once let your turtle get his head pointed downward, and with one kick he will be out of your grasp. A dozen would not hold him so.

I don't care much for turtle soup, or calipash and calipee. One wants to be an alderman of the old school to appreciate such things; still it is good sport catching them. Turtle is said to have the flesh of fish, meat, and fowl. I could never appreciate these reputed tastes.

Far south, off the Capes, albatross and Cape pigeon may easily be caught, the first in calm, the second in a breeze. This is, I suppose, "birding," not "fishing."

The albatross is a magnificent fellow. I once measured a monster 13ft. from wing-tip to wing-tip. You may be scudding along fourteen knots an hour, but he will sweep up from far astern and flit by you as if you were at anchor. It has been estimated that the speed of their flight is sixty miles an hour, and I quite believe it. Thousands of miles from land you meet them by dozens — yet they know their way back to the rocks where they breed. In very heavy gales they often heave themselves to, like a ship, sitting on the water with just the tip of one wing stuck up to keep them head to sea. When flying, you may watch them for an hour without being able to distinguish the least motion in their wings. A strong hook (a sail-hook, used

by sail-makers, is the best), baited with meat and allowed to float astern will usually entice them. They snap at it, the hook catches in the top bill, and they can then be hauled aboard. As soon as they reach the deck they are promptly sea-sick. Then they flounder about helplessly, for they cannot rise to flight off a ship's deck. If kept aboard for a few weeks, and fed on grain and such like, they become fairly eatable, but fresh caught their flesh tastes like rank fish. Their web-feet can be made into ornamental "baccy" pouches, and their wing bones into pipe-stems.

Cape pigeons are pretty birds, dappled black and white, and about the size of a small gull. They are easily caught thus: Get a ball of crochet cotton; to the end of the cotton tie a cork, and let it fly out astern; it will not be long ere one out of the hundreds of them flies into it and entangles its wings. It is now helpless. Haul the poor thing in, and, if you are hard-hearted enough, take its wings for the adornment of your girl's hat. There is little sport in catching Cape pigeons.

Have you ever heard of lobster-catching by torch-light? It is good fun for a mixed crowd of boys and girls. In the Canadian harbours you meet with this sport to perfection. A boat, a huge birch-bark torch at the stem, and a long stick forked at the end, are the necessaries. It may seem strange to those who have never tried it, but this torch lights up the water in a clear harbour so that the bottom can be seen, and the lobsters detected crawling about. All you have to do is to lower your prong down and catch Mr. Lobster behind his big claws; then you have him and can hoick him up into the boat. When enough are caught, it is the correct thing amongst our Nova Scotian friends to row ashore and let the girls boil some of the catch for a lobster supper. And, talking of Canada, though it scarcely comes under the head of sea fishing, I may say that in some of the Canadian rivers —near the sea—I have often hauled my boat into a creek and gathered a feed of oysters off the branches of the shrubs overhanging and dipping into the water. Hauling up a branch we would find strings of oysters, from the full grown down to babies the size of buttons.

Perhaps the finest deep sea sport is porpoise spearing. For this you want a day when the ship is going a fair speed through smooth water; the north-east trade region is perhaps the best. Here a shoal of porpoise will often be found playing round the bows, tumbling and rolling along just in front of the stem as if they enjoyed the fun of being chased. You sometimes see them in lines a good mile in length plunging along in regular formation, and in such cases they will be seen hurling themselves into the air and coming down "Splash!" It is said that they do this to get rid of their *fleas!* For success in catching them careful preparation is necessary, for a "sea-pig" is no light weight to haul aboard when you have speared him.

Seamen use two kinds of weapons for porpoise, "grains" and "lily-irons." The "grains" are somewhat like the conventional trident of Neptune. The "lily-iron," which is the better of the two, is a harpoon having two hinged barbs that lie close to the blade when the strike is given, but when the strain comes on the harpoon-line these open out, *within the fish*, and prevent the weapon drawing. The line—about as thick as a stout box-cord—is seized on to the shaft of the iron itself, not to the wooden staff which fits into it, and which is not securely fastened to the iron; then, when the strike is made, the wooden shaft detaches from the iron, and is left hanging by a small line in the hands of the striker. The heavier line attached to the iron is led up through a small block, and several men are stationed at it to haul in quickly when the fish is struck—though we have no business to call friend porpoise a "fish," seeing that he is a warm-blooded mammal—but this is a detail.

Being all prepared then, let us get "forrard." Shirt and trousers only is your rig, for the striker must get out on the "martingale" or "dolphin-striker," a small spar that sticks down vertically from beneath the bowsprit. Here, if the ship dives, you may find yourself suddenly immersed to the neck; possibly altogether submerged, and all in the midst of your rushing, gambolling prey. It is well also to have a bow-line passed under your armpits, for fear you might be washed off your spar altogether.

Now then! A clear eye and a steady hand. The roar of the foam from our ship's bows is all round your feet. As the vessel lifts you feel as if being tossed heavenward. She begins to descend! The sea beneath rises swiftly to meet you! Splash!—wetted right up to the middle that time. Steady, old girl! We can't spear porpoise if you behave like this!—Obedient, she goes more smoothly. Now, look out! There! Close below us scurry the sea-pigs, with their bottle noses and queer little eyes. We can almost touch them sometimes. Up with your weapon! Remember, a strong strike is necessary. Here comes a fellow! Strike!

Ah—a miss! Haul up your staff; re-ship the iron-head. Now! Try again. Ready! See this fellow—he will be beneath in a moment.

Good! He's hit!

Down dives the ship as you strike. Down goes your head "splash" beneath the water—a bubbling and roaring in your ears, an upward

sweep, and you are lifted, dripping, heavenward. But in that instant which you spent beneath the surface, the watchful fellows on the line have hauled away swiftly, and the flapping, wriggling mass is up to the block; a line is passed round his tail, and he is hauled "flop" on to the forecastle deck.

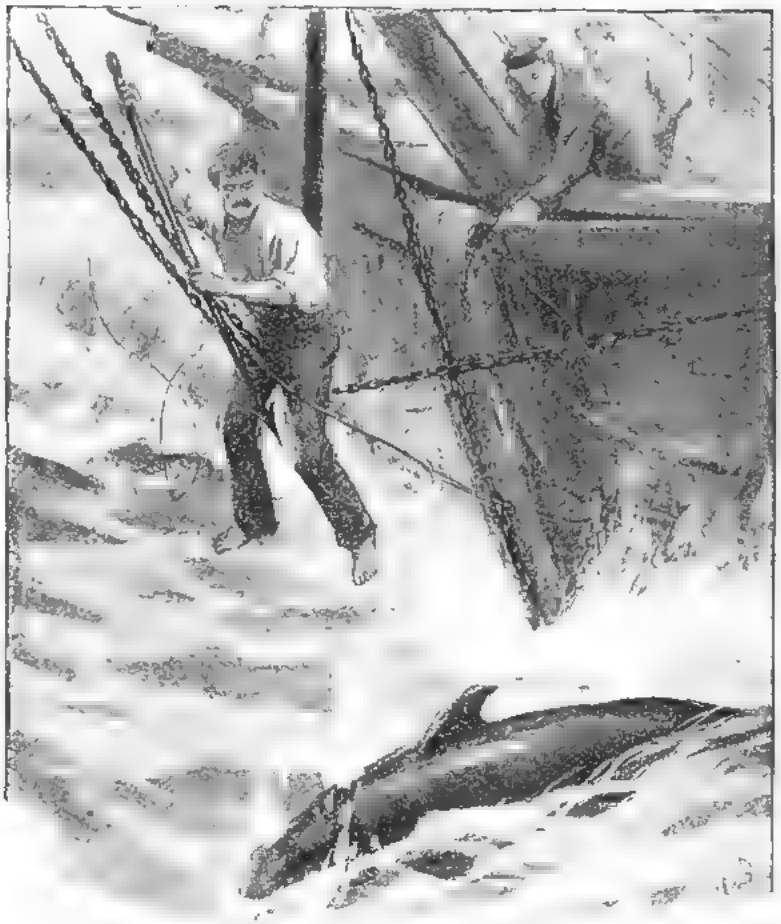
A fine specimen, with his yellowy-white belly and his black, shiny hide. More Saint Helena beef for dinner to-day. Alas, poor piggy! Never more shalt thou gambol along the free ocean waves!

I think the most wonderful fish spectacle I ever saw was off the Cape land. Here, on the Agulhas Bank, are cod by the million. I have often wondered that there is no established fishery there as on the Newfoundland Banks. In a calm I have seen a hundred big fish caught in an hour. But of the time I speak.

We were running for Table Bay before a strong south-easter. It was summer-time. Nothing out of the common was noticed till it grew dark—about three bells in the first watch. Then I at once noticed something strange in the sky. I was the officer of the deck at the time. There seemed a curious glare, for which I could not account. The skipper did not seem to notice anything. He went below between nine and ten saying:—

"We ought to make Agulhas light by midnight. Call me directly it is seen."

As the night grew the strange glare increased, and presently I understood what it was—phosphorescence—we were sailing through a sea of fire! The ocean, torn into foam under the breath of the gale, roared in veritable flames; the horizon was a ring of weird light, putting out the stars, though the sky was clear. Our ship, storming along under top-sails, was lit up to the trucks as if a dozen blue lights were burning.



"NOW THEN! A CLEAR EYE AND A STEADY HAND."
Spearing porpoise from the "dolphin-striker."

It was an awful spectacle. Presently I happened to look down into the fiery, foaming water alongside. The sea was alive with fish! Darting, flashing through the waves—each one creating a streak of light. *There were myriads of them!*

About midnight the captain came on deck.

"Seen Agulhas?"

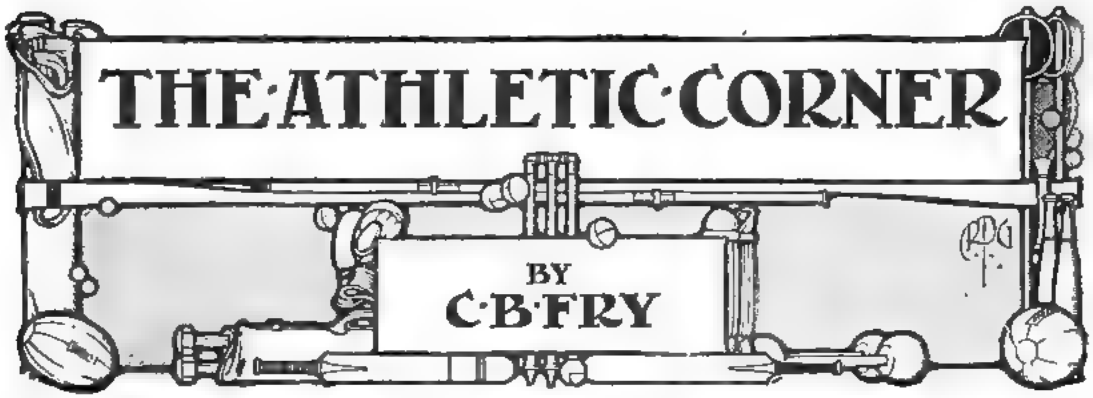
"No, sir."

"Haul her off at once! Steer west-sou'west! We shall never see Agulhas light in this glare."

So we hauled her off

All night the shoals of cod swarmed round us. All night we sailed through that sea of fire, till the dawn quenched it.

Most of the romance is departing from sea life. To anyone in search of a new sensation I would say, "Take a trip and get some deep sea fishing."



SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Anxious to Learn.—Mr. F. A. Phillips is a very good bat indeed; you may profitably copy his excellences. But you must remember that when you are advised to copy a good model you are meant to imitate, not the peculiarities, but the fundamental good qualities of his style. Mr. Phillips watches the ball with extreme attention, not only before but after it pitches (except in the case of full pitches and half-volleys, when the latter part of the watching process does not come into requirement). He is singularly free from two common faults, viz., playing vaguely forward "on spec," and playing too soon. He is very quick and neat upon his feet, which implies that he readily and surely gets into the best position for playing any required stroke. He is a strong and certain back-player, drives an over-pitched ball hard without much effort, and is a beautiful cutter and "hooker." But he has, by nature, a very accurate eye, very powerful wrists, and exceptional quickness; consequently he is able to cut and hook balls which a batsman with less accuracy of eye, less power of wrist, and less quickness could not safely attempt to treat thus. His methods of cutting and hooking are excellent, and you may well copy them; but you must not try to apply them with as much freedom as he does, unless you equal him in eye, wrist, and quickness. If you admire a batsman and wish to copy his style, above all things pay attention to the way he uses and places his feet—this is the key to a batsman's power. Remember that to copy outright with success you must be essentially like your model in physique and physical powers. The golden maxim is to adapt rather than adopt.

Bradfordian.—You may improve your wind by taking regular running exercise, beginning with a moderate distance and gradually increasing it. You must be patient and gradual; you cannot hurry the desired improvement. As to biceps, you will find full instructions in Sandow's little book. But you should not cultivate one set of muscles alone. Your measurements are all right.

An Admirer of C. J. B. W.—The title of the picture—"An Enemy hath done this"—is a poor little attempt at humour. It means, first, that the photographer was hostile, in that he took a picture which could not represent real cricket facts. It means, secondly, that Mr. Ford has been stumped by a friend, whereas one is usually stumped by an enemy; the meaning is, therefore, ironical. The other gentleman you mention was not included, for two reasons—there was no room, and the pictures taken of him were not good. Remember, too, that he was not half the player in 1899 that he became in 1900, and is now. Mr. C. M. Wells can, I believe, do anything he tries.

W. Hunter.—A minor is, I think, the term for a touch-down by your own side behind your own goal-line. This used to count points to the opposite side; now, however, it does not. Still, if one side has to touch-down, evidently the other side has forced it back; so to record minors is useful in order to indicate how the game went. Sometimes reporters speak of a try as the minor point, and a goal-from-a-try as the major point; this because a goal counts more points than a try.

Cantab (Hong Kong).—(1) A man can play either for the county in which he was born or for the county in which he has resided for two years. At the beginning of any season he may elect to play for his birth-county, no matter for what other county he has been playing. If, however, he has played for Kent by residence alone, and then qualifies for Surrey by residence, he would have to live in Kent for two years before he could again play for it. (2) The man would not be allowed to count the run which he ran while the ball was in the air. No matter how long the ball was in the air before being caught, it would be reckoned as caught immediately off the bat. (3) A South African team will visit England next year and play most of the counties. I am very glad to hear that cricket and football flourish in Hong Kong. Your information is interesting. Thank you for your good wishes—the same to you.

E. J. Mackenzie.—You were quite right, and the gentleman who criticised your decision quite wrong. The moment you blew your whistle for half-time the game was non-existent, so it was immaterial whether the side was pressing or was in the pavilion, and equally immaterial whether they kicked the ball into their opponents' net or over the moon. A referee is supposed to act according to the rules. The custom your critic cites exists only in his imagination. It is immaterial, as far as rules go, whether a side consists of gentlemen or of pick-pockets.

R. Wylie.—Association is played at Repton, Shrewsbury, Charterhouse, Westminster, Malvern, and several other big schools.

Toddles.—The fact that you have to run in volunteer uniform, carrying a rifle, only makes this difference: you must practise not only as you would were you to run without those *impedimenta*, but also with them. About six weeks before the race take some goodish walks, and get yourself hard with light dumb-bell and Indian-club exercises, such as are described in Mr. C. E. Lord's little books, about which see below. Then, at such times as you can manage, practise short sprints of about 40yds.; and occasionally longer sprints of 150yds. or 250yds.; and once or twice run the whole distance.

Sprinter (Victoria College).—13secs. is a good time for 100yds. in the case of a boy of your age. Other people, too, find a quarter mile pumping. They get over the difficulty by practising short sprints at full pace, and longer distances at half-pace. As you grow fitter you find the race less pumping.

H Hives.—I believe in light dumb-bells. Except for a man who wishes to go in for weight-lifting, 3lbs. is the heaviest bell required, and this would suit only a very powerful man. You ought not to use bells of more than 2lbs., and I think 1lb. bells, made of wood, would suit you better. Your chest is rather below the proper standard, and so is your biceps. Be careful not to over-do dumb bell work; a regular and very gradual system is the thing. I should recommend you a bat not quite full size, weighing 2lbs. 3½ozs. I hope you will do well with games and athletics.

Marlburian.—You will find the information you require in Wisden's or Lillywhite's "Cricket Almanacks" for the years you mention.

C. Webster.—(1) "Wisden's Cricket Almanack" is the book for you. (2) Price 1s. (3) I do not think so; ask Messrs. Newnes, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. (4) I do not know whether the Australians will visit England in 1902. (5) About six years, I think. (6) You are mixing up Mr. C. J. B. Wood of Leicestershire with Mr. S. H. Wood of Derbyshire. The latter is, I believe, a "mayor of a town."

W. F. Broome.—My experience of bad knees is this. It is useless to begin using one until it has got absolutely sound again. When sound, the proper thing is to use it gradually at first, and then more severely, in such exercises as do not bring full stress upon it, yet give plenty of work to the muscles round or connected with the knee; bicycling is by far the best exercise of this kind. When you play football, which you won't do, if wise, till you have regularly rebuilt the constitution of your knee, you should wear a tight-fitting elastic knee-piece: this you can get from any surgical shop. But I must warn you that a dotty knee is a very, very difficult affair to make a success of. Bicycling is the best cure I know of.

P. S. Atkinson.—Your stamp, value 1d., did not reach me. I dare say the "Old Fag" intercepted it, as I do not answer through the post. Dumb-bells—light ones—used scientifically, are good for every sort of muscular training; to use them cannot hurt your swimming. Use light dumb-bells and light Indian clubs. See below.

Chucker-out.—I am entirely ignorant of the form of athleticism you wish to excel in. But see below.

Kangaroo.—It is supposed that an English cricket team will visit Australia next winter. The constitution of the team has not yet been definitely considered. In fact, as yet the whole matter is vague.

Medle.—You can only improve in shooting at goal by practice. Perhaps the best way to learn is to use a small ball and practise every other day in a yard or enclosed space, aiming at a doorway or some such narrow mark, and taking the ball each time on the rebound. In such miniature practice wear light shoes, and learn to kick with your toe pointed as much as possible and your ankle-joint kept rigid. Learn to drive firmly.

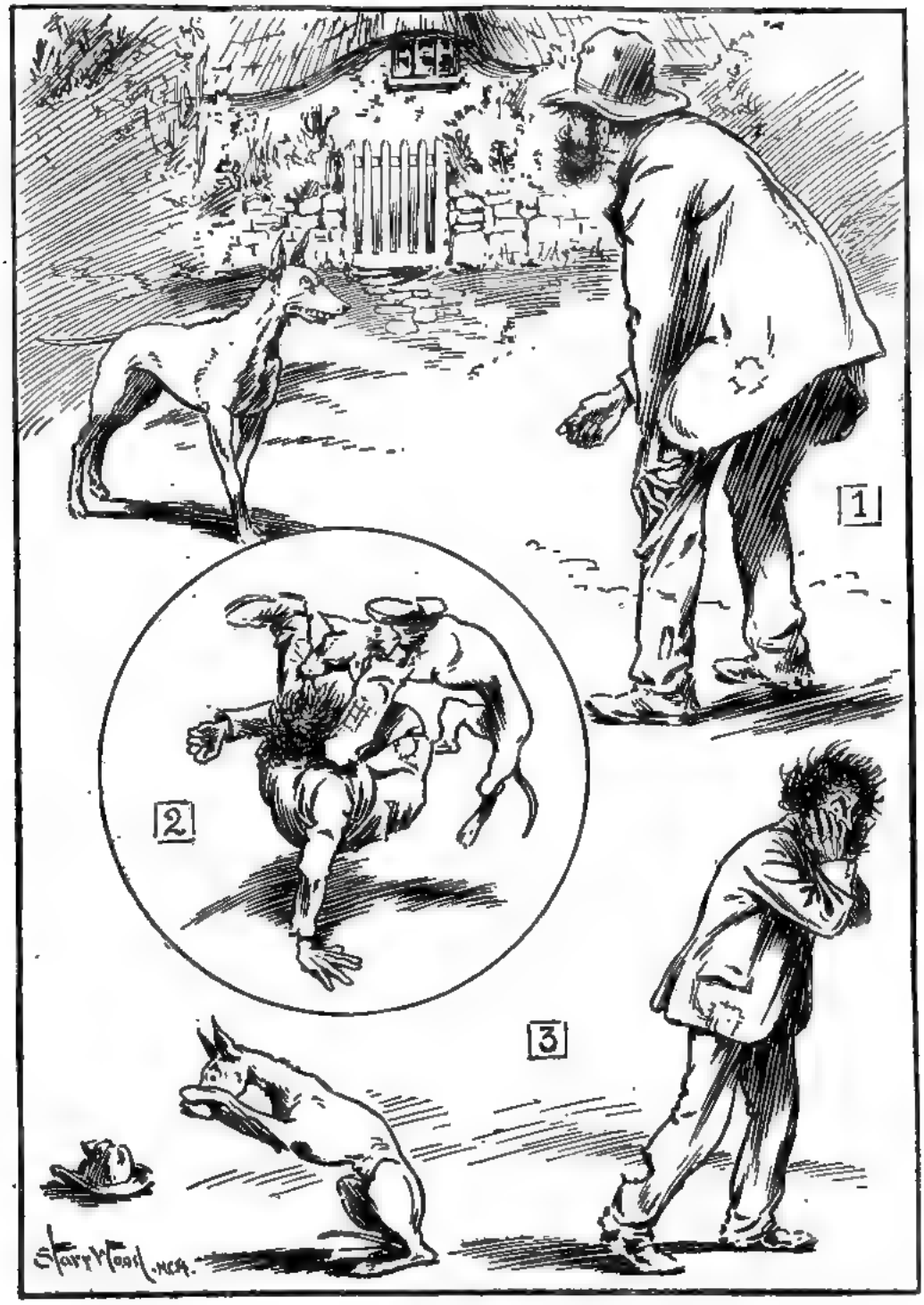
W. L. C.—Your people, if what you say is correct, seem to wish to make a complete muff of you. They are wrong in this. Of course, if you are organically unsound or constitutionally weak, it is a different matter. But I agree with Dr. H. H. Almond, who says that a delicate boy should be as rare as a delicate wild elephant. My advice to you is to play games with your whole heart, and make a man of yourself. I would not sleep with my window shut even if the Archangel Michael came and told me to do so; also, if he forbade me to have a cold tub every morning, I am afraid I should not accept his advice. But cold tubs suit me. Do they suit you? Are you sure you are not delicate? If you are, your parents are right in wishing you to be careful. If you are sound, strong, and healthy, they are doing you a great wrong in preventing you from being hardy and following manly exercises. I do not wish to encourage undutifulness, but a son owes a duty to himself—to make a man of himself. I must say I should rather like to hear your parents' side of the question. Still, if your version represents the whole case, I am afraid I disagree with them.

Dumb bells and Indian Clubs.—I am continually receiving inquiries on these subjects. Lately I have come across two excellent little manuals about them by Mr. Charles E. Lord, published by Lund, Humphries & Co., 3, Amen Corner, E.C., price 6d. I strongly advise inquirers to get these little books. Clubs and bells should be used on a scientific system, such as Mr. Sandow's or Mr. Lord's.

C. B. Fry.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN THE *STRAND MAGAZINE*.

Queen in *Punch* (May, 1900).
The Queen as a Mountaineer (June, 1898).
Queen and her Children (June, 1897).
Queen's Stables (June, 1897).
Queen's Yacht (June, 1894).
Queen's Dolls (September, 1892).
Queen's Hindustani Diary (December, 1892).
Queen's First Baby (March, 1891).



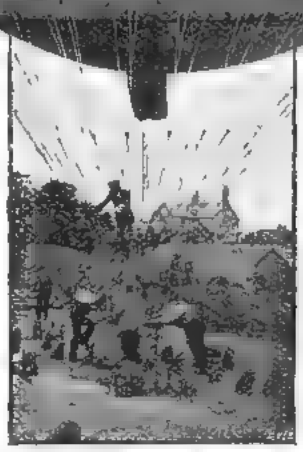
WALKER AND THE WHIPPET.

Drawn by Starr Wood.

My Adventure in the Clouds.

By the Rev. John M. Bacon, F.R.A.S.

Illustrated from Photographs.



My balloon adventures began more than a dozen years ago, when it was the rule never to disappoint the public if this could possibly be avoided, and when in consequence serious risks were sometimes run. This at the time was painfully brought home to me by the fact that two aëronauts with whom I made my maiden ascent lost their lives a few months afterwards while following their legitimate profession.

Certain sensational incidents branded on my memory come back to me very vividly when I attempt to recall past days. Once the ascent of a monster balloon had been advertised to take place, and to be the principal attraction at a huge popular gathering at the Crystal Palace; and as there was a lack of other big attractions that day, it was understood that, come what might, that balloon would have to be got away somehow at five o'clock sharp, and in spite of the wild wind that by midday was sweeping in heavy storms through the grounds. I was to be one of the favoured few in the car, and, as the time of departure drew near, being then a novice, I inquired how it was that, while scores of policemen were employed controlling the crowd elsewhere, only one single constable was minding the balloon enclosure. In answer to this perfectly reasonable inquiry I was told that when the time came the balloon would take care of itself, and so it proved. For as soon as the guy ropes were released the huge globe, now attached to its car and towering, when erect, 70ft. into the air, constantly bowled over in the wind, sweeping the ground in all directions, so that none, save the old hands, cared to venture near.

The launch of our big craft into the skies that afternoon was a rough and even risky operation, and had not the large staff of men known their work well it would hardly have been accomplished without mischance. Even when the balloon was liberated the risks of the start were hardly over, for the wind carried us straight towards the great north tower; and it was only by the display of much cool judgment on the part of our captain and the prompt discharge of ballast that we saved an awkward "foul."

I remember the sharp rattle of the sand on the glass roof of the palace as our balloon, responding to the loss of weight, took a fresh plunge into space, and lifted herself proudly over the very top of the tower, missing it by a few feet only.

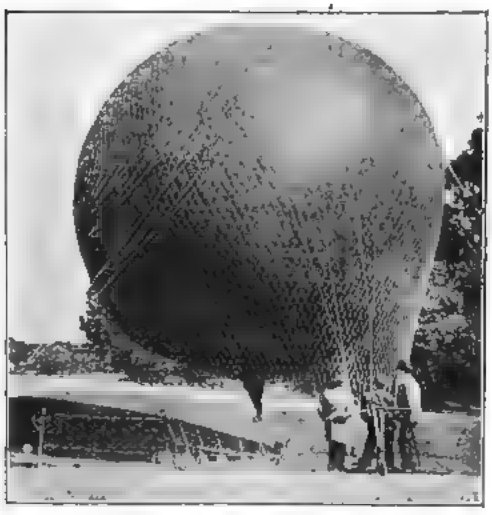
Once clear of all objects on the earth your sky ship becomes the steadiest of all vessels, and travels without even the consciousness of motion, and such was the case even on this day of storms. The wind to us was not. We were no longer creatures of the earth, being now in a wondrous new world of our own, circumscribed certainly, but complete and self contained. It was the old world which we had left that alone seemed endowed with motion. Down and down it receded to a vast depth below, the perspective altering every moment, the fields narrowing up, and all familiar features, roadways, woods, and houses, sliding away behind us with a smooth, strange motion. Human beings quickly dwindled to the proportions of mere specks—a necessary consequence of our new point of view, for it will need no telling that all we could see of a man was simply the top of his hat.

But soon a curious occurrence took place. I presently found that, though I had not shifted my position, but remained looking back on the palace grounds that we had just quitted, the palace, grounds and all, were no longer visible—so, indeed, it seemed, until, on turning my head, I found that *they were behind me.* The fact was that, all unnoticed, we had encountered

ALL WAS READY FOR US TO GET ABOARD.

a cross upper current, for we were still mounting grandly, and in consequence the balloon had swung round and was now exactly the other way about. And now, too, the wind for us had changed, and we were speeding over the country with fresh wings, heading for the northern parts of Kent.

'Twas a glorious prospect looking down and away over the "Garden of England," stretching apparently without limit, and as far as the eye could reach clearly defined against the grey of the eastern horizon. The only one of us who took another view of the case was our skipper himself, who remarked with a shake of the head that hop gardens were bad landing

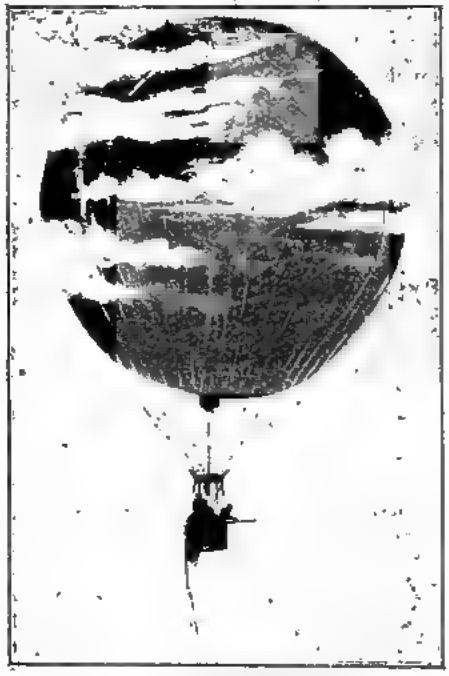


THE BALLOON WAS SEEMINGLY ANXIOUS TO BE OFF BEFORE WE WERE READY.

ground, as the crops were costly, and damage on our part might entail a heavy forfeit.

But as we journeyed on it was not all hops; ahead of us was fast coming up a town of considerable importance—or rather a pair of towns, separated only by a little thread of silver. This slender thread was the Medway, and the towns were Rochester and Chatham, the latter of which was soon lying stretched in irregular outline beneath us.

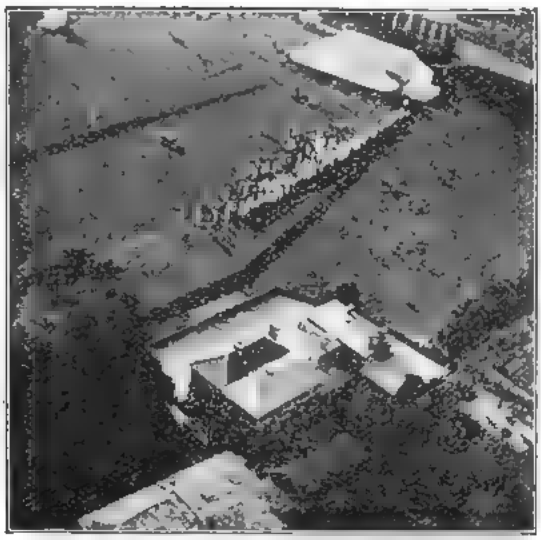
Then, as we gazed down on a conspicuous quadrangle, flanked with symmetrical buildings, we saw a cluster of red dots collecting in the centre, and a moment after a shrill bugle-call, piercingly clear, rang out, and then died away



OUR BIG CRAFT MOUNTED SKYWARDS.

with a strange abruptness. Evidently a party of soldiers had sighted us and greeted us in this way. But no trumpet is ever heard on earth as that was, the explanation being that, in the void, silent regions where we then were, there is an absence of all reverberation off surrounding objects.

And now that our minds were called to it, it was the strange silence around us that was one of the most remarkable experiences in our novel world. The voice of a companion came as a surprise—a shout, a clap of the hands seemed instantly lost in the rarefied space around, with one curious exception, namely, a weird, long-lingering echo that occasionally



HUMAN BEINGS QUICKLY DWINDLED TO THE PROPORTION OF MERE SPECKS.

followed if a sharp sound like that of a whistle or of a horn were made. Then a multitude of mocking voices would immediately answer, as though from some invisible world, or else from the empty heaven. These echo voices are exceedingly curious, and they really come from inside the great globe of the balloon above you, the mouth of which has to be kept open. The unearthly nature of the reverberations is doubtless due to the great cavern being filled with light gas instead of air.

We were now a mile high, and the air was light and chill like that of a frosty morning. There was, too, all the exhilaration of spirits that one feels on the mountain side. We were on a level with the upper limits of the slightly misty air. Below, the world looked veiled with filmiest haze, but above the sky was intensely clear, and the deepest of deep blue.

But autumn afternoons change rapidly, and ere an hour and a half had sped, the hazy earth, far down, had manifestly grown more indistinct and vague. The horizon was narrowing, and in place of distant landmarks low banks of cloud began blotting out the sky-line. We ourselves were still bathed in bright, warm light, but evening was stealing on the far-off earth. Suddenly one of our party, looking over his shoulder, exclaimed: "Why, there's the sea, and we're going right into it!"

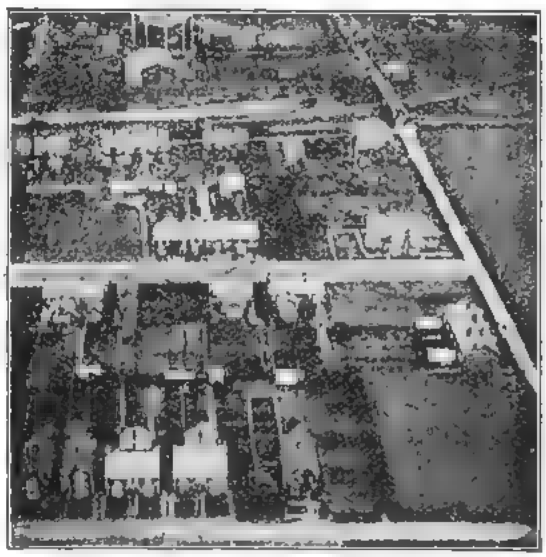
I have more than once, when ballooning, narrowly escaped the sea, and it is not a pleasant experience. Aëronauts who have had no life-belts have seldom got off with their lives, for the large loose net of the balloon proves a very death trap in the water. So it was no welcome tidings that the sea was just ahead of us, and yet this seemed to be the case. A white watery sheet was spread before us, which we were fast approaching. We at once appealed to our captain, and for a moment he looked grave, yet only for a moment. "No" he said, "that must be a sea of fog that has settled down over the marshes of the Swale, but none the less it will be well for us to think of coming down."

And this seemed sound advice, for the scene below us was now rapidly changing, or rather disappearing from sight altogether. The sun to us was dipping in the west, a glorious molten orb setting in a sea of gold. But it was already lost to mortals on the earth, while over all the valleys an evening mist was settling down.

So we began to prepare ourselves for the end, and as we had reason, on such a windy day, to expect a rough landing, we were careful to pack away all encumbrances in the car, and to give ourselves such elbow-room as we could secure.

And ere this was satisfactorily accomplished we saw that night was already on the earth. Far and wide, from isolated patches, a dull red glare climbed into the sky, struggling through the mists, and marking the spots where lay towns with their street lamps already lit.

"Now stand clear of each other, and, whatever you do, keep cool!" This from our captain as he took a vigorous pull at the valve-line. With astonishing promptitude we began to plunge down, or, if I am to describe what happened according to the evidence of our senses, the dark earth came surging up faster and faster,

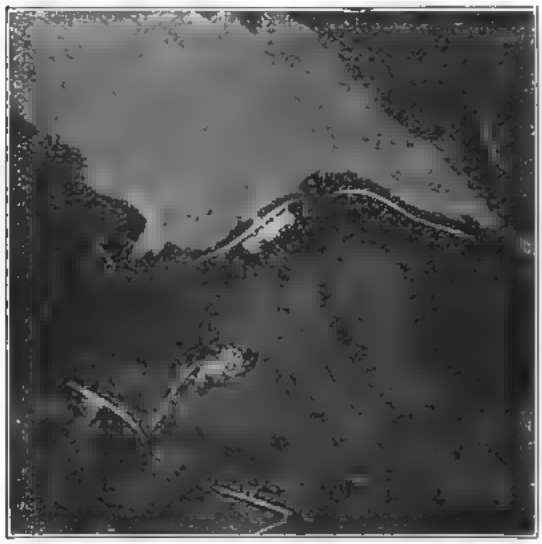


WE LOOKED DOWN UPON SEEMING RABBIT HUTCHES OF SUBURBIA.

so rapidly, in fact, that a small bag of ballast—our last, it so happened—was immediately emptied to check too sudden a fall. Its effect, however, was insufficient. The descent had been delayed longer than was desirable, or perhaps wise, through fear of our landing among hop-fields; thus our store of sand, slender at best, had dwindled to all too small a quantity; but an additional misfortune had been the fact that the sun had recently dipped behind a bank of clouds, leaving a chill in the air which crippled our balloon and was now sending her earthwards much more rapidly than was pleasant to contemplate.

Clearly we should come to ground roughly, and our skipper bade us be prepared for the fact. For a while we could scarcely discern the nature of the country into which we were falling, only inwardly we hoped it might be as soft as possible. Surely there was risk of broken limbs with the swoop with which we were now descending. But someone keener sighted cried: "We are falling in a wood! Look out!"

The right advice was *not* to look out, for the next moment we came crashing into the trees, the branches of which whipped the car furiously, and then caught and broke off in our rigging. What would follow next? Well, hardly what we expected, for we were in the arms of a large oak, whose stout boughs flung us clean off again, leaving us to fall in the clear somewhere a hundred yards away. But the end had not yet come; for the wind was blowing furiously as ever, and before we had time to consider our new situation, we found ourselves tobogganing down a grass slope. Clearly the anchor had failed to hold, and the half empty silk of the balloon was flying before the gale like a yacht in full sail, and carrying everything before it.



'TWAS A GLORIOUS PROSPECT LOOKING DOWN UPON THE "GARDEN OF ENGLAND."

BENEATH US WAS WHAT WE TOOK TO BE THE TOWN OF ROCHESTER.

It was now so dark that we could see only a little way before us; moreover, it wasn't easy for four passengers to look ahead when lying jumbled together on their sides at the bottom of a wicker basket, and travelling none too smoothly head first.

There was, at any rate, some obstruction at the bottom of the field, and we were soon to know all about it. It was a regular "bullfinch"—a quick-set hedge with rails on one side and a ditch on the other, and we fairly charged it.

The silk, still light with gas, cleared the fence with a flying stride, but not so ourselves. In that mad rush something would have to give way, and for a few moments I had but a confused idea of what happened.

There was a crack of breaking timber, a snap of boughs, a torn coat and bleeding hands, and then we lay still at last—the floundering, flapping silk ahead of us, and behind a gap in the hedge through which a waggon and four might have passed.

"ENGLAND EXPECTS——"

By E. Fitzwilliam Alastair. Illustrated by H. A. Hogg.

"THATS me, if you want to know"; and a small and rather dirty forefinger came over the stranger lady's shoulder, and rested on a name about half-way down the Visitors' List that she was scanning in the *Santa Fiana Gazette*. The day was cold, but the sun shone rather fiercely down on the flagged streets of the old Italian town, and the shutters had been partially closed in the reading-room of "Marcheroni's Hotel" to subdue the glare.

"I don't," replied the lady, a Miss Grey, a little startled at the apparition, but smiling in spite of herself. No one could well be for twenty-four hours in the same house with Teddy Wright without becoming rather definitely aware of the fact, especially as he was the only youngster there.

"Oh!" said the owner of the forefinger, in a tone of disappointed disgust. "I thought perhaps you did."

He was a very small boy, apparently nine or ten years old, but in reality past twelve. With otherwise perfect health and incomparable capacity for mischief, he had, for some obscure reason, failed to grow a single inch during the past two years, during which he had been at a preparatory school near home as a day-boy, before joining his elder brother Dick at Winsal School. His father, Colonel Wright, had formerly been in India on active service, and had recently returned home with a pension and a ruined liver. He was a man of singularly disagreeable and arrogant character, a domestic martinet, who ordered his wife about as if she had been one of his Indian servants—one and all of whom had heartily hated the Colonel Sahib, and had rejoiced to see the last of him when he quitted India for good, on a P. & O. steamer—and who dragooned his two sons as if they had been a pair of drunken, swearing Tommies for every boyish fault. A few months' experience of English damp and English fogs had driven the Colonel's naturally irascible temper to the very verge of exasperation, and he had at length shut up their house at a week's notice, and carried his wife off with him to Italy. And with them they took the younger boy, Teddy, under medical advice, to see whether the Italian climate might not perchance induce his body to grow.

Teddy found Santa Fiana dreadfully dull. He had nothing whatever to do but the lessons his father set him. He was not even permitted to go out alone, and his father declined to take him, even if Teddy had enjoyed such *tête-à-têtes*, which he did not. His mother was in bad health, and the Colonel's overbearing demeanour did not tend to improve it. And so it came about that they had no sooner been finally established for the winter in an old-fashioned family hotel in the ancient hill-town of Santa Fiana, than Teddy began to keep a wary eye upon all new-comers, in the hope of discovering among them a kindred and friendly spirit.

His choice had fallen, unknown to the lady herself, upon Miss Grey, and he lost no time in introducing himself in the manner above described.

Ere long a quaint friendship had grown up between these two—between the lady who was fully three times his age, and the boy. For, with all his faults—and they were many—his friend soon perceived that there was nothing low or mean, nothing spiteful or cruel, nothing whatever, in short, of the juvenile cad about this undersized specimen of humanity whose name was Edward Wright. And during their companionship this was the adventure that befell them.

I.

"I *say*, Miss Grey!" said Teddy, suddenly, "will you please stop? I believe something's up. What a lark!"

Teddy had besought his friend to let him drag her out immediately after dinner one afternoon, to come and look at a fresco-painting he had discovered in a shrine on the outside of a house in a little back street, "since," he said, "you like pictures so much." The subject of the rough little painting was St. George and the Dragon. St. George was standing high in his stirrups, and ramming a long pole down the dragon's throat. It was a form of art that Teddy sincerely appreciated.

They were just turning away when a confused turmoil, as of an angry crowd, struck their ears. One or two suspected anarchists had been

arrested the day before, and their friends were not pleased.

The roar grew louder; then very loud. There was no time to get away, much as Miss Grey wished to do so. She knew that the authorities apprehended possible disturbances in the streets, and that a file of soldiers was held in readiness to be called out at a moment's notice in the Palazzo Pubblico. Teddy openly exulted.

"If there *is* a row, you know, Miss Grey, I should like—awfully—to be in it," he pleaded. And Miss Grey, who did not see how they could get safely out of the way in time, made a virtue of necessity and gave her consent to their remaining, though not without a qualm as to what Teddy's mother would say if he came to grief. She really hoped, however, that the danger was more apparent than real.

"Let us get into the piazza, at any rate," she said, leading the way. "If anything does happen, it may be safer there than in any of these narrow streets."

A few steps brought them into the great square, the Piazza del Granduca; and this was what they saw.

Charging at a rush into the piazza from a narrow street at the other end came a disorderly crowd, a couple of hundred strong, composed chiefly of youthful loafers and a few of the dissolute sort of idle workmen. They were armed with sticks and stones, and yelled for "*Pane o lavoro!*"—"Bread or work!"—as they came. Not that any of them wanted *work*, but they thought it the proper pose to affect.

In some Italian towns the inhabitants have a melancholy capacity for panic. The few footfarers that happened to be crossing the piazza when the crowd appeared fled incontinently for refuge into the shops, and the shopkeepers, taught by previous experience of popular riots, wisely began to close their shutters with all speed.

Miss Grey took in the situation at a glance. She saw, also, to her dismay, that not a single carabineer* was to be seen. One or two of the municipal *guardie* were present, but they would be overpowered in a moment. The youths in the crowd were primed with bad wine and inflammatory anarchist leaflets, and meant mischief.

Crash! The lamps at the base of the Grand Duke's statue were shivered to pieces. The rioters' pockets were filled with lumps of road-metal.

"Teddy," whispered Miss Grey hurriedly, "obey orders! Slip round to the Palazzo, and ask for the soldiers. As quickly as possible. But be very careful. *Don't attract attention.*"

Teddy's face beamed. He nodded quietly, however, and sped away unnoticed. His first idea was one of huge delight at being a real live conspirator; the second, that he would be able to jeer at Dick, his brother, who was fourteen and at a public school, and that Dick would turn positively green with envy. Burning with impatience, he nevertheless—not for nothing being a soldier's son, and definitely placed under orders for secret service by his present commanding officer—pulled up carefully as he entered the Piazza Gonfaloniere, and threaded his way in and out of the vehicles that thronged it, looking as indifferent as possible.

He reached the main entrance of the stately, frowning old fortress that upreared its heavy rough-hewn mountain of stone along one entire side of the square. At a few paces' distance he pretended to stop and admire the lofty graceful tower that soared above it, shading his eyes with his hand. Then he proceeded to jump up the steps—three at a time, however—as if success in the jump itself were the one only thing that his inmost heart desired. The next moment he was engulfed in the cool dark *cortile* or quadrangle, its silence unbroken save by a distant echo of the busy hum without, by the plash of the fountain into its basin, and by the regular footfall of the sentry, or the hurried step of an occasional official on his way to one or other of the municipal offices in the building.

The court was empty. Teddy sidled up to the sentry on duty under the *loggia* at the further end, and, with one eye on the man and the other on the outer archway, said in a whisper and the few words of Italian he could command:—

"Row in Piazza Granduca! Stones, *sassi!* Breaking *finestre!* Want SOLDATI! PRESTO!"

The quick-witted Italian comprehended instantly, and looked dramatically horror-stricken. Teddy started, and laid his finger on his lips. He had heard an adjoining door open, and then close. There were steps approaching.

It was the Sindaco ormayor of Santa Fiana. The sentinel hurriedly communicated the alarm, and the Sindaco drew the boy under the *loggia* and into a private room. He closed the door, and bade him speak at once. He understood English fairly well, and, with the help of Teddy's gestures, guessed correctly at the drift of the less familiar words.

* The Carabineers are the pick of the Italian army, alike in physique, strength, and good character. They must also be the sons of men of good character. Like the Royal Irish Constabulary, the Carabineers are for home service only. As coast guards patrol a ship board, so the Carabineers patrol the roads of the Italian peninsula from end to end, night and day, always in pairs, and to their lot falls the difficult and dangerous task of hunting down the brigands who lurk in the mountains of Sicily and the swamps of the Maremma.

"There's a row in the Piazza Granduca. A lot of roughs shying stones, and trying to smash the shop-windows. Please send a lot of soldiers, *quanto prima!*—Miss Grey's there. She told me to come."

The Sindaco saw that something serious might be impending. The foreign boy was evidently in earnest, and his bearing was frank and steady.

"Your name, *signorino?*" he said briefly, rising.

"Wright, Edoardo, at Marcheroni's," replied Teddy, giving the Christian name last, in the Italian manner. "*Son' Inglese,*"* he added proudly.

"Very good. Now go. Go to house, quietly, but at once. *Sopra tutto*, be discreet. This way."

He took the boy by the arm, led him hastily to a postern gate in the Palazzo, and put him through into a perfectly quiet and little frequented lane. Teddy lifted his cap and departed The Sindaco knew better than he that this English boy might incur serious danger by what he had done. A mere mob of loafers, *piazza-inoli*, could easily be dispersed by a file or two of trained soldiers, but if the outbreak had been instigated by so-called political rebels, anarchists, and the like, who made a cat's-paw of the street-corner loungers, his having frustrated their purpose by his timely warning would in all probability be traced, and might lead to his being stabbed in the back by an unknown hand in a surprisingly short space of time. And this, as the boy was a British subject, might prove extremely inconvenient, and lead to diplomatic complications.

"NOW IN PIAZZA GRANDUCA! STONES, *SASSI!* WANT SOLDATI! PRESTO!"

Teddy went on his way in blissful ignorance of the Sindaco's anxiety or the cause of it. He had not the slightest intention of "going to house" while there was the chance of any fighting going on. And besides—and a very large "besides" it was—there was Miss Grey to find. He wondered how she was getting on. It struck him awfully for the first time that she might be needing help. He made a hasty circuit of the Palazzo and of the square, and, even in the rampant impatience of his anxiety about his friend's safety, strictly loyal to the order she had laid upon him to avoid attracting attention, he waited until a quick bugle-call within the fortress told him that the appearance of the soldiers was now only a question of moments, and then sped swiftly and noiselessly back by a different network of narrow lanes to the Piazza del Granduca, alternately walking sedately and skipping rapidly along, with his hands in his pockets, to look unconcerned. At length he succeeded in elbowing a way through the crowd that blocked the narrow 7ft. outlet into the square.

The general public was congregated about the shops and *cafés*, ready to vanish within *portoni*

* "I am an Englishman."

at the first sign of danger. The broad space of the piazza itself was clear, save for the mob of loafers and ill-conditioned lads who were massed together in a dense, swaying, surging crowd below the steps of the great equestrian statue of the Grand Duke. And on the topmost step, a full head and shoulders above the mass of excited larrikins, surveying them with her hands folded carelessly before her, quiet and cool, stood Miss Grey.

She had rapidly taken in the situation, and as rapidly had seen what must be done to save it. If once the mob turned itself loose in the square there would be an absolute panic. Lives might be lost; every window left unprotected would be in shivers, the shops sacked in wanton mischief before the soldiers could arrive. So while the law-abiding portion of the population were making for the nearest cover, it suddenly flashed across her mind that curiosity pure and simple is with the Italian character one of the most powerful of known levers, and that if the crowd could be sufficiently astonished by the unfamiliar just at this moment, its attention might be diverted from the work of destruction.

She folded her arms as carelessly as she could, and went forward at an even, unhurried pace across the deserted square full in the oncoming line of the yelling roughs. Like many finely-tempered, nervous, highly-strung women, her self-control and courage in the presence of definitely menacing danger were absolutely flawless.

The panic-stricken people stopped short in their flight to safety, petrified at the daring of the *forestiera* (foreigner). So did the mob.

She took up her stand on the steps of the statue, faced the surging mass, and waited. The vanguard caught a notion of her intention of confronting them. Curiosity, as she had foreseen, overcame all other feelings, and absolutely —for the moment—quenched the desire to loot. There the strange woman stood, without a sign of fear.

Her eye travelled at ease over the crowd at her feet. If only she could hold them for ten minutes she knew that the day was gained. She could trust Teddy. By the time their curiosity was satisfied the soldiers would be there.

She stood smiling at the youths—lank and weedy hobbledehoys most of them, with many of the vices of men and none of the virtues—her head up, every line in her form expressing fearlessness and self-mastery. Then, with studied deliberation, she began to speak—not in a speech, but in an ordinary conversational tone.

She spoke to them in the kindly phrases that are all-availing, and, indeed, altogether necessary in dealing with the quick and affectionate southern character, inspired as it is by feeling rather than by reason. She asked them what they were doing. She depicted in glowing and touching terms the sore unhappiness they would cause at home, to their mothers, their fathers, their little brothers and sisters, if they were to be arrested or brought home wounded, perhaps even dead. As she spoke she saw the stones dropped from the hands, and the tears stealing into the eyes, of some of the foremost youths.

Unfortunately an unexpected interruption took place.

There was a slight stir at the side of the piazza. Teddy had at length succeeded in struggling through the intervening human barrier into the open. He did not at first see where Miss Grey was, but when he did, tears of rage and scornful indignation started to the manly youngster's eyes. *One*, alone, against nearly 200! It had never occurred to the open-mouthed spectators that if the stranger lady could not succeed in holding the mob at bay by the sheer force of a strong will and magnificent courage, there was a very great probability that she would run the risk of being torn in pieces. It simply had not occurred to them to go to her assistance. They were too much interested in awaiting developments. But never for one instant did the baseness of not standing by his friend cross the boy's mind.

"Oh, you *beastly* cads!" he howled in scathing contempt. With a bound he had crossed the piazza, rounded the statue, and sprung to her side. The crowd could only just see his flushed and angry face, for, owing to his short stature, his head barely reached to the lady's shoulder. There was a dim notion somewhere at the back of this head that he and Miss Grey together were more than a match for half a dozen infuriated foreign mobs.

It proved an unfortunate move on his part, however manly and chivalrous the motive that had prompted it. The sudden stir broke the spell. The position of both became dangerous in the extreme. But never one word of reproach to him did Miss Grey utter, either then or afterwards, for the ruin of her work.

"Cowards!" shouted a coarse-faced blackguard, afterwards arrested and consigned to a year's well-earned *reclusione*, an anarchist with a bad record well known to the police. "Cowards! to listen to the ——!" He added a word too ugly to write.

"Cowards!" echoed sundry weak-minded youths, like a flock of sheep. "Down with the middle classes! Down with *her!* Let us have no females here! Down with everything! *Evviva la rivoluzione! Evviva l'anarchia!*"

The anarchist snatched up an iron chair that the proprietor of a *caffè* had forgotten to bring in off the roadway when he had hastily closed his

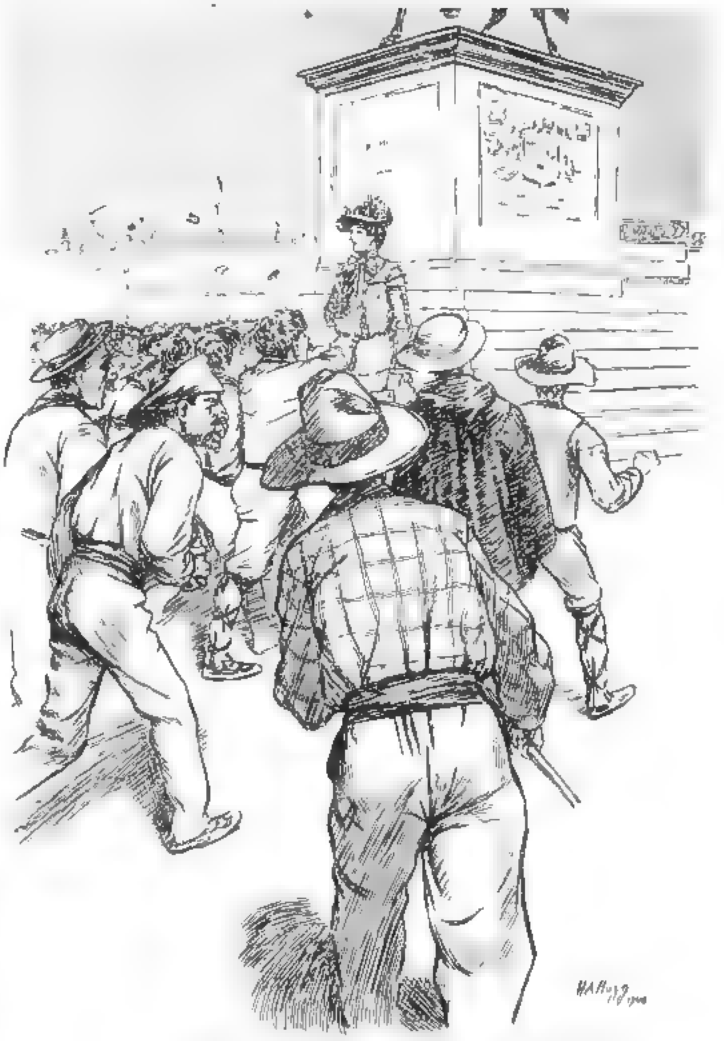
shop, and hurled it to where the devoted pair stood, Miss Grey's hand on Teddy's shoulder. It fell short, dropped on the heads of those in the foremost rank of the mob, and felled them to the earth. A howl arose, and the crowd fell back a step or two infuriated. Another moment, and a shower of stones would have rained upon the steps where they stood, immovable, but breathless with anxiety. Both instinctively divined that their one and only small hope of safety lay in their keeping absolutely quiet, their eyes on the mob, and in controlling the smallest manifestation of fear.

"Cowards!" yelled the anarchist again. "Down with——"

A sense of panic cut him short. For the tramp of feet was heard, and the soldiers charged into the square at the double. It was time.

The mob broke and fled in every direction, melting away into the narrow lanes behind the piazza like snow before the hot blast of the sirocco.

In the confusion that followed the two friends slipped away unseen.



IF ONLY SHE COULD HOLD THEM FOR TEN MINUTES, SHE KNEW THAT THE DAY WAS GAINED.

II.

It was on the morning of the fourth day after the riot that, as Miss Grey issued from the *portone* or heavy iron-bound outer door of the hotel, Teddy as usual hanging on her arm, they were accosted by a polite sergeant in uniform, who stood stiffly with his heels together and gave the military salute. In brief and formal, but courteous, tones, he announced that he had the honour to request their immediate presence at the Palazzo Pubblico.

The two friends exchanged rather blank looks. They had been greatly amused at the comments made on the "heroic conduct" of two unknown *forestieri*, in the columns of the local paper, which they had read in private. No one, even in their own hotel, knew who the mysterious "defenders" of the piazza had been, save Teddy Wright's mother, to whom, of course, they confided the whole affair. She had kept the secret rigidly, and, to avoid the annoyance of being publicly discussed and possibly lionized, all three, like Brer Fox, "lay low and said nuffin'."

And now here was this official summons to the Palazzo Pubblico. What did it mean?

"Miss Grey," said Teddy, in deep self-reproach, "I've been the most howling ass! I never remembered it before, but I gave the Sindaco my name and address, and told him your name too. So of course he knows, and he's had some reason for keeping it dark, and not letting those newspaper chaps find out who we were."

Teddy could think of nothing but the comforting suggestion that he was to be arrested for disobeying the Sindaco's order to go home, and that Miss Grey would probably be officially reprimanded for aiding and abetting him.

The sergeant called a closed cab, handed them in, saluted, and mounted the box. The driver

whipped up his horse, and they went off at a rapid pace—"So that," said Teddy, putting on a tragic air, "we can't open the door and bolt"

On their arrival at the Palazzo they were conducted by their guide along interminable passages and up interminable flights of stairs, passing many sentries on duty, all of whom gravely saluted them. Teddy's spirits rose high. He knew there were iron cages and mediæval dungeons somewhere under the roofs of the old Republican fortress, and he began to look forward to the joy of being immured in one of these—a dungeon by preference—with Miss Grey to look on while he carved his name, with perhaps an inscription to say how they died, on the walls, with his knife, so long as the blade would hold out, and after that with a pin out of Miss Grey's hat, or the point of an iron bar which he had wrested from its socket in the gloomy loop-hole that admitted the air . . .

Teddy's imagination had begun to run away with him when their guide stopped before a grand old door of carved oak, black with age. He saluted once more, and retired. The soldier who stood there, apparently awaiting them, flung open the door, and ushered them through a long narrow antechamber into a magnificent hall of vast dimensions.

They were in the great Sala di Udienza, where in bygone days the chiefs of the Republic had received the ambassadors of kings. In the centre of the room, beneath the lofty vaulting that shed over the hall harmonious tones of noble colour, stood a grand old fifteenth-century table. And round three sides of the table, facing the door, were the Sindaco and his colleagues the Giunta, in full *signoria*.

Both the lady and the boy were utterly taken aback. They divined, and rightly, that they were to be publicly thanked for the part they had taken in the suppression of the riot. This was worse than facing the hostile crowd. They felt very uncomfortable indeed as they took their seats on the gorgeous tapestried chairs that awaited them.

Teddy recovered first. Drawing his chair a little behind that of Miss Grey, he whispered, with his hand concealing his mouth and his eyes fixed unconcernedly on the Sindaco:—

"Miss Grey, if you have to make a speech, *do* bring in, please, about Nelson and all that."

The Sindaco rose and spoke. He complimented them in terms of graceful simplicity, such as only a cultivated Italian can command. He spoke of the gratitude of Italy towards English statesmen in dark days of national storm and stress; of the ungrudging tribute of admiration given by Italians to British coolness, British courage, the British ideal of public duty, public virtue and honesty. "From English gentlemen," he concluded, "we know what we may look for; but it is only when we see what can be done by English-women, English ladies, even by English *bambini*"—he glanced kindly at Teddy, who at first felt deeply insulted at being called a "bambino," which he took to be the equivalent of "kid,"* but considerately forgave the Sindaco in his heart—"that we fully understand the true greatness of their race.

"Most gentle lady, I have now the honour of asking you graciously to receive this parchment, recording the thanks unanimously passed to you by a grateful community in the presence of my colleagues and myself, and sealed with our municipal seal."

He handed her an illuminated document. Miss Grey received it with a bow, colouring with both embarrassment and pleasure. Teddy looked towards her apprehensively. He hoped to goodness they wouldn't expect *him* to make a speech. He couldn't think of anything to say, except "Thanks awfully," and somehow that hardly seemed quite the thing in so magnificent a place.

But Miss Grey, after a little natural hesitation, rose to the occasion. She saw that they were awaiting a reply, one moreover that should be in harmony with the dramatic nature of the scene, which, as she intuitively recognized, was keenly present to the mind of every Italian there.

"Eccellenza, ed illustrissimi signori," she began, with a quiet simplicity of manner, that was afterwards termed by the local paper "a laconic frankness wholly English,"—"I thank you from my heart for the honour you have done us: an honour which we, gentlemen, receive not as private persons, but as children—*figliuoli*—of the British Empire, owning allegiance to our most beloved Mother, the great and glorious Regina Vittoria, whom God preserve! It has made us very proud—this lad and myself—that we should have had an opportunity of rendering any service to your beautiful city: a service that you, *signori*, in your kindness, I fear somewhat overrate. For we but did what seemed to be our manifest duty: and"—here she glanced at Teddy—"as a great British Admiral signalled to the fleet on the occasion of a famous naval battle, '*Inghilterra vuol ch' ognun faccia il suo dovere.*'"

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*Bambino (or bambina) is a general term applied in Italy to a boy (or girl) of any age up to sixteen or thereabouts. The word for young children is the abbreviated form *bimbi*, while a baby proper is quaintly called a *creatura*.

ALL ABOUT GREAT BRITAIN STAMPS.

THE stamps of Great Britain must always be popular amongst collectors, representing as they do not only the inception of postage stamps in general, but also the history of the longest reign, the life of our late Queen, and the rise of her empire. It is only natural that special liking should attach to the stamps of our own country—British subjects the wide world over are known as patriots, and—

> Such is the patriot's boast, where'er he roam—
> His first best country ever is his home.

But, reveries apart, the stamps of Great Britain commend themselves in every point for special interest and attention. In design, they are chaste and artistic; in issue, regular and non-speculative; in study, the watermarks and plate numbers are peculiarly fascinating; in price, they are cheap, used, and a fairly complete collection can be formed with but little outlay.

I purpose in the present article to run through the various issues from 1840 to the present day, and give notes generally which may be useful to the thousands of young stamp collectors who read these pages; many of whom are constantly writing to me for information on such subjects as "plating," "hair-lines," "water-marks," etc.

Great Britain being the first country to issue postage stamps, special interest must always attach to the 1d. black of 1840—the first stamp ever issued. This stamp, when it made its first appearance, was not unnaturally the subject of considerable comment. Little did our philatelic ancestors think what this seed of philately was going to bring forth. A letter, written by a boy at school to his sister at the date of issue, said, "Have you tried the stamps yet? I think they are very absurd and troublesome. I don't fancy making my mouth a glue-pot, although, to be sure, you have the satisfaction of kissing the back of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen. This is, however, I should say, the greatest insult the present ministry could have offered the Queen." The "insult" has evidently not been taken seriously, for the "kissing" still proceeds merrily; only at an increased pace of a few millions per diem.

A very large quantity of these early 1d. black stamps were issued, which may lead some to wonder at their apparent scarcity to-day—a really fine used copy being worth 6d., although a poor specimen without margins can be purchased for 3d. The scarcity is due to "plating," a process which absorbs large quantities of the British stamps, to which I shall refer presently.

While mentioning the 1d. black of 1840, I must refer to the historical "V.R" stamp, which has so near a resemblance to the ordinary 1d. black that many think they possess it.

The only difference between the two stamps as to design is that the latter, instead of "stars" in the upper corners, has the letters "V" in the left hand and "R" in the right-hand corners. Its history is as follows: It was originally intended for "official" use, the letters in the top corner being the distinguishing mark to prevent collusion with the ordinary stamp. The idea of using a distinctive stamp for official purposes was abandoned, and so the "V.R." has passed into history as a specimen "prepared for use, but never issued." Its value has dropped during recent years, and to-day it is only worth about £8.

The watermark of the ordinary 1d. black

stamp is a small crown—see Fig. 1 on illustration of watermarks.

A brief year of existence, and the black stamp gave place to the red, it being urged that the red postmark could be cleaned off. This 1d. red stamp imperf. continued in use over thirteen years, during which period an enormous number must have been issued. Its value is about ½d.

Before referring to the perforated issues, I must mention the 2d. value of the same design as the 1d. There are also two varieties of this stamp imperf. The first, issued shortly after the 1d. black, has no white line under the word "Postage" at the top; the second has a thin white line underneath "Postage," and the difference makes the earlier issue rarer than the latter. A good copy of the "no white lines" is worth 1s. 6d.; the later issue is only worth 2d. In both stamps the watermark is a small crown.

In 1847 it became necessary to issue some higher values, and the well-known "embossed" stamps appeared, there being three values, 6d. lilac, 10d. brown, and 1s. green. These are octagonal in shape, and while obtainable for a few pence when the writer was at school, have steadily risen in value, being worth, used, 2s. 6d., 8s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. respectively. The stamps are imperforate and the watermark on the 6d. only consists of the letters "V.R."

Coming now to perforated stamps, the 1d. red and 2d. blue, in the same design of 1840, are found in different varieties of perforation and watermark, the scarcest being the small watermark, perf. 14 in both values.

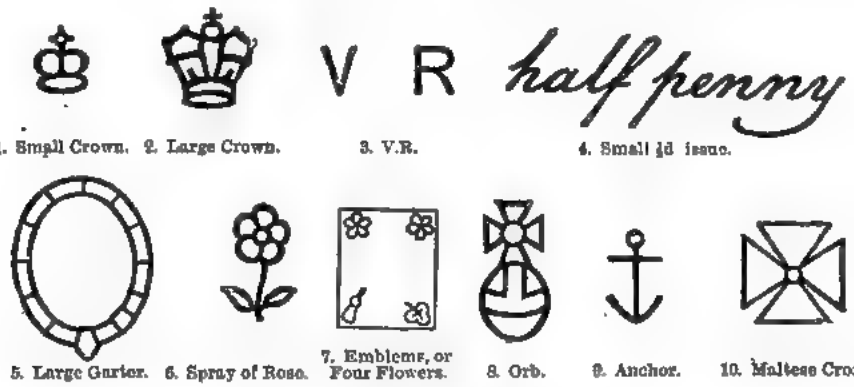
The small watermark stamps are worth:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
1d. red, perf. 16 ...	0	9	2d. blue, perf. 16 ...	0	9
1d. ,, ,, 14 ...	1	0	2d. ,, ,, 14 ...	2	6

The same values can be found with watermark large crown (see Fig. 2), the values being:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
1d. red, perf. 14 ...	0	1	2d. blue, perf. 14 ...	0	4
1d. ,, ,, 16 ...	1	6	2d. ,, ,, 16 ...	6	0

All the above have "stars" in the upper corners, and letters in the lower corners only; but we now come to the same designs for the 1d. and 2d., with letters in *all four corners*. These letters of the alphabet are often a difficulty to beginners, so I must refer to the reason for their use. This was as a protection against forgery. The method has now been abolished, but its duration of life served at least to provide a most interesting pastime for collectors of British stamps in "plating," which I will explain in as few words as possible.



1. Small Crown. 2. Large Crown. 3. V.R. 4. Small ½d issue.

5. Large Garter. 6. Spray of Rose. 7. Emblems, or Four Flowers. 8. Orb. 9. Anchor. 10. Maltese Cross.

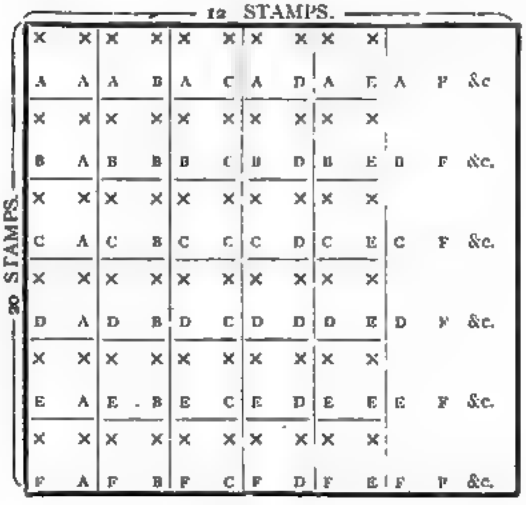
WATERMARKS ON GREAT BRITAIN STAMPS.

Each sheet of stamps (of the 1d. and 2d. values) consisted of 240 specimens, arranged in twenty horizontal rows of twelve stamps each. The letters were inserted, first in the lower corners *only*, and afterwards in all four corners, in alphabetical order, which will be plain by reference to the diagram on the next page.

Thus the top horizontal row of stamps would be lettered A A to A L; the second row, B A to B L; the third row, C A—C L, and so on down to the twentieth or last row, which would be lettered T A—T L. The later issue, with letters in all four corners, are treated in the same way, except that the letters in the top corners of the later issue are the reverse to those in the lower corners.

The early 1d. red stamps are so very common that it becomes a fascinating task to reconstruct a plate of either issue. Some time will be occupied in the completion of the plate, but the trouble is well repaid. The same process of "plating" can be followed out with all subsequent issues and values to 1887, but the difficulty in getting together the higher values is too great to admit of recommendation to the slender purse.

The 1d. red and 2d. blue with letters in all corners are also interesting because of their plate *numbers*. In the 1d. red these run from 71—225; in the 2d. blue from 7—15. The numbers will be found in the vertical *network* on either side of the design, exactly in the centre. A



magnifying glass may be necessary to read these numbers, but every 1d. or 2d. stamp *with letters in all corners* has them. The rarest in the 1d. is 225 (the last issued), worth about 7s. 6d. used; in the 2d. value the rarest is plate 12, worth 1s.

The third watermark illustrated is that found on one of the smallest stamps ever issued, the first British ½d. It is also one of the handsomest. This stamp has also the letters in all corners, and plate numbers, to be found on the left and right-hand sides of the central circle containing the Queen's profile. Some difficulty may be found in distinguishing the plate numbers on this stamp, but they run from 1—20, with one or two numbers missing. Plate 9 is rare, being worth 8s. 6d. used.

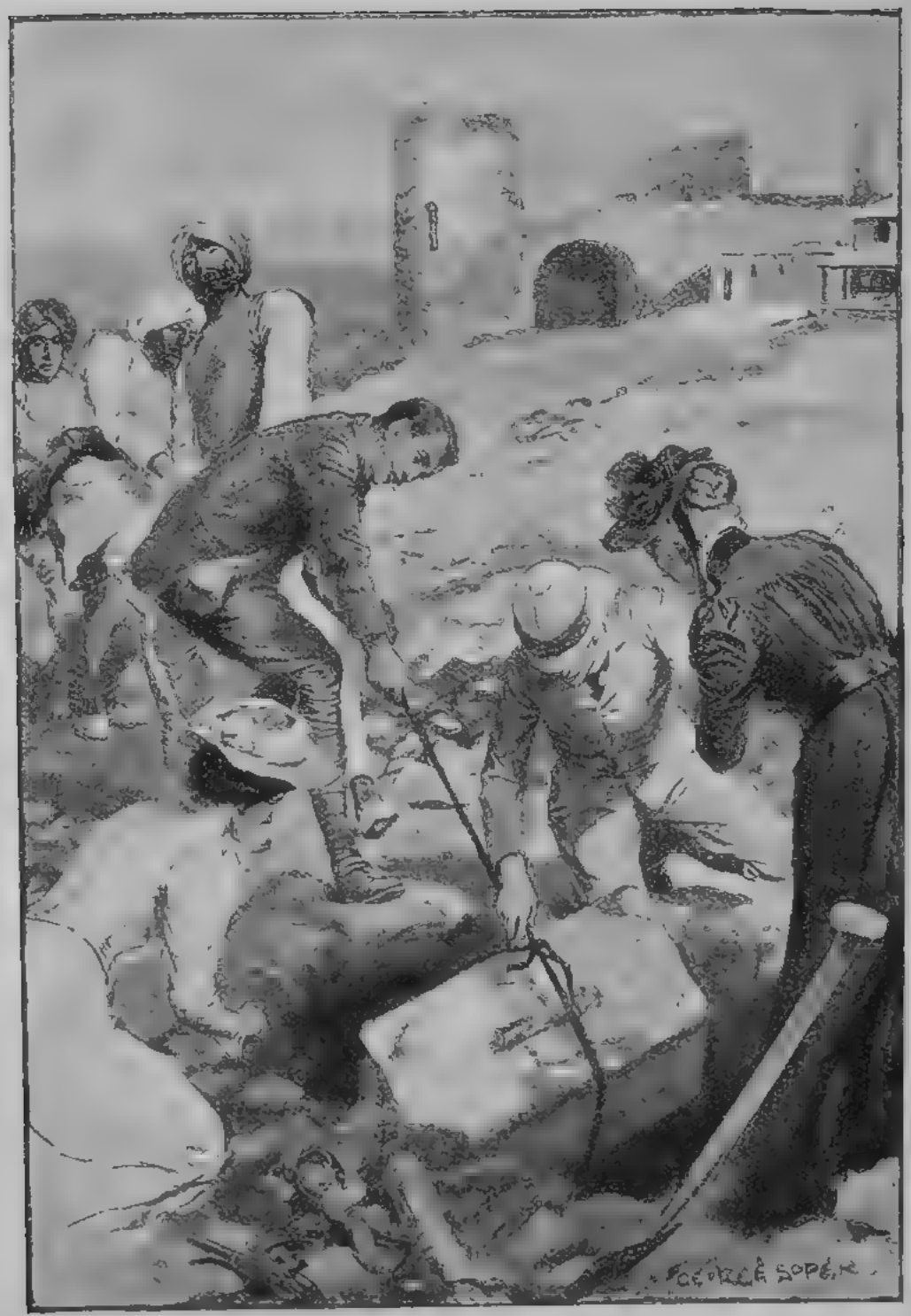
My remarks on the early stamps of Great Britain are but fragmentary, but I have endeavoured to mention only varieties interesting to the beginner, which he can look for and safely purchase at anything under the prices quoted. The subsequent issues must be left for a later date, if the writer returns from an Australasian tour which compels him to lay down his pen for some months as Philatelic Editor of the best of boys' magazines—THE CAPTAIN. It has been a great pleasure during four successive volumes to come into touch with readers of THE CAPTAIN the wide world over, and it is a still greater pleasure to think of meeting some of my correspondents in the Orient. I hope from time to time, while far from home, to greet in these pages, in one way or another, the audience I have lectured to.

REVIEW.

Messrs. Butler Bros., the well-known Clevedon firm, have just issued a very handsome price list of stamps, albums, packets, etc., for 1901. Everything a young collector can require is herein listed at reasonable prices. Messrs. Butler Bros. have built up a large business by a long period of honest catering to the requirements of stamp collectors young and old, and we can confidently advise the sending for this handsome book.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. Junghenn.—I fully agree with your remarks on speculative issues, except that such stamps should be tabooed by collectors in order that offending governments may learn that making their revenue out of stamp collectors is a game that can be played out. Unnecessary and speculative issues are the ruin of real philately. **H. C. Barnard**—(1) Forgeries. (2) No, a bogus issue. (3) Forgery. **H. C. Lott.**—I have marked and returned your stamps. **D. R. Lock.**—Thanks for contribution, which, however, we cannot use in the sense you desire. **A. J. Corbett.**—(1) To tell you the *real* value of every stamp would be a difficult task. The "A.B.C." is a reliable guide in general. (2) The album you name is a good one. **T. V. Brenan.**—You do not say whether there are any stamps in your album. It is scarcely likely you could sell a blank one in Switzerland. **A. Salter.**—The stamp you enclose is a fiscal, but should be worth face value to a collector of revenue stamps. **S. V. P.**—I regret I can only value stamps that I *see*. **J. C. Meadows.**—I have marked your stamps. **Miss C. J. Regan.**—Many thanks for sending me the new French stamps. **R. McCallum.**—While thanking you for a sight of the new Hungary stamp, I must ask you to send the usual stamped envelope for its return. **J. Jungham** (INDIA).—The U.S. stamp is a *fiscal* only. The Indian Postal Service stamps are only for official use, and ought not to be obtainable by collectors. Hence their omission from the catalogues. Your Holland stamp is the 22½c. Look closely and see whether you have not mistaken the "2" for a "1." I return your good wishes for 1901, and include all my Indian readers. **B. Leigh.**—See my article in the present issue. **T. C. Gibson.**—Delighted to hear from you, and have valued your stamps, as you desire. I trust your interest in Chinese issues may some day make you desire to join your parents in their noble missionary work. **A. Woodhouse.**—Thanks for your letter, but we can only value stamps when the actual specimens are sent. You should purchase an "A.B.C." catalogue, and you can then value your own. **F. M. Purcell.**—Have marked your stamps, as desired. **F. C. Dodds.**—Perfectly genuine, and worth 3d. **X.Y.Z.**—1, 2d.; 2, 2d.; 3, 3d.; 4, 2d.; 5, 3d.; 6, ½d.; 7, 1d.; 8, 2d.; 9, 3d. **A. Campbell.**—The stamp is not a proper *postage* stamp. No value can be affixed. Trifling in any case. **A. Davis.**—See my article in the present issue. **S. C. Raffles.**—Few dealers will purchase single stamps. You might try Messrs. Winch Bros., in your town.



"HAUL AWAY!" WERE THE NEXT WORDS. WE HAULED, AND IN ANOTHER MINUTE THE COFFER LAY AT OUR FEET.

Drawn by George Soper.

A NATIVE festival brought us a week's holiday, and I was on my way to the Presidency to spend it there, when, on the train drawing up at a wayside station, I spotted Sparkes.

"Rot!" he exclaimed, when I told him of my intention. "You'll only waste a pot of money messing round. Join me—far healthier."

"What at?"

"In exploring Gittragiri; I've come here purposely," and he pointed to a solitary rocky hill, crowned by a fortification which simmered and slithered in the heat haze a few miles to the north. "There's a bungalow, I'm told. We can make ourselves comfortable, and may get some shooting."

This decided me; so I bundled out—bag, baggage, and servants.

After lunching together in the waiting-room off we went, ordering our people to procure carts and follow with our "kit" as soon as possible.

It developed into a lonesome sort of place as we approached. The space within the fort appeared full of greenery, large trees overtopping the ramparts, but the sides of the hill were bleak and barren. After passing the small village at the foot, we ascended the zig-zag path and entered the fort by a large embattled gate. We found the bungalow comfortable, and the military pensioner in charge thereof intelligent and communicative. From him we learnt that the stronghold had been built in the sixteenth century, and that it stood thirty-three miles from the frontier of the Nizam's territory; that before the opening of the railway this and other bungalows on the route were frequently made use of by European travellers; but now, for some fifteen years past, no one, except perhaps a stray district official, ever came to the spot. During the early part of the century, the Sepoy said, Gittragiri had been held by a detachment of native infantry, under English officers, against the incursion of Rohillas and other lawless predatories from the Nizam's country, and he indicated the ruined barrack that faced the bungalow. The aspect of the whole place chilled us to the marrow, and we stared about us in gloomy silence, till the arrival of our servants with a string of coolies bearing our *impedimenta* broke the spell, and we soon shook ourselves down in one wing of the bungalow, leaving the other vacant for possible—but by no means probable—*bonâ fide* travellers.

"Hang it all!" ejaculated Sparkes, as we took chairs in the verandah, "I was getting into the blues, weren't you?"

"Yes; there's a ghostliness about the spot that gives one the creeps."

"Let's pump the old Sepoy."

"What about?"

"This place; I can't shake off the feeling of uncanniness."

"Humbug!" I laughed. "There are no spooks here!"

Nevertheless he shouted for the old soldier.

"Any ghost stories connected with this fort, Sepoy?" I asked in the vernacular.

He grinned a deprecatory negative. "It is said that many fights have taken place here, sir, and the ignorant aver that the spirits of the slain people the hill, but I have never seen them."

"Fights between whom?"

"All sorts, sir; but especially between the British garrison and the Rohillas at the beginning of this century."

"And that's all so far as ghosts and spirits go?"

"That is all, sir."

"There you are, Sparkes! Your ghostly fears are dead. Let's talk about something else."

We drifted into other subjects. Time wore on, our chat slackened into monosyllables, and finally we both dropped off to sleep.

* * * * *

"My Aunt! What do you say to ghosts now?" uttered by Sparkes in panic-stricken tones aroused me, and I rushed after him into the room behind us.

"What is it?" I asked in an awed whisper.

"Ghosts, or something confoundedly like them! Look!" and he pointed through the venetianed window.

I looked, and confess to a sensation of intense amazement as I saw the Sepoy escorting two European ladies, followed by several natives carrying various articles of luggage. English ladies apparently, in this out-of-the-way spot! They entered the empty rooms adjoining ours; and from their speaking English to the Sepoy we divined that they were strangers even to the country itself. We got hold of the old pensioner at the first opportunity, and learnt from him that while he was down at the village the strangers had arrived in a common bullock cart, the driver stating that they came from Hyderabad. All they could say was "Gittragiri" interrogatively, and he had replied in the affirmative, whereupon they alighted, and he—as a natural consequence—brought them up to the bungalow. We were full of curiosity. One lady was elderly, the other young and pretty; mother and daughter probably—but what did they here?

"Confound it!" muttered Sparkes, "they're not spooks at all events. Let's go and see them."

Writing our names on a piece of paper, and adding an expression of our readiness to be of any service, we sent it in by the Sepoy. Back came the paper with "Thank you, but we are not in need of assistance" written across it in a delicate feminine hand—that of a gentlewoman no doubt. Still, the question hammered on our brains—what could possibly have brought them to this corner of the earth with only one old woman servant accompanying them? We made all sorts of conjectures, but could not arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, or even a surmise. Strange and mysterious! We kept watch through the half-closed venetian; we heard their modulated voices in the next room, and in silence we held on to that window in hopes of catching another glimpse of them. Then the clatter of crockery betokened that they were breaking their fast; and presently both ladies came forth into the verandah, and looked about them. But if we had been amazed hitherto, we became utterly confounded by what followed. The elder lady, sweet-featured and grey-headed, carried a small, dilapidated book; and the younger, undeniably pretty, held a tape measure. They talked in low tones, frequently consulting the book, and glancing at the fort gate, a hundred paces or so to the right front. Now, donning their sun hats, they went to the gate; the elder lady posted herself exactly in the centre of the archway with the tape ring in her hand, while her companion, paying out, came towards a small building that had once been a solitary cell—evidently erected some time during our military occupation, and which faced the bungalow. They measured 300ft.; another 25ft. or so brought them to the cell front, and they marked the spot with stones. A further reference to the book, and they went to the granite figure of a bull that squatted more to the left. Commencing from the figure's nose, they measured towards the cell, but on reaching its back wall they were evidently at fault, for they came out into the open and gazed about as if perplexed; then, after whispering together, they ascended the steps and retired to their room. We stared blankly at each other. What meant those measurements? Who were they? What on earth were they after? We were soon to know.

In the cool of the evening we went outside and strolled about for a while, but the fair unknown kept within doors.

"Tell you what," whispered Sparkes, "they're women missionaries. Come to set up a tabernacle in the wilderness—going to run it themselves—they were measuring the ground for it!"

"Rubbish!"

"Hang it, then! What are they up to, footling round in a place like this with a book and a tape?"

"Impossible to say," I replied.

As we returned to go indoors I happened to glance up at the ladies' wing, when I distinctly saw two pairs of eyes regarding us through the venetians! Instinctively I raised my cap, Sparkes doing the same. We had barely sat down when the Sepoy brought a card, on which the same hand had written: "We are sure that you are gentlemen. Will you kindly accord us an interview?" I promptly wrote: "We are at your service"; and while the old man took back the card, we hurried out our easy chairs and a couple of stools. Presently the ladies came forth. We exchanged bows. We drew forward the easy chairs, and invited them to be seated.

"You must have thought us very unsociable just now," commenced the elder lady. "We imagined that we could get on by ourselves, but finding we cannot, and prepossessed with the glance we caught of you while you were outside, we have decided to confide in you, and beg your assistance."

"Madame, pray command us," I said.

"I am Mrs. Kent," she continued, "and this is my daughter, Miss Grace Kent. No doubt you have been mystified about us."

"Candidly, we have," I observed.

"You're going to build a church, eh?" queried Sparkes.

"No," smiled the lady. "The fact is we are in search of some money!" she added, lowering her voice.

"Where?" I gasped.

"Skittles!" ejaculated my chum in the same breath.

"Here. Read this," and she opened that small book—an old book of a bygone make, yellow with age. Stupefied, and hardly crediting our senses, we read:—

Gittragiri Outpost,
Northern Circars,
7th May, 1812.

Assault expected this night; no hope of help from outside. In case I am killed, I hereby make this, my last will and testament. I adjure him who finds this book to deliver it to Arthur Burgoyne, now living with his mother, my wife, Mary Burgoyne, at No. 2, the Paragon, Bath, Somerset, England. I have secured my wealth in a coffer which should the foe prevail, I will cast into the well, and thus preserve my gains for my rightful heirs should I die. In the coffer I have placed as hereunder:—

My share of Seringapatam prize money, exchanged for gold mohurs	500 guineas.
My booty taken at Seringapatam. Precious stones	135 stones.
Necklace of honour presented to me by Tanjawur Rajah	1 necklace.
Great precious stones, taken from idol at storm of Kondagiri	31 stones.

The well may be filled up by the enemy after casting the killed therein, or it may be otherwise lost sight of. The finder of the book, therefore, must measure two lines—one of 327ft. from the centre of the embattled gate; another of 223ft. from the nose of the granite bull—and the point where these two lines meet is the centre of the well.

My name, as hereto subscribed, is cut on the lid of the iron coffer, with date, 1812; and among the contents will be found a bronze coin of the Roman Emperor Hadrianus—a fellow to which is with my wife.

God have mercy on us all!

JOHN JERMYN BURGOYNE, Captain, Sepoy Infantry.

Witnesses { Phillip Moore / Nathaniel Dobbs } Ensigns, Sepoy Infantry.

Our silence of stupefaction after perusing the above was broken by Mrs. Kent. "John Jermyn Burgoyne was my grandfather," she said. "His son, Arthur, was my father, as I will prove to you." At a sign from her mother, Miss Kent brought out a packet of papers; and the elder lady showed us documents that convinced us of the truth of her statements. But the rest was mystery.

"Are you satisfied, gentlemen, as to the validity of the will, and my title to the inheritance?"

"Beyond a doubt, Mrs. Kent," I replied. "We are profoundly interested—pray enlighten us further."

"Do you mean to say that you expect to drop on the stuff here?" inquired Sparkes.

"Yes. Now for a few dates. My grandfather, the testator, was born in 1780; Arthur, his son, in 1802, in this country; he sailed for England with his mother in 1804. He entered the church, and married my mother in 1831. I, their only child, was born in 1832; I married in 1855; my daughter was born in 1856, and my husband was killed during the Indian Mutiny in 1857. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, but this will refers to sixty years ago—how has the matter remained dormant for so long?" I asked. "How do you know that the treasure has not been removed? What do you know of Captain Burgoyne's fate?"

"He was killed in the very attack referred to in the will; the East India Company officially reported his death. Presuming that he did throw the coffer into the well, all points to its being there still."

"Then, how did you get possession of this book after sixty years?—where was it all that time?"

"It came to me by the veriest chance. A friend, a rich old Indian officer, picked it up during a raid that he had conducted against the descendants perhaps of these same Rohillas in 1859, somewhere on the Nizam's frontier. He never had the curiosity to look into the book, which had lain, lost sight of for years, at the bottom of one of his old trunks. While turning out his belongings one day in search of something he wished to show me, he came across this book, and, handing it to me, described

where, how, and when he had found it. Judge, though, of my surprise when I realized what that writing meant for me! To make a long story short, my friend not only strongly advocated this journey in quest of the treasure, but he generously furnished the necessary funds, for we were too poor to dream of the undertaking on our own means. So we came. Now, what do you think?"

"Think!" echoed Sparkes. "It sounds uncommonly like a fairy tale. But we'll roust out the box for you—if it's here."

"And it was these measurements we saw you making just now?" I asked.

"Yes; but we are at fault. We can neither get the points to meet, nor can we see any traces of a well. We lost hope till we saw you, and your appearance impressed us favourably. Will you help us?"

"With heart and soul!" I replied.

"Aye, that we will!" added Sparkes. "And that Roman coin of old What's-his-name? Have you got that handy?"

Mrs. Kent promptly produced the piece from her purse, and we set to examining it with absorbed interest. It was too late to do more that day, for darkness had come down as we conversed.

Early next morning we went to work. I and Sparkes measured and measured, but no amount of manipulation or coaxing would get those lines to meet. We tried from all parts of the gate—from all parts of the bull; but every attempt proved abortive. The ladies lost heart, and almost cried with vexation.

"I'm really afraid we must give it up," I said gloomily.

"Oh, don't say so!" pleaded Miss Kent. "Perhaps there's another gate and another bull somewhere in the fort."

The suggestion rekindled our hope; we summoned the Sepoy and questioned him. No, this was the only gateway, this the only bull; there were no traces of any well whatsoever in the fort; water had always been carried up from below as long as he could remember.

"Can't we search elsewhere?" murmured Mrs. Kent vaguely.

"Like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay," remarked my chum. "Those instructions are clear enough if we could only get the confounded lines to meet. Let's try again, Hervey; perhaps we may hit on it after all. Come on with the tape!"

Once more we measured the 327ft.

"That's plain enough, isn't it?" said Sparkes. "Now for the 223ft."

We laid that out, and found, as before, that the cell interfered with our joining the end of the first measurement.

"We'l—I'm—blest!" exclaimed my chum in a tone of chagrin. "Old Burgoyne——"

He suddenly stopped dead. As he spoke he had been regarding the cell with a rueful expression, but now he began dancing about, laughing loudly, and cutting capers all over the place.

"Needn't play the idiot!" I growled savagely, for I perceived that his vagaries were proving distasteful to our fair companions.

"No!" roared Sparkes. "I've been playing the idiot long enough! I know where the blessed well is!"

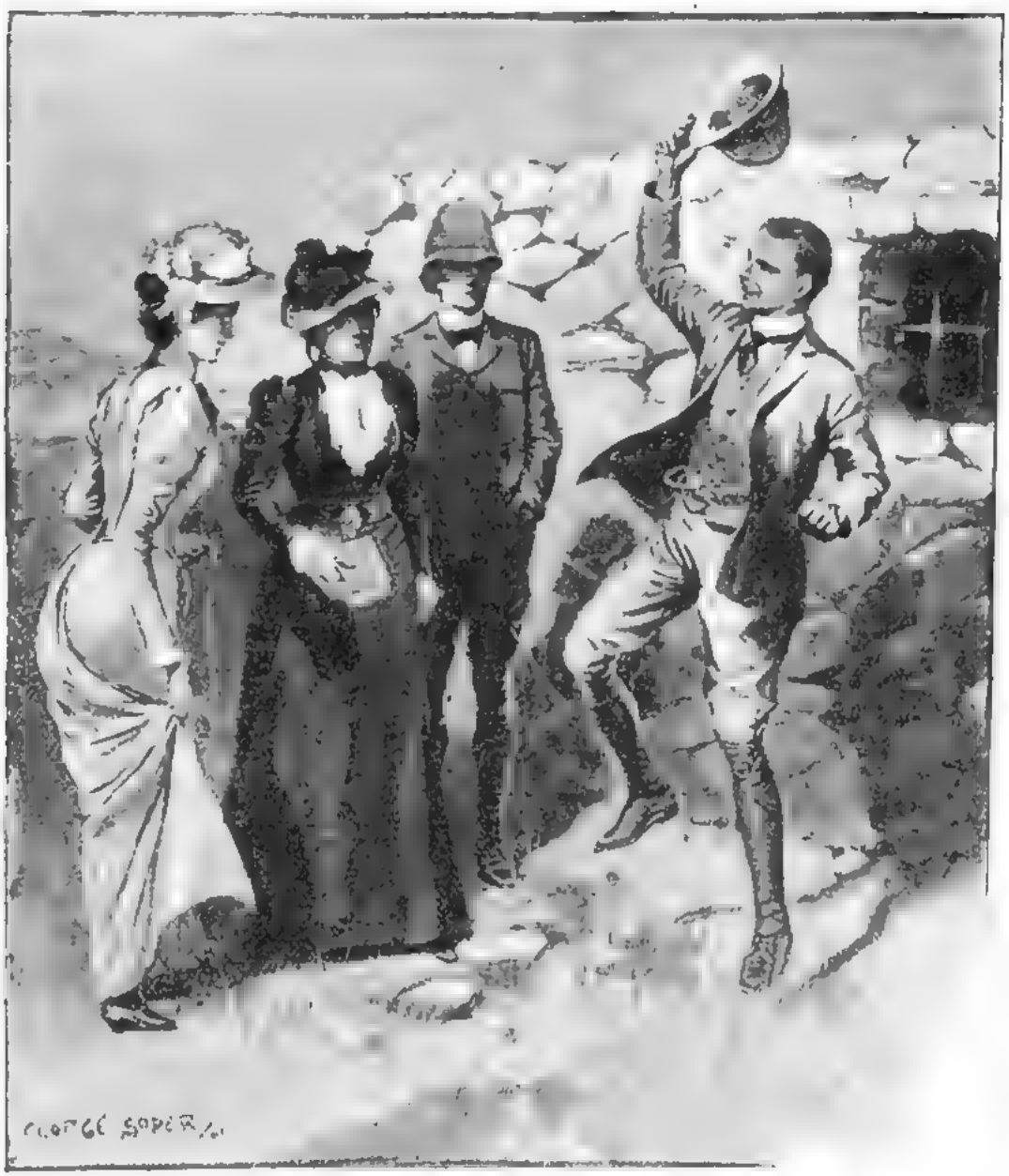
"Where?" we ejaculated simultaneously, glancing in all directions.

"Here! Under this cell! I'll eat my hat if it isn't! Strikes me as being of more modern construction than those old barracks. Why, man, it stands to reason, from the very fact of the thing interfering each time with our confounded measurements!"

A gleam of hope! I was struck with Sparkes' view. "Keep up your spirits, ladies!" I cried. "If the well ever existed we shall find it under this cell."

The Sepoy was sent flying down the hill for coolies, crowbars, ropes, baskets, and pick-axes. Stimulated by promise of reward, the old man speedily returned with a working party, armed with the necessary implements. The men set to work, attacked the cell, and soon razed it to the ground. Ordering them to spread out the *débris* so as not to form an obstacle to the tape, we again measured, when, sure enough, the two lines of 327ft. and 223ft. coalesced, almost to the inch, at the centre of the cemented floor of the cell! We hastily demolished this floor, and when the superincumbent rubbish and earth had been cleared away, our straining eyes rested on a circle of cut stone. We remained in doubt no longer; the well referred to by Mrs. Kent's grandfather lay before us!

In the seventh heaven of exultation we commenced to excavate. After attaining to a depth of 10ft. we began to unearth all sorts of things—a small brass cannon which had burst at the breech; old flint-lock gun-fittings, the woodwork of which had long since mouldered away; silver and copper coins, which once might have been the property of the Sepoys who, meeting their death in the defence of the place, had evidently been thrown into the well by victorious Rohillas. Then we came across some officers' belt and breast buckles, which had doubtless once adorned the persons of Burgoyne and his colleagues when their bodies had been con-



"I KNOW WHERE THE BLESSED WELL IS!" ROARED SPARKES.

signed to the same convenient receptacle. Finally we struck water, which considerably enhanced our labour. Baskets upon baskets of dripping earth were hauled to the surface. The men—there was only room for two—worked immersed to the knees; the yield gradually diminished: and at last they declared that they could dig no more. Somehow, we had not bargained for water, and again did we despair.

"Does it come in fast?" I shouted down the well.

"No, sir; slowly, but it prevents us from digging."

"Hang the water!" suddenly vociferated Sparkes. "Let's bail it out! Here you are!" and his long legs took him in a trice into the bungalow, to reappear almost immediately with the brass jugs from our bath-room.

Hurrah! Ropes were knotted round the jugnecks; down they went, and, after an hour's steady filling and hauling, the well was comparatively dry.

"Now," shouted Sparkes down the well, "you chap with the crowbar! Plunge it in as far as you can; see if you touch anything hard."

The strokes of the implement fell dull on our anxious ears. They appeared to meet with nothing harder than mud.

"Now try where you are standing!"

The man obeyed, and the very first stroke emitted the sound of metal against metal.

"There you are!" cried Sparkes. "The trick's done, I bet! Lug that out, whatever it is!"

With difficulty the earth was cleared away. We could see the men imperfectly in the gloom clawing and tugging at some object. It might be another cannon; our hearts were in our mouths.

"Let down ropes! It is an iron box!" bawled one of the men.

We complied.

"Haul away!" were the next words. We hauled, and in another minute the coffer lay at our feet! On washing away the mud from its surface, there, on the lid, precisely as recorded in that book, appeared the words: "John Jermyn Burgoyne, 1812," cut with a cold chisel and hammer by a hand that had been dead for a period of sixty-three years! We paid up the natives, and sent them away rejoicing; we conveyed the coffer into the Kents' front room, and when we had ensured ourselves against interruption or espionage from the servants, Sparkes and I succeeded—after an infinity of difficulty, in forcing open the lid; for the coffer was locked, and, as my friend pithily observed, "Old Burgoyne had omitted to state where he had left the key!"

The contents were in confusion, and dulled to a degree; however, by dint of much scrubbing and washing, we cleaned and classified everything in that box; and then, comparing them with the inventory in the will, we found them to tally exactly therewith, even to the coin of Hadrianus, the very fellow to the one in Mrs. Kent's keeping.

"All's well that ends well," I observed, interrupting the reverie we had fallen into. "Mrs. Kent, Miss Kent, accept my warmest congratulations."

"By Jove! You'll be able to drive away in a coach and six!" added Sparkes.

"Our warmest gratitude is due to you both!" exclaimed Mrs. Kent, with tears in her eyes, as she pressed our hands in succession.

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed the daughter, following suit. "But had it not been for your happy thought, Mr. Sparkes, we should not have succeeded. A kind Providence surely threw you in our way!"

"No! hang it all!" replied my chum, who was a bit of a fatalist. "Providence did not merely throw us in your way; there was an inevitable necessity in our dropping across each other as we have done. The whole affair has been cut and dried from the commencement of all things—the whirligig of time brought round our turn to play our parts in this little show. We were called, and we answered the summons—that's how I look at it.'

"And now, Mrs. Kent, what are your plans?"

"Oh, to get home again. Thanks to a merciful God and the help of you, our kind friends, our mission to this country has been successfully accomplished."

"You have no call to go back to Hyderabad, have you?"

"Except to get to the railway."

"Hang it all! You don't want to go so far. There's a railway station as if made for you a few miles from this; trust yourselves to us, and though the mail does not stop there, I'll pull her up for you."

Accordingly, the next day, Sparkes put the signal against the Bombay mail train, and we duly secured for our fair friends a first-class compartment. As the train moved, Mrs. Kent thrust a small packet into our hands. When we had made our final *adieux* we opened the packets and found them to contain a large ruby each, accompanied with a few written words of thanks from the fair donor.

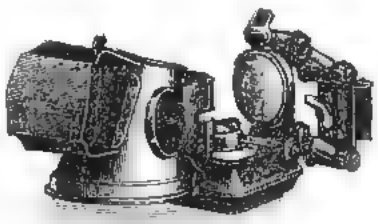
Subsequently, when we had those stones valued, we were astonished to learn that they were worth several hundred pounds apiece.

THE CYCLING CORNER

By HAYDON PERRY.

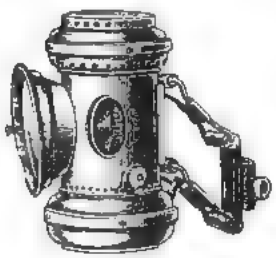
CONCERNING LAMPS.

THERE are few more important adjuncts to the cycle than the lamp. Personally I never ride a mile at any time of day without taking one with me. I know it weighs a trifle, but I was never one of those who carped at odd ounces, and went paring down pennyweights everywhere, as was the fashion when the lightness craze was at its height. I take my mud-guards with me on many a fine day, although they are readily detachable, for I know they weigh less than the dirty lane of mud all up my back which I should be sure to bring home if surprised by a thunder shower during the course of my jaunt. The reason I carry a lamp is, of course, quite different. I want to be free as a gipsy when I am on the road, and without a lamp I could not be. I have known the times when I have gone out for a morning spin, and have been beguiled into a tour extending over several days. In such a case I telegraph for my travelling kit, which is always kept handy, to be sent on to me; and then time and the town are left behind and forgotten. I know that there must be very few fellows, and perhaps hardly any who are still in their school-days, who can have the same sweet liberty to wander at their will. But all the same I recommend the practice of carrying a lamp much more habitually than is common now. It relieves you of all anxiety as to lighting up time, a kind of anxiety that I have known to spoil the last hour of many an otherwise enjoyable outing, and it makes a puncture occurring towards the hours of dusk a matter of trifling moment. People may smile at you for going out before breakfast with a lamp on the bracket of your machine, when everybody knows that you are bound, whatever happens, to be in your place at that meal. But nobody's foresight is as good as his hindsight, as some western humorist has observed, and it may so fall out that some accident renders your mount unridable, and it may so further happen that the place at which you leave it is, for some reason or other, one to which you can only go in the evening.



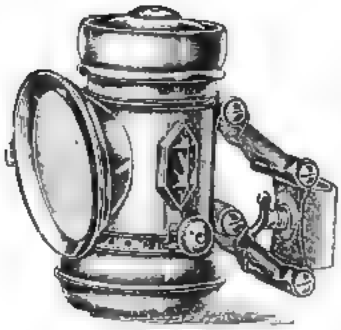
THE "SILVER KING" LAMP.

Granted, then, that a lamp is a good companion to have on practically all occasions, it is surprising to find how little the treatment of this useful accessory is understood. There is hardly anything connected with cycling which causes so much annoyance and dissatisfaction as an intractable lamp, and yet its apparent obstinacy is nearly always due to the ignorance or carelessness of its owner. I have known fellows



THE "CLUB" LAMP

THE "HALYCON" LAMP.



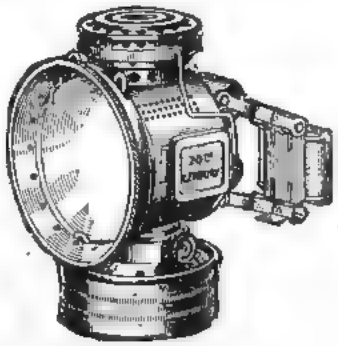
THE "BRONCO" LAMP.

who have kept their machines as bright and spick as when they were new, and who have yet habitually neglected their lamps. A dirty lamp is sure to go wrong sooner or later, and so the very first rule is—absolute cleanliness. All parts of the lamp, both inside and out, should at frequent periods be cleared of oil and soot. To do this properly a single cloth is insufficient, for after the first cleaning the cloth will be more or less oily, and there will still be traces of oil about the lamp. Now if the smallest trace remain upon such parts as the glass front or the reflector, these areas will rapidly collect a new coating of dust or carbonacious matter, and your work will have been almost thrown away. The proper way is to have a second cloth, quite dry and clean, in reserve, and to use this for the final touches. For this purpose I know of nothing better than Selvyt. It resembles chamois leather in appearance, but is really velveteen cotton plush cut on one side. It possesses the advantage that it can be washed, and still remain soft and good. It is excellent for cleaning the glass parts. If the reflector is not of glass it should be treated with a suitable metal polish, and when that has been removed the Selvyt will add the final lustre.

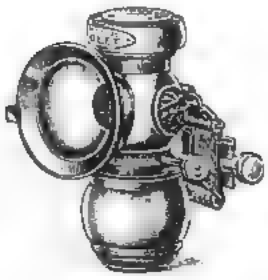
Then care must be taken that the proper amount and quality of oil and wick are employed. They must be chosen, not haphazard, but always with regard to each other. This is because oils of the paraffin class will run up the capillary spaces in the wick more easily than thicker and more fatty oils, and the latter, therefore, require a wick somewhat more loosely woven than the former, or they will not flow freely to feed the flame. Having got the proper texture, it is important to see that the wick is just a nice loose fit for the collar. Several lamp makers and oil refiners sell suitable wick, in boxes of twelve 4in. lengths for a few pence, and there is no better plan than to keep a few of these lengths handy. Before the wick is put into the collar, or brought in contact with the oil in any way, it should be thoroughly dried. This can best be done by toasting it for a moment before the fire. The reason for taking such a precaution is that, if any moisture remains in the capillary spaces of the fabric, the oil will decline to pass them, and the upward flow will not be free. I have known many lamps which positively refused to burn solely owing to this safeguard not having been taken. The final step is to dip the head of the wick in the oil before placing the tail in. This at once establishes a continuous connection between the oil tank and the flame. Wick should be frequently trimmed with a pair of sharp scissors, and either cut dead level or, for very wide gauges, slightly bevelled at the corners. If used very frequently, it should often be inspected, to see that it is still long enough.

When a wick is too short to reach the bottom of the reservoir, and the latter is nearly empty, you sometimes get the curious phenomenon of a lamp that will burn when you are passing over jolty ground (it being fed by the

HARRISON'S "LUNA" LAMP.

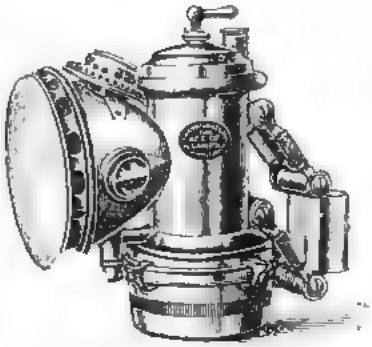


THE "CENTURY" LAMP.



THE "PETROLET" LAMP.

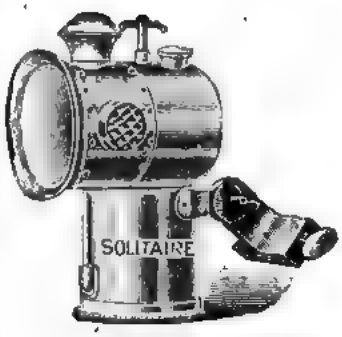
THE "ASP" CANDLE LAMP.



HARRISON'S "ACE OF LAMPS." (Acetylene.)

splashing), but which entirely refuses to burn when you are on smooth roads, or when at rest. Of course, only negligence will land a rider in such a predicament. If, on the other hand, a lamp is very seldom used, it is advisable to put in an entirely fresh wick from time to time, as the old oil in the capillaries is very apt to clog. This is a very frequent cause of a lamp giving unsatisfactory results, however good it may be, and however good the oil. Even the latter, if it has stood long enough to show signs of thickening, may with advantage be poured away and replaced.

As for the oil, it should be one that will give a flame that is not easily jerked out, one limpid enough to mount the kind of wick employed, and one that provides a good white light. In the old days we used—many of us—to make our own by dissolving a bit of camphor in some colza, but to-day the oil refiners have far surpassed these early experiments. I have used a very large number of oils, and am at present getting excellent results from "Springvale," but there are plenty of good oils to choose from. Of course, ordinary lamp oil is not the only means of obtaining light for cycling purposes. We shall find that there are a variety of other sorts of light in use, but they each require special forms of lamp, and manufacturers have shown much ingenuity in adapting new designs to each new idea as it arose. The firm of Joseph Lucas, Ltd., of Birmingham, deserves special mention in any article dealing with this subject. Long before modern cycling was thought of they were experts in the making of ships' lamps, and when, in the pioneer days, our great trouble was that our lamps always blew out, this firm came quickly to the rescue with one that would weather any gale it was likely to experience. They have ever since retained the distinction of being able to make as good lamps as it is possible to obtain, and they have developed as well a large general business in cycling accessories of many kinds.

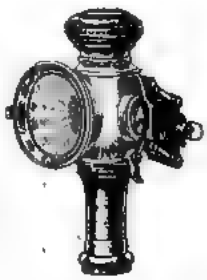


THE "SOLITAIRE" GAS LAMP.

THE "PHENOMENON" LAMP.

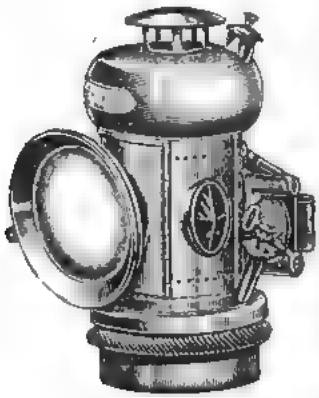
A good lamp must be so constructed that, notwithstanding that it will not blow out, it still provides for plentiful ingress of air, and also plenty of escape for the gases formed by combustion. It should also be strong, fitted firmly together, so as not to develop a rattle in use, and should be so contrived as to be easily and quickly opened out, alike for cleaning and lighting purposes. Of ordinary oil lamps I may name several at all sorts of prices, each of which fulfils these requirements in its own particular way. There is the "Silver King," a very serviceable lamp, which owes its name to the fact that it was at first made "all bright," but it can now be had enamelled, in which form it better withstands bad weather. There is the round "Club" lamp, and there is the "Microphote," which is so small that it only weighs 9½ozs. All these are by Lucas. Then another good old firm, Messrs. Brown Bros., make the "Halycon" and the "Bronko," which is a round lamp like the

THE "SOLAR" ACETYLENE LAMP.



LUCAS'S CANDLE LAMP

"Club." Still another firm of very high repute, Messrs. Harrison, of Birmingham, offer an excellent thing in the "Luna." Messrs. Gamage, perhaps the best-known cycle accessory dealers in the world, have, among many kinds of lamps, the "Twentieth Century," specially designed for the burning of paraffin, and Lucas's "Petrolet" is for the same purpose. You see, paraffin is a thing you can buy in any village, and should you adopt it as your favourite oil, you need never be in doubt as to how to obtain it should you run short while on tour.



LUCAS'S "ACETYLATOR."

Next comes a curious, and in some respects promising group of lamps designed to burn candles. These are very clean to handle, and in most of them you can tell at a glance how much candle you have left, and whether it is desirable to put a fresh one in readiness in your wallet. The "Asp" lamp of Messrs. Brown Bros., and Lucas's candle lamp are good examples of this class. Electricity has been tried, but has been found short of perfection hitherto on several grounds. To begin with, it is very costly as compared with other means of lighting a cyclist's way. Then, too, the apparatus to be carried is heavier than an ordinary lamp, even if only short time charges are provided for. Further, should the tube break and the carbon filament become oxidised the rider is without a light, and cannot repair his misfortune except at the nearest electrician's. But there is one new form of light for which there may possibly be a great future, and that is the acetylene. I speak with all caution, because as at present placed at our disposal, I do not like it. It is not altogether trustworthy; it is tricky and prone to give trouble, and, under some circumstances, it is dangerous. The fact that it gives too much light to be free of the charge of dazzling other users of the road could easily be got over by some dulling of the glass, and I should like to see some maker try the experiment; but the other drawbacks may take some time to overcome.

As was the case with many other valuable discoveries, acetylene was first made by an experimenter who was at the time pursuing his investigations along quite different paths. The story is one of the many romances of science, but I have no space to tell it here. A mere accident gave the world a new illuminant, and, as I say, it may be that some day acetylene will be the only thing employed for cycle lamps. The gas is generated by the dripping of water upon small-sized lumps of calcium carbide. In conjunction with air the gas ignites with a brilliant white flame, and when by-products threaten to choke the fine passages in the burner all you have to do is to blow it clean with the tyre inflator. Gamage's "Phenomenon" and "Solar"; the "Solitaire" lamp of Messrs. Brown Bros., Lucas's "Acetylator," and the "Ace of Lamps," made by Messrs. Harrison, may be named as among the best gas lamps for cycling purposes extant.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. H. W. (Maidenhead).—You are right in saying you do see one disadvantage—namely, increased complication. If you have a good gear case, and keep the chain properly lubricated, that disadvantage will be minimised, and will not, under such circumstances, amount to very much. Should be glad if you would kindly add to my information respecting roads in Ceylon. **G. P.** (Usk).—You heard from me through another channel at the time when this issue was in the press. Owing to the wide circulation of The Captain it is necessary to print several weeks before your copy actually reaches you. **"Rover"** (Exeter).—Your mount is an excellent one. My advice would be to let well alone. Since you have been well suited by a firm of the best reputation, why change? Although I have tried endless machines for the sake of trying them, I have for nearly ten years bought my own machines from the same firm, and they will in all probability build my next. You might, however, change the tyres to either Dunlop, Palmer, Clincher, or Fleuss. **"Elder B."** (Aylesbury).—Yes, certainly, join the C.T.C. The subscription dates from January 1st, but it is only 5s., with 1s. entrance

fee for the first year. **H. H. H.**—The Veeder cyclometer is well suited to the purpose. I cannot read your address, which should have been legibly written. **"Kitchener"** (Uppingham).—See the article on lamps. There are numerous good oils, but you have no need to go further than the ones I named. I am glad you tour on the sensible plan. Open eyes, and a body that is still unwearied when night comes, are the true secret.

H. P.

JUNGLY AND THE MONKEY

BY

E Cockburn Reynolds

Illustrated by the Author.

JUNGLY, the bird-catcher, of whose wonderful knowledge of bird and beast language I have already told you in another story, had proved an absorbing study to me; not only could he understand all the cries of the jungle, but I discovered later that he was a human barometer and compass as well. In the densest forest, by noon or darkest night, he could tell north from south or east from west; he felt the coming rain before a cloud was in the sky; he would sniff the air with wet nostril and tell you where the nearest pool of water lay; and, at times, could positively tell the presence of living things hidden from sight by rock or bush.

What I had thought was entirely the result of close observation of nature I had to conclude was greatly due to the cultivation of those fine perceptions common in wild animals, but dead in man. Why he should have retained these lost senses, or been able to cultivate them to such an extraordinary extent, was a puzzle to me, and I often questioned him on the subject.

"What is my knowledge, sahib, compared with the least of Nature's creatures?" said he to me one day as we sat near a stream. "Look at the opposite bank; it tells me that there are heavy rains in the hills a hundred miles away, and that by to-morrow this scanty watercourse will have risen nearly 4ft.; but it is not my knowledge—I borrow it from others. The little people tell me, and they are never at fault; but I of myself cannot feel the coming flood at such a distance."

I looked at the opposite bank, which rose straight from the water some 8ft., a blank wall of yellow clay, and saw nothing that said a flood was due to-morrow.

Then Jungly indicated a spot with his finger; but all I could see was a thin string of ants crawling up and down the face of the bank.

"I see nothing but a few ants crawling from hole to hole in the bank," I said, "but that can't mean anything."

"Ah, sahib, your eyes are dim with too much book-learning!" he answered. "Look again, and see what the ants are doing. Do you not perceive a little white speck on the heads of the ants which go up the wall which those coming downwards do not have? Well, that speck is an egg, and they are removing their eggs from the nest below to a cavity they have found 3ft. above. There could be no other reason for the hasty removal except that they know the stream will rise about 4ft. to-morrow—high enough to destroy their present nest. How they know the freshet is coming I cannot say. Perhaps there is some feel in the water, the smell of the earth from the hillside, or the injured roots of the hill pine. But that they can tell the exact height of the flood passes my comprehension. Therefore I count these my masters, and come to them for instruction. In the early years of my life my only playmate was a langoor monkey; together we roamed the woods, and almost all the secrets of nature I learnt in those days were due to the inborn knowledge of my monkey companion."

"How did you come to have a monkey for

THE FOREST APPEARED AWAY DOWN BELOW AS A FIELD OF LEVEL GREEN.

your sole companion?" I asked, in some surprise.

"Well, sahib, it is a long story," he replied, "but as you are kind enough to be interested in the matter I will tell you how Hanuman, the monkey, taught me jungle lore, and how he saved my life."

And the following is the tale he told me, only I have discarded his rough-hewn language for a style more suitable to my readers.

"My father was a shikaree, and we lived together in an old hut in the forest, much as I do now. My mother died when I was very young, and, having no brothers or sisters, I was very lonely when my father was out hunting. One day, when I was about four years old, we were seated on a rock watching a troop of langoor monkey splaying 'follow the leader' through the tree tops at a mad, break-neck pace. Only one old monkey was seated on the ground, making the toilet of her last born, which struggled and cried like any human babe, but the langoor had an advantage over the human mother in having an extra pair of hands, so while one pair held the little fidget still, with the other pair she made him smart, neatly parting his hair with her nails, and brushing his face by running her arm from wrist to elbow across his features.

"While we were watching the game in the tree tops there was a sudden scream of despair from the old monkey, and looking down we saw a large panther had sprung out of the jungle and seized her by the throat, and the next instant it was sucking the blood from her lifeless body.

"But the brute was not left to enjoy his victory long, for while he was still revelling in his bloody feast there was a flash, a loud report, and the panther, springing high in the air, fell dead alongside the body of his victim.

"My father seldom moved outside the hut without his old flint-lock, and, having the gun with him, shot the panther. The baby langoor was still clinging to its mother's breast, and I begged my parent to give it to me to make a pet of, which he did. We called him 'Hanuman,' which means the 'King of Monkeys,' and is the name for the Hindoo monkey god.

"Hanuman and I grew up together, and were inseparable friends; the langoor grew to be the finest of his species, and he stood nearly 4ft. high, for he is the largest of long-tailed monkeys. His coat was a beautiful grey, with silver undersides, the skin of his hands and face being an ebony black; the white whiskers which grew round his face gave him a very human appearance—to me he seemed entirely human, and we understood each other by a language only known to the jungle people, in which sounds are not necessary.

"Such wonderful games we played in the jungle—leaping torrents, and running up to the top of the tallest trees, from whence the forest appeared away down below as a field of level green, then flinging ourselves from branch to branch down to the ground again.

"But the climbing of Hanuman was a thing beyond all description; from a branch 50ft. above the ground he would fling himself out with the recklessness of a suicide, down, down he would crash through the branches, and just as you thought he was going to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below, he would seize a branch of the opposite tree and swing himself up among its boughs with the lightness and grace of a bird on the wing.

"This skimming through the air like a flying squirrel was one of the things I longed to

imitate. But though my climbing must have been marvellous for any human being, and as agile and daring as many of the jungle people themselves, I could not follow Hanuman as he flung through the air over a 20ft. chasm, or lightly jumped to the ground 30ft. below.

"However, I felt it was quits when I plunged into a pool on a hot day for a swim, and Hanuman watched me from a distant rock with a little shiver, wondering how I could like the water so much as to enter it of my own free will.

"But for a long time I was worried to find that Hanuman knew things which I did not; for instance, when we were hungry he made a bee line for the nearest plum or mango tree, although it was hidden from sight, and I may have roamed about for hours without finding it. Then, when we wanted water, he threw up his head and sniffed till he found the direction of the nearest pool and went straight to it. Now, try as I might, I could not smell the water, though some of the stronger scents on the breeze I could understand, such as the passing of a wolf to windward, deer, and other large animals. But by small degrees my senses became keener, till at length I could smell the mango tree in fruit many miles away, and even the scent of water I could distinguish at a long distance.

"The most difficult thing, I found, was to know north from south in the dark, but to Hanuman it was as easy as it is to the bee or pigeon, and by my constantly being with him at nightfall, I learned to feel the sensation of the polar current. At first, I could scarcely be sure of it, but it became stronger as I took notice of the slight feeling, till it grew a certain distinct sensation, which now I feel as easily as you can the breeze in your face.

"The coming of rain I had long before learnt to distinguish by the tingle of my skin. But had it not been for the constant companionship of Hanuman, I should never have learnt these things. I could also tell you how I learnt to talk monkey language, but you being a book-learned sahib will laugh, considering monkeys can only jabber meaningless sounds, though it is not so, and if you were daily to try, you would be able to distinguish between their word for fruit, and their word for water, rain, heat or cold, for though they do not talk with many words like men do, yet they have a separate name for everything that comes into their daily life. But were I to tell you of all the jungle talk and wisdom I learnt in those days, I might go on talking till night, and the sahib is no doubt impatient to hear how Hanuman saved my life.

"In those days my father was away weeks at a time, tiger-hunting and shooting in the service of an English sahib. I was about thirteen years old and had long wished to accompany him on a tiger hunt, but he would not let me.

"He had gone on one of these hunts, and I was expecting him back every day, when, one morning, Hanuman and myself went out bird-nesting together. We had found a good many pheasants' eggs, which I was going to cook, when suddenly we were set upon by a tribe of langoors, which pelted us with stones and sticks, till we were both bleeding; for I forgot to tell you that Hanuman was looked upon as an outcast by his own species, because he lived with men, and smelt like a human being; and they tried to kill him whenever they got a chance, but I was always at his side, and they feared me,

WE WERE SET UPON BY A TRIBE OF LANGOORS.

being a man; besides, they knew my stone throwing was very deadly. That day I was armed with a heavy bamboo club, and I knocked over four of the largest of our antagonists before we could put them to flight.

"Poor Hanuman had been bitten all over, and was covered with blood, so we made our way down to the river to wash our wounds.

"Full of the excitement of the fight we forgot our usual caution. I was some paces ahead while Hanuman followed limping. Coming suddenly down into the bed of the river, I heard Hanuman give a cry of alarm, but before I could stop myself I was in the midst of a party of Thugs, who were engaged in their hellish occupation of strangling some unfortunate merchants whom they had decoyed down to this spot. There were eight of this band of murderers, two to each of their victims. Nearest to me was a great burly fellow with his knee in the back of one of the unfortunates, whose throat he had encircled with a yellow handkerchief, and which he was dragging tight, with that deadly twisting wrench which would kill a buffalo in twenty seconds. Another of the Thugs hung on to the limbs of the man, a precaution that was hardly necessary. There were a few choking noises from the victims, and in a few seconds their lifeless bodies fell to the ground. It was not till then that the Thugs discovered my presence. There was a yell of alarm and a moment's panic which, had I taken advantage of, I could have escaped.

"'Run! Run!' screamed Hanuman to me in his monkey language, from the shelter of the thicket.

"And had I fled at that moment, I doubt if the fleetest of the Thugs could have overtaken me, for in those days I could run down many of the wild creatures of the forest themselves.

"But I was rooted to the spot with a terror I had never felt before; the awful livid faces, bursting eye-balls, and protruding tongues of the strangled victims fascinated me, and when my senses partly recovered from their dazed condition I found I was surrounded, and in another instant seized and pinioned.

"'Shall I give him the "roomal" (handkerchief)?' asked one of my captors of the chief.

"'Not till I have found out whether he has been paid to spy on us,' answered the man they addressed as chief.

"'Who sent you here?' he demanded of me, in fierce tones, 'and what is your business in this jungle, for I can see you are no traveller on the highway?'

"But I had not got over the shock to my senses; his voice sounded far away and somehow I did not feel moved to answer.

"'Look at me and reply quickly,' said he, 'or I will strike you on the mouth with my shoe.'

"But I could not take my eyes from the faces of the murdered men, and like one in a dream I saw them being carried out of sight round a bend in the river bank.

"'Speak! son of a vile Hindoo!' he screamed, 'or have cow's leather rubbed in your mouth.'

"And slipping off his shoe he showered blows with the iron-shod heel upon my head and shoulders.

"But I did not seem to feel hurt, and was only half conscious of his ill-treatment as I watched, with the idle curiosity of an unconcerned spectator, one of the Thugs removing a large metal casket from what must have been the bundles of the dead merchants, and unwinding from it several yards of steel chain which were fastened round the box.

"'Let him go, Khan Sahib,' said one of the men. 'I believe he is one of those half-witted boys sometimes found in the jungle, and called wolf-children.'

"'He shall speak,' yelled the chief, "or by the Holy Prophet he will feel the yellow silk round his throat in another second!'

"'Speak, dog!' he added, and struck me across the mouth with his shoe, and the heel-iron cut my lip, the scar of which you may see even to this day.

"The pain aroused me instantly from my dazed condition, and, maddened as by the sting of a scorpion, I felt I had the strength of a pialwan (a professional wrestler) suddenly given me. Wrenching my arms free, I sprang at the chief, and, clutching his throat with both hands, bore him to the ground; and never had Khan Sahib the strangler been so near to being strangled himself as he was at that moment. So unexpected had been my attack that the Thug who had held me stood for some seconds looking on in astonishment. The chief tried to throw me off, but, child as I was, I held on with the tenacity of a bulldog. I could feel my fingers about to meet behind his windpipe; his eyeballs bulged, and his face became ghastly as he tried to articulate the word 'Roomal! Roomal!'—the handkerchief. But I drove his head deeper into the sandy ground, and even at this moment I can see his agonized expression, with the sand scattered all over his hair and face and in his wide-open eyes.

"Then a great shout went up from all the Thugs. 'Roomal! Roomal!' Some yellow

thing whisked past my eyes, and the next instant it was as if I were drowning in a sea of blood; a red darkness came before my eyes; there was a rushing sound of water in my ears, and I strove to breathe, but there was no air. Then I began to go down, down, down, very quickly. Yet in my dying brain there was joy, for I knew I had not loosed the throat of the murderer. And once again, through the red curtain before my sight, came a dim picture of the agonized face of the Thug. Then all was darkness, and I remembered no more.

"The circumstances which follow I learnt later.

"The handkerchief was still round my throat when there was the warning cry that horsemen were approaching. My dead body, as they thought, was hurried away to the trench in which they had buried the merchants. I was flung in, a few shovelfuls of earth thrown over me, and a large quantity of brushwood, cut beforehand for the occasion, scattered over the spot, effectually hiding the freshly-turned earth from view.

"A few moments after a body of mounted Sepoys rode up to the ford. For the spot was quite near to the highway, though travellers rarely took this road through the jungle unless they were in large numbers. Seeing a party of merchants apparently about to enjoy a midday meal, the Sepoys rode up to them and asked permission to join them.

"The Khan Sahib, who had not quite recovered from my attack, and whose neck was wrapped up in a handkerchief, courteously gave permission. As they were mostly Mahommedans, they shared the same plates. The Hindoos, of course, sat apart. It soon transpired that the cavalry were sent out in pursuit of a party of Thugs—the 'Yellow Roomals,' as they were called.

"The chief of the Thugs pricked up his ears, for this was the name by which his own gang was widely known.

"'Ah! Russaldar Sahib,' said he, without betraying the least surprise, 'I hope your men will soon take that notorious band of murderers, for they are the terror of us poor merchants. Had I only known they were about this part of the country, nothing would have induced me to come this way without the protection of soldiers.'

"'I hope we are close to the badmashes,' said the Russaldar. 'I was told they were only four hours ahead of me at the last village we passed, and we have not spared our horses since the news.'

"'Then,' said Khan Sahib, 'they must be the very rascals who were leaving the ford when we got here. Why, they couldn't have got five miles down the road.'

"'This is good news,' cried the Russaldar.

"SPEAK, DOG!"

'Saddle up!' he shouted to his men. And, leaving the half-eaten meal, he flung himself on his horse, and he and his troop of Sepoys soon vanished in a cloud of dust.

"The Thugs laughed heartily at the success of their chief's ruse, and began to make hasty preparations to depart in the opposite direction, when, in a short time, they again heard a sound of horses' hoofs on the road, and the Russaldar with his Sepoys returned, reinforced by a large number of cavalrymen.

"'What! Khan Sahib, have you concluded dinner so soon?' he exclaimed in surprise. 'I have just met a brother officer returning on the road, and as he has not seen any Thugs about we thought we would come back and finish our meal.'

"The chief of the Thugs begged to be excused as he had wasted much time and must be getting on. But the genial Russaldar would not hear of it, and having told some of his men to light a fire, they were soon sitting down to a meal. The Sepoys who had most lately arrived had with them a shikaree who had been on a great tiger hunt with European sahibs.

"He was describing his adventures for the entertainment of the soldiers, when from a tree overhead a huge monkey dropped down before him and seized him by the arm.

"There was a shout, and half a dozen swords were drawn; while the Russaldar's cavalry pistol was placed to the head of the creature, but the shikaree threw himself between.

"'Don't fire,' he cried, 'he is tame, and the only playmate of my son.'

"Hanuman, for it was he, was not scared by the presence of the large gathering, but kept plucking at the sleeve of my father.

"The old man, quickly divining that something had happened to me, arose to follow the monkey, at which the party set up a laugh. 'Does he want you to break some fruit for him?' asked one, 'or to climb a tree?' said another. 'Anyhow, don't be long, as we want to hear the end of that tiger story.'

"My father, seeing the bites on Hanuman's skin, feared that the monkeys had attacked me in large numbers and had perhaps proved too much for me.

"'Where is Jungly?' he asked of Hanuman. But the monkey only gave a cry of distress and hurried on, moving in a parallel line to the bank of the river, but so far from it that the Thugs never guessed where he was going. When they were fairly hidden from sight, however, the monkey crept towards the river till at last they stood on the bank above where the bodies had been buried. Here Hanuman stopped, and, giving a pitiful cry, looked up at my father, but the old man could see nothing but the torn brushwood beneath. Then the monkey, jumping lightly down the bank, commenced to drag away the brushwood, and there, to my horrified father's gaze, were disclosed my features, which just protruded from what seemed a newly made grave.

"A glance at the face showed my father that I had been strangled. He began to examine the ground narrowly, and came to the conclusion the

I HELD ON WITH THE TENACITY OF A BULL-DOG.

grave had been filled in only within the hour. There were the foot-marks of the men who had stamped in the ground quite fresh in the soil, and the impression of little monkey hands that had scraped it away from my face. Then there were hurried tracks in the direction of the party at dinner.

"My father at once saw how matters stood, and guessed the party of merchants were the Thugs the Sepoys were after.

"Thinking I was long dead, the old man gave vent to a burst of tears, but soon mastering his emotion he made his way back to the party at dinner, and, beckoning to the Russaldar, told him of his discovery.

"The Russaldar was too surprised for words at first, but after he had asked a few questions about the size and appearance of the grave he seemed satisfied, and, walking up to the chief of the Thugs, he said:—

"'Khan Sahib, I arrest you in the name of the British Sirkar.'

"'Ho! Ho!' laughed Khan Sahib, pretending to be amused, but very anxiously eyeing the shikaree. 'What new pleasantry is this—have the kabobs I gave you caused indigestion, or are you mistaking us for the Thugs you are after?'

"'You are Kareem Khan, the chief of the Yellow Roomals,' said the Russaldar, and at his sign the twenty Sepoys fell upon the Thugs, and soon had them all manacled.

"The dead bodies were unearthed, and to my father's great joy I showed signs of life; but it was many days before I was myself again. That I should have recovered at all was due to the alarm given when I was being strangled, which prevented the work being completed; also my splendid state of health, and last, but not least, to Hanuman, who scraped the earth off my face and brought my father to the spot.

"Bills of exchange made out in the names of the dead merchants were found among the loot the Thugs had taken, together with a great quantity of jewels and precious stones. So many had been their previous murders that the gang were easily convicted; the leader and several of his men went to the scaffold, while the others were sentenced to lifelong imprisonment.

"After that day my love for Hanuman grew stronger than ever, and I seldom went anywhere without him. But, alas! he paid the price of our friendship with his life, for one day when alone, his tribe waylaid him and beat him to death with stones; and thus I lost my best of friends and the teacher of my youth."

And this was Jungly's story; as curious as the man himself, but to be credited in every detail

ADVICE GRATIS.

(From the "Brighton College Magazine.")

Is the Anglo Saxon race
  Down the hill of time declining?
Can the British Navy face
  Nations two combining?
Think of it, and answer back;
Are we on the downward track?

Are our leaders duffers all?
  They who, pride of all the crammers,
Going out to hammer Paul,
  Find 'tis Paul that hammers;
Rules of scouting all unknown
Join the ranks of "Kruger's own."

Mark those rough colonials,
  Cunning scouts and skilful riders;
Men and officers are "pals";
  All you'd call "outsiders"
Still, in spite of all our fuss,
Each as good as two of us.

How can we, the public schools,
  Mend our scheme of education?
If the officers are fools,
  What about the nation?
If the army gets the best,
Brothers, what about the rest?

Let us drop our silly pride,
  Drop our airs, and change our graces,
Learn to shoot, and learn to ride,
  Learn our proper places.
Games may suffer: what's the odds?
We must worship other gods

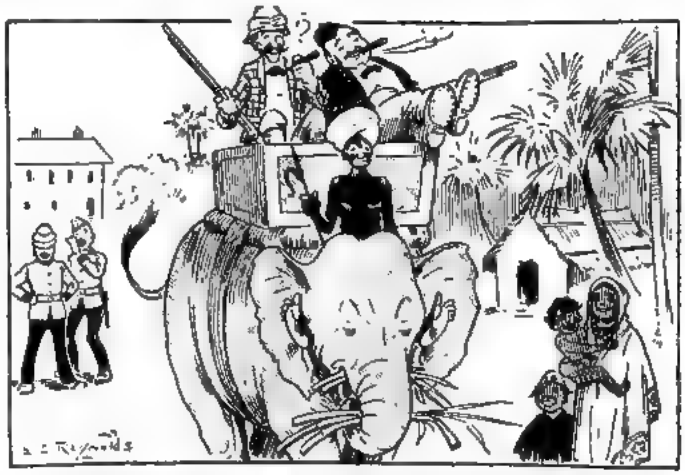
Little brother, fix your eyes:
  Mind your books and learn to labour;
Never in your heart despise
  Enemy or neighbour.
So shall you be reckoned then
No mean city's citizen.

W. D. E.

A LETTER FROM CHILE, AND OTHER ESSAYS.

DEAR OLD FAG,—I believe you would be interested to learn how the members of your crew residing in Chile get along on the voyage from the cradle to the grave. Well, when a youngster is old enough, he is surrendered to the tender (?) mercies of a Chilean nurse, who walks him out daily. This goes on until he is about five years of age, when he generally has a governess to teach him how to read, write, spell, and to do the first four rules of arithmetic; after which he is sent to school. Now, dear "Old Fag," you will prick up your ears and say, "Dear me! I wonder what kind of schools those are." Just read on, and you will know. There are several schools in Valparaiso; but not two alike. I will not talk about the native schools, as none of your crew go there; but about the English schools I will say a few words. Only one English school in the whole of the Republic of Chile is conducted on a purely English basis, and that one is in the town of Concepcion. The routine, tuition, and, in fact, the whole thing, is run in the same style as a certain public school in England, at which the head-master spent some years of his life. No Chilean boys are received in this college, and the English language alone is used during the day—at meals, at play, and at work. The other English schools are a mixture of English and Chilean customs. So much for schools.

When a boy has reached the age of sixteen he is placed in a merchant's office as junior clerk, on $30.00 (about £2) a month, and if he works hard and saves his money he may be able to purchase a share in the business by the time he is thirty-five or forty years of age. However, these cases are few and far between, most clerks saving enough money to pay their passage somewhere else and clearing out. In some cases, when a boy has been about two or three years in a school here, his parents send him to England to finish his education there; and then they generally come back here and work in an office for four or five years, and then move on to some other country. Several of our great public schools and universities are represented in Valparaiso, as well as some of the best-known colleges of the United Kingdom. Here is a list, as far as I can make one out. Eton, Rugby, Cheltenham, Dulwich, Clifton, Marlborough, Queen's College (Liverpool), Bedford, Blairlodge, Rugby, and Winchester. Universities: Oxford, Cambridge, and Liverpool; also Trinity (Dublin). So you see we are not such an ignorant community as some people imagine.



(1) Captain Carry and his chum go tiger shooting, much to the disgust of the mahout, who doesn't like these jaunts, as they never shoot anything, and he gets more kicks than tips.

(2) This journey, to their astonishment, a tiger appears from an unexpected quarter — the shikarees courteously leave him in undisputed possession of the elephant's back.

Hoping my countrymen in England enjoy THE CAPTAIN as much as their Chilean backers up, believe me, my dear "Old Fag," very faithfully yours, signed for all hands in Chile,

BO'S'UN'S MATE.

P.S. — The crew in Chile are anxious to know if there is any Mrs. O. F. yet, as they are thinking of sending a wedding present, and, as you know, in polite society the gift always goes to the lady, as well as the invitation to lunch, dinner, etc.

[*Greetings to the Crew in Chile! There is no Mrs. O.F. yet. Will let you all know when there is one. Slong.—O. F.*]

(3) The tiger settles down to enjoy the ride; but the elephant knows something, and makes for the river.

Peculiarities of English Weights and Measures.

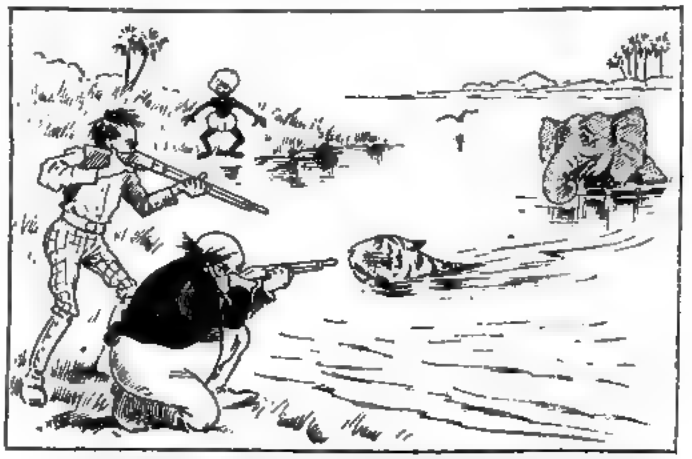
WE sell pickled cod by the barrel, trawled cod at so much each, hooked cod by the score, crimped cod by the pound, shrimps by the stone, soles by the pair, Dutch smelts by the basket, and English smelts by the hundred. Butter in Ireland is sold by the cask and the firkin; in England by the pound of 16ozs., by the roll of 24ozs., the stone and the hundredweight—which is not 100lbs. as in Canada and the United States, but 112lbs. A load of straw is 1,296lbs.; of old hay 2,016lbs.; and of new hay 2,160lbs., though it is not specified when hay becomes old. A firkin of butter is 56lbs., a firkin of soap 64lbs., and a firkin of raisins 112lbs. A hogshead of beer is 54 gallons, but a hogshead of wine is 63 gallons. A pipe of Marsala is 93 gallons, of Madeira 92 gallons, of Bucellas 117 gallons, of port 103 gallons, and of Teneriffe 100 gallons. A stone weight of a living man is 14lbs., but a stone weight of a dead ox is 8lbs., a stone of cheese is 16lbs., of glass 5lbs., of iron 14lbs., of hemp 32lbs., of flax at Belfast 16½lbs., and at Downpatrick 24lbs.; of wool sold by growers 14lbs., sold by wool-staplers 14lbs., sold to each other 15lbs., while a hundredweight of pork is 8lbs. heavier at Belfast than it is at Cork—another injustice to Ireland. A barrel of beef is 200lbs., butter 224lbs., flour 196lbs., gunpowder 100lbs., soft-soap 256lbs., beer 36 gallons, tar 26¼ gallons; while a barrel of herrings is 500 fish.

W. NETTLETON.

A Profitable Hobby.

WITH the arrival of the new year, our thoughts naturally turn to the subject of self-improvement. To use the common expression, we decide to "turn over a new leaf," and consider in what way we can best turn our spare time to account.

To all readers of THE CAPTAIN who have such a desire, I would venture to suggest that they might do worse than commence the study of shorthand. If due attention is given to it, it will prove to



(4) And when he gets into deep water, Mr. Elephant sits down, and the tiger remembers he has an engagement elsewhere. But the brave Captain Curry and his chum recover from their fright—and, for once, hit something.

be a very profitable hobby, and also a fascinating one.

As to the choice of a system, this will not require much consideration. Pitman's is so far ahead of its rivals that the adoption of phonography may be taken as a matter of course. The text-books selected should be "Pitman's Instructor," Parts 1 and 2—not the "Manual," as recommended in THE CAPTAIN some months ago. The latter book has been superseded by the former.

When the "Instructor" has been mastered, the student will pass on to the "Phonographic Reporter," which he will find to be the most interesting of the series.

Learners who live in localities where there are no classes, would be well advised to join one of the many correspondence classes, choosing for preference one of the less ambitious and widely-advertised ones. He will there obtain better individual instruction.

ERNEST A. TAYLOR.

The Nicknames of some Scottish Towns.

MANY towns, by reason of some peculiarity about them, have acquired pet-names or nicknames. There are several such towns in Scotland, a few of which, with their *sobriquets*, are herewith given.

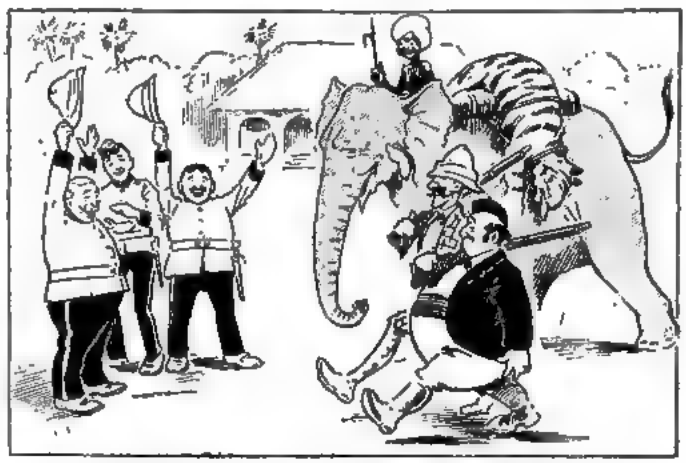
Beginning with the capital, we find that it is almost as well known by the names of "Auld Reekie," "Modern Athens," or the "Athens of the North," as by that of Edinburgh. Glasgow is very often referred to as "St. Mungo" (the patron saint of the city), the "Second City of the Empire," and "Smokeopolis." The neighbouring town of Paisley rejoices in the harmonious name of "Seestu"; Greenock is frequently called "Sugaropolis"; and Dundee is not unknown to fame as "Juteopolis." Aberdeen has been christened "Bon Accord," and the "Granite City"; Perth is known as the "Fair City"; and St. Andrews is poetically styled the "City by the Sea." Ayr is the "Auld Toon"; Kirkcaldy is the "Lang Toon"; and Dumfries is the "Queen of the South." Kirriemuir, no doubt, is proud of being called "Thrums"; and Oban and Rothesay must feel themselves highly honoured in being dubbed the "Charing Cross of the Highlands" and the "Montpelier of Scotland" respectively.

JOHN B. EDGAR.

How to Make a Photographic Work-table and Cupboard combined.

THE following will, I hope, prove useful to those readers of THE CAPTAIN, being amateur photographers, who do not possess a sink and a working-slab in their dark room, and have to be content with two pails and a jug. Get a large packing-case, costing about 1s., and saw off the battens at the bottom, so as to make it stand level. Having done this, take off one of the sides, and cut it into as many shelves as you want inside this box, taking care to measure the length of the inside of the box and also noting how broad you wish your shelves to be. Fit these shelves up inside the box with iron rests, which can be bought at any local ironmonger's, having previously planed them to make them smooth for your dishes, etc., to rest on; and, having done this, plane the whole box over, after which it will be ready for use. Your bottles, dishes, etc., are kept inside while you are not working, and the top is used for a table to develop, etc., on. The box may be painted, if one chooses, but it is hardly worth doing so, as most photographic chemicals stain whatever they are spilt on very badly. The reader will thus, I hope, find a convenient receptacle to keep his things in, and at the same time a convenient table on which to develop, etc.

R. B. LANGNER.



(5) With the result that they triumphantly march back—and cover themselves with undying glory.

KINGLAND is an island in the Atlantic, which is avoided by mariners on account of the perilous currents abounding in its vicinity. In fact, only one ship calls there *per annum*. The inhabitants rely for food and clothing, etc., entirely on the contents of derelicts which drift on to their shores. In Kingland, the King only reigns one year, and every man has his turn. King Waterbottle is a waiter who takes very unwillingly to the throne; so, as his twin brother is expected home from England by the annual ship, the Chancellor and Commander-in-Chief propose to dethrone Waterbottle and put his brother in his place. Waterbottle at first agrees to this proposition, but later repents him of his offer to abdicate, chiefly because his *fiancée*, a waitress named Buzzie, has a great desire to be Queen of Kingland. Enraged by Waterbottle's change of mind, the Chancellor and Commander-in-Chief are sitting up late one night, plotting the monarch's destruction, when the one ship that calls at Kingland is driven ashore a complete wreck, and Waterbottle's twin brother is flung on to the beach. The Chancellor and his fellow-conspirator find him there, convey him to the Chancellor's house, and put him to bed, keeping the fact of their discovery a dead secret. The Commander-in-Chief then forges a letter in the rescued man's handwriting, in which, supposing himself about to be drowned, he bids farewell to King Waterbottle. Placing the letter in a bottle, the Commander-in-Chief deposits the bottle on the beach. In the morning it is discovered there by the islanders, who loudly mourn the death of the King's brother. That night the Chancellor drugs the King and his brother, and changes them about, laying Augustus Waterbottle (the brother) in the King's bed, and hiding the King in a cellar. On the following morning Hag Haggety and Buzzie restore the occupant of the King's bed to consciousness by pouring boiling hot coffee down his throat—and discover, by the colour of his eyes, that he is an impostor. Buzzie faints away on discovering that the man is not her betrothed. The Chancellor, calling at the palace, informs Augustus Waterbottle that his brother (the King) is dead, and that he (Augustus) is now to reign over Kingland. Then he goes home, opens the trap-door of the cellar, and exults over his captive.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHANCELLOR STOPS CHUCKLING.

Now when Hag Haggety, having rendered the Army helpless by peppering them with snuff, made good her escape by the front door of the palace, she did not fly to the house of a distant friend, or to a cave on the shore, or to any other safe refuge. No; she merely crept softly round the palace until she reached the window of the King's bed-room, where Augustus Waterbottle lay sound asleep. The window was not quite shut, and Hag knew that the Chancellor would shortly be coming in to interview the occupant of the bed. This conversation it was her object to overhear. She knew that there was villainy in the air, and guessed that the real King Waterbottle had been made away with by the Chancellor. The question was—where was Waterbottle?

She would wait—and find out. Hag smiled craftily. She would be one too many for the Chancellor yet!

Presently, brushing the snuff off his whiskers, the Chancellor entered the royal bed-room, and Hag drank in every word that was spoken. When the Chancellor left the palace Hag trotted cautiously after him, slipped into his house behind him, and stood in the passage while he opened the trap-door. When he lay down to peer at his prisoner Hag slid into the kitchen, and when the Chancellor uttered his first taunt Hag was standing only a few yards from his feet.

Waterbottle answered never a word; his attitude irritated the Chancellor.

"Sulky, eh?" growled the Chancellor. "It's a sulky bird, is it? What will the bird say when I tell him that I won't give him a bit more seed—that I am going to let him *starve* to death? Now then, will that make the bird any chirpier?"

"Do your worst, you old villain!" groaned

the King. "You've got the whip hand of me now, so you may as well do your worst."

"I intend to," returned the Chancellor. "I am going to let you die by inches, my dear!"

"*Are you?*"

Two long, sinewy, skinny hands were suddenly placed round the Chancellor's fat throat; eight lean fingers were pressed against his windpipe. He choked, struggled, made frantic efforts to escape! No good! The skinny hands hung doggedly on to his neck, and a voice said:—

"Now, King, catch him!"

Waterbottle was on his legs in a second. The Chancellor fought like a demon, but already his face was almost black. The eight fingers were like eight thin lengths of murderous steel.

The Chancellor found that he was being pushed over the edge. He tried to cry out, but the fingers fastened yet more closely about his throat. In those few awful seconds he went through all the agonies of death by strangulation.

At last—at last—the pressure was relaxed, the Chancellor was given a violent tilt forwards, and fell through the trap. As he descended he clutched wildly at Waterbottle, and the two came to the ground together. The Chancellor, for all his years, had a good deal of fight still left in him, and this the King realized as they rolled over and over in the straw, swung up against the damp and slimy walls, crashed into the wooden seat, smashed the loaf flat, and knocked over the stone jug which was standing near the bread.

Waterbottle was weak after his drugging, and he was beginning to lose heart, when Hag, observing the fray from above, gave him a hint.

"Brain him—hit him with the jug!"

This was a hint to the Chancellor, too, although she did not intend it for his use. He grabbed at the jug, and got his fingers on the spout; but Waterbottle simultaneously seized the handle, and wrenched the ewer from the other. Then, whirling it high above his head, he brought it down on the Chancellor's fat pate, and the Chancellor fell back insensible.

"By George, that was 'ot work!" said Waterbottle, as he rose to his feet. "The old chap very near did for me, Mrs. Haggety."

"Quick!" cried Hag. "Here's a rope; I've put the other end round the door-handle. Climb up as fast as you can."

In a few seconds Waterbottle was standing in the Chancellor's kitchen—a free man.

Hag let down the trap-door. It fell into its place with a rasping thud which roared hoarsely through the building.

"We've got him!" cried Hag, with a grim laugh of triumph. "Caught in his own snare!"

"And now what?" asked Waterbottle.

"To the palace!" cried Hag. "I left your sweetheart there——"

"With whom?" shouted Waterbottle, grasping her by the shoulder, and staring into her lined old face.

"Without a friend," replied Hag, and the words were hardly out of her mouth when Waterbottle dashed out of the Chancellor's house, raced down the main thoroughfare like one demented, and bounded into his palace to find—his own brother standing guard, in the most affectionate manner imaginable, over his sweetheart!

Waterbottle could hardly believe his eyes. Buzzie flew to him, and he put his arm protectingly round her waist, but all the time his gaze was fixed on the man he had supposed to have been drowned.

"Can it be—*Augustus!*"

"Why, it's—*Jack!*"

Without further parley or questioning the brothers warmly clasped hands; the Army, open-eyed and open-mouthed, surveying the royal twins in utter astonishment. What juggling was this? Of these two men, as like as two peas, which was the King of Kingland?

Jack Waterbottle—the lately released King—observed the Army's attitude, and rightly considered that this was a favourable opportunity to strike a decisive blow.

Leaving Buzzie with his brother, he advanced up the entrance hall. It was evident that the Commander-in-Chief was as thunderstruck as his men—but for a very different reason. A guilty pallor spread over his face. Major So-So, too, had lost his usually ruddy appearance.

"Now, my men," said Waterbottle, "I want to have a short, straight talk with you. It's about time we came to terms, as I mean to be boss of this island."

The Army looked at the Commander-in-Chief and then at the King; then their eyes strayed back to the Commander-in-Chief. They were evidently hesitating as to which man they were to take orders from. The Commander-in-Chief plainly saw that if he was to assert his authority, it must be now or never. The moment had come.

"Army!" he bellowed, "*Attention!*"

"Army!" cried the King, in a still louder tone, "*Stand at ease!*"

At the first word of command the Army instinctively obeyed their chief; at the second they looked at each other. A feather could turn the scale now . . .

"Stand at ease!" roared Waterbottle.

And now one of the Army spoke.

"This isn't good enough for me," muttered Corporal Job Jones. "I'm for the King!"

And he stood at ease. Like one man the others followed his example. Waterbottle had won the day.

"The Lord Chancellor shall be informed of your mutinous conduct!" furiously exclaimed the Commander-in-Chief, making as if he would leave the palace. But Waterbottle caught him by the nape of the neck and thrust him back.

"Wait a bit," he said; "it's no good your going to find the Chancellor. He is my prisoner. You have been the Chancellor's confederate throughout this bad business. Make a clean breast of the whole story and you shall go free; continue to defy me, and you shall join the Chancellor."

The Commander-in-Chief saw that the game was up. So, without more ado, he told the tale of the plot: how that the Chancellor and he had conspired to hide Waterbottle away, and put his brother on the throne; how the Chancellor had falsely informed each Waterbottle that the other was dead; how Augustus Waterbottle had been saved from the wreck and conveyed to the Chancellor's house; how the brothers had been drugged and exchanged; and how—but there he stopped.

"I do not know," he faltered, "how your Majesty escaped from the dungeon."

"Why," cried Hag Haggety, who had entered the palace unobserved during the Commander-in-Chief's confession, "*I* can tell you all about that. *I* caught the wicked old Chancellor looking down into the dungeon, and calling the poor King names. So I tipped him over, and now *he's* the caged bird—ha! ha! I did it—I—Hag Haggety!"

"Long live Hag Haggety!" cried the Army, quite forgetting the snuff.

"Yes, that's all very well," scornfully responded the old woman, "but I can do without compliments from such as you."

And now Augustus Waterbottle thought it was high time he said a word.

"It seems, good people," he observed, assuming his fashionable accent, "that the Lord—ah—Chancellor is an old *wascal*. He actually *cwied* when he told me my little bwother was dwowned. Personally, I have no wish to be King of this island, so I will go back to England by the next ship that calls. Though it is twue I have—ah—been asleep during the gweater part of my visit, I shall—ah—always have kindly wecollections of—ah—Kingland. I—ah—I think—ah—my little bwother is the—ah—the wight man in the *wight* place. I have—ah—no desire to depwive him of his thwone. I—ah—thank you all vewy much for—well, I don't know that I have much to thank you for, but it is—ah—usual on these occasions, to—ah—to pwopose a toast of some sort, and so I give you 'King Waterbottle,'

'WAVE, BUSSIE, WAVE!"

coupled with the—ah—name—whatever that may be—of the young lady who has gwaciously consented to be his wife."

"Long live King Waterbottle, coupled with the name—whatever that may be—of the young lady who has graciously consented to be his wife!" cried the Army, as if they were saying something after "teacher" in a schoolroom. "Hurrah!" they concluded casually; "hip—hip—hurrah!"

As the Army's feeble cheer echoed mildly

through the palace, the cabman, who had been imprisoned at the barracks, but had subsequently escaped, burst into the entrance-hall.

"A ship!" he cried. "A ship's in sight—a big ship! Plenty for everybody when she's wrecked! New potatoes and heaps of jam, most likely! Come on!"

Instantly the Army, the Commander-in-Chief, Major So-So, and Hag Haggety dashed out of the palace. Food, clothes, and furniture were badly wanted by the Kinglanders, and here was promise of much good wreckage.

"What an extwaordinawy place this is!" quoth Augustus Waterbottle, and himself went out to watch events.

"Buzzie," exclaimed the King, "it may be that this ship has picked up my bottle with the message in it. Run and collect all your things, and meet me on the top of the cliff, so that we can see what sort of a ship it is. Quick—bring all you have, dear, and I will get my things together, too."

Half an hour later Waterbottle and his sweetheart met on the top of the cliff. Here they made two little heaps of their possessions, and then the King gazed eagerly at the approaching vessel.

"It is!" he cried; "it is an English gentleman-of-war. Look at the great guns! It has got my message! Wave, Buzzie, wave!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE GENTLEMAN-OF-WAR.

KINGLAND, I should tell you, was in lat. 45° 37′ 15″ and long. 24° 53′ 18″, or, in other words, south-west by south of that famous solitary peak, Tristan d'Acunha.

Unbeknown to the simple inhabitants, the island was of peculiar volcanic structure, and therefore liable to suffer severe geographical alterations, as has been proved by the sudden vanishing of some of the smaller islands in the southern archipelagoes.

The warship which Waterbottle gazed upon had not, as he imagined, picked up his bottle-encased message. She was in the southern seas merely on a voyage of survey and deep-sea soundings. Much to the surprise of the navigating officer, land had been reported on the starboard bow. Kingland not being marked on any chart, its sudden appearance on this landless sea not only caused wonder among the officers but unbounded satisfaction 'tween decks, for the sailors immediately had visions of cocoanuts and bread-fruit almost for the asking.

Watched with curious eyes by the Kinglanders, the big vessel cautiously approached within 300yds. of the shore, feeling her way by the lead, and, letting drop her anchor, lowered a boat. The astonishment of those who manned it on being received by people of their own colour and speaking their own tongue, may well be imagined.

In the boat, apart from the crew and the officer in charge, was the well-known geologist, Dr. Carx, who was just now employed by the Admiralty to report on the geological structure of islands and the sea-bed.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the savant. "This beats all our previous experiences. Look at the old fellow in the opera-hat and dress-suit, and the young lady in the ball-dress! Where can they have obtained these articles?"

The middy was equally taken aback, but it was his duty to interview the islanders, and so he assumed his best strut, and made his voice sound as large as possible as he inquired:—

"Who is the person in authority here?"

"I am, sir, if you please," said Waterbottle, touching his crown as he stepped forward.

The middy afterwards informed his messmates that he very nearly burst when "the chap in the crown" introduced himself.

However, at the actual time he merely responded, with due dignity:—

"I—ah—wish to purchase water and provisions from you. I am an officer of Her Majesty's ship *Swiper*. Will you barter?"

"Certainly, sir," replied poor Waterbottle, not knowing what else to say.

"My men," added the midshipman, "will pay you fairly for what they want. They will not be harmed by your people, I trust?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Waterbottle; "they will be quite safe. Mrs. Haggety," he added, turning to his housekeeper, "will you supply these gentlemen with everything they require? Now, sir, can I, personally, be of any use to you?"

"I should like to examine part of the island, if you can spare the time to conduct me," put in Dr. Carx; "ah—I am—ah—a geologist."

"Quite so, sir," said Waterbottle, who thought that would be a pretty safe thing to say.

So the surveying party started, Waterbottle walking with Dr. Carx, and the middy with Buzzie. And, from the way Buzzie giggled, it struck Waterbottle that the young gentleman with the sword and saucy 'at must be talking very funny.

Dr. Carx examined certain parts of the island with all the enthusiasm and knowledge that an expert was likely to exhibit on such an occasion.

At length the party returned to the place where the boat had been pulled up on the beach.

"Well," said the famous geologist, peering at Waterbottle through his blue spectacles, "you may consider yourselves fortunate in being discovered by us. It is by no means improbable, sir——"

"Er—if you don't mind," interrupted Waterbottle, "they generally calls me 'your Majesty,' saving your presence, gentlemen."

The middy grinned and winked at the scientist, who, entering into the joke, looked gravely at their guide and said: "It is fortunate, your Majesty, that we discovered you, for there is every possibility of your kingdom disappearing altogether, just as suddenly as, years ago, it appeared."

Dr. Carx; "anyhow, in view of my discovery, I shall advise our captain to take off as many of your people as are willing to accompany us. We might drop you at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and Durban, and no doubt you will get something to do. Collect your subjects," he concluded, "and tell them what I say."

After this the middy and Dr. Carx, with the boat's crew, returned to the ship, while Waterbottle proceeded to pass on to his people the information he had received. It must be remembered that, although Kingland was an island as big as Yorkshire, the inhabitants all lived in one town. So it was quite easy for Waterbottle to speak to his subjects. They having all assembled, he spoke as follows:—

"'Ere! If isn't a time for jaw. Get all your

COLLECTED THEIR BELONGINGS AND TROOPED DOWN TO THE SHORE.

"Did it really, sir?" exclaimed Waterbottle, open-mouthed.

"It did. If your Majesty will please understand, this little island of yours is merely the tip, or peak, of an exceedingly high mountain; the water round about your dominion is just about 2,000 fathoms deep, which, your Majesty will understand, is 12,000ft. The top of your kingdom is gradually wasting away, and is liable at any time to sink beneath the level of the ocean!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Waterbottle. "Fancy we living here all this time and not knowing that!"

"Perhaps it was as well you didn't," returned

traps together as quick as you can and go down to the beach. As likely as not this very night Kingland will be swallowed up by the waves, the old gentleman says."

Such was King Waterbottle's last speech to his subjects. They didn't wait for any more. Like one man they ran to their houses, collected their belongings, and trooped down to the shore to wait for the boats which the *Sniper* was sending for them. They quaked and trembled as they waited, for they expected every moment that Kingland would go off with a bang.

At the last moment Hag Haggety bethought herself of the Lord Chancellor. At first she

was inclined to let him stay in the cellar; but gentler thoughts prevailed, and, having seen him open the trap-door with a crowbar, she was now able to release him from durance vile.

As the old man with her assistance climbed into the kitchen, King Waterbottle rushed in.

"Quick! The last boat's waiting to take you off. Quick!"

"Come!" cried Hag Haggety, seizing the Lord Chancellor's arm. "The last boat! We shall only just be in time!"

And she dragged the old scoundrel down to the beach.

When they had gone Waterbottle gave a low whistle, and promptly Dr. Carx, the geologist, stepped out of the Chancellor's sitting-room.

"It's here, sir," said Waterbottle, "that the Chancellor used to store all the round pieces of gold that you call sovereigns. The islanders used to give them to him when they found them on the shore, as he said they weren't of any value. They're in this cellar."

The help of some sailors was enlisted, and the wealth that the Chancellor had amassed was conveyed to the ship. Then, all the Kinglanders having got aboard, the *Sniper* steamed away from Kingland. On the following day the Chancellor's hoard was divided among the islanders, yielding each a handsome sum of money, the use of which was carefully explained to them by the sailors.

I might tell you many more things concerning the adventures of King Waterbottle, of his brother Augustus, of his sweetheart Buzzie, of the Lord Chancellor, of the Commander-in-Chief, of Major So-So, of Hag Haggety, of the cabman, and of the Army—but I will not. One little talk, and I have done.

The moon was silvering the great warship with her gentle light. Most of the islanders were asleep; Buzzie and Waterbottle, however, still lingered on deck.

"To-morrow, dearest," whispered Waterbottle, "we reach land and a town. There we can get a ship to England. Augustus says he will go with us and help us to settle down. He will be a hairdresser again at Hoxford, and I, he says, can get a place as a waiter in one of the hotels. And we will have a little 'ouse and a little garden, and Augustus says that when we go for walks we shall see tinned meat alive—growing, you know; and potted chicken walking about with feathers on; and preserved pears hanging on trees; and ox-tongues inside oxen's mouths; and we needn't have anything out of tins any more. Won't it be a change, dear?"

"Yes," said Buzzie, "everything will be quite fresh. And you're not sorry you'll never be a king again?"

"No," said Waterbottle. "I'm going to put an end to all that. Wait here a minute."

He hastened down to his cabin, and returned bearing something wrapped up in white tissue paper.

It was his crown. "No more king for me," said Waterbottle. "Look!"

And he dropped his crown into the sea.

THE END.

THE POOL OF LONDON

IN A BEAR'S DEN

By David Ker

Sketches by J. Littler.

A REAL Swiss fair in full swing in the old town of Berne; a line of waggons, light carts, and pack-horses, drawn up along all four sides of the quaint little market-place; round-faced, sun-burned children, devouring with their eyes—and sometimes with their mouths, too—the piled-up cakes and sweetmeats on the surrounding stalls; peak-faced old women, chirping out shrill greetings to their gossips in the crowd; big, sturdy Alpine herdsmen, staring wonderingly at the glittering shop windows around them; rosy country lasses, all ablaze with gay ribbons, retorting pretty smartly the rough-hewn "chaff" flung at them by the stalwart peasant lads, who kept passing and re-passing; while ever and anon broke through the Babel of tongues the sonorous tories of a voluble pedlar, advertising his wares at the top of his voice, and the crack of a rifle from the meadow just outside the town gate, where a dozen local marksmen were competing for a prize.

The fair was at its height when a band of frolicsome lads from the town went hurrying up the steep stair leading up to the battlements of the old rampart, to have a peep—as they were never tired of doing—down into the deep, circular, stone-paved "pit," in which lived "the bear of Berne"; a huge brown, shaggy beast, which—the bear being the traditional badge of the canton—was regarded with great reverence by every Bernese Swiss, and over-fed by its admirers on every fair-day and festival to such an extent that it was wonderful how even a bear's digestion could stand it.

But, after a time, finding bruin getting drowsy, and more disposed to sleep than to make sport for them, the young roisterers began

to indulge in a little horse-play among themselves, and to compete with one another in feats of strength and agility.

Foremost in these was a tall, sturdy, fair-haired young man, Rudolf Kuhn by name, who, being a noted athlete, was a little too apt to give himself airs among his comrades, and to crow over such as happened to be less strong and hardy than himself.

On the present occasion, as if bent upon doing something to amaze his admiring companions, the young swaggerer sprang up on the parapet of the rampart, and ran along it for some distance—a very rash and perilous achievement, for the depth below, down which one false step would have plunged him headlong, was upwards of 100ft.

"There! Dare any of you do that?" cried he boastfully, as he leaped down again. "Have *you* a mind to try it, Master Sobersides?"

A loud laugh arose at the expense of the person addressed, a quiet-looking lad, about Rudolf Kuhn's own age, whom Kuhn and his admirers appeared to treat with a contempt which was hardly warranted, for Gottfried Tapfer's sinewy frame showed as little want of strength as his firm, resolute face betokened lack of courage.

"Not I," answered Gottfried, with unruffled composure.

"Why not? Are you *afraid*, then?" asked Rudolf jeeringly.

"Aye, very much afraid of showing myself a fool, as I should certainly do, were I to risk my life for the sake of a silly brag!"

The laugh was now turned against the swaggerer himself, and Rudolf—who, like most men who are fond of bantering other people, always took very ill any joke against himself—flushed angrily and clenched his formidable fists as if about to give some *striking* proof of his displeasure.

But just at that moment the quarrel was interrupted by a wild scream of agony from the direction of the *bear-pit*, instantly answered by a score of deep voices with cries of dismay.

In a twinkling the whole group of brawling lads were flying at full speed toward the scene of action, where a very startling spectacle awaited them.

Among the crowd of gazers which, on every holiday, thronged around the stout wooden palisade that guarded the brink of the bear-pit, was a stout, ruddy peasant woman, with an infant in her arms. Wishing to amuse her child with a peep at the slumbering monster, the mother held it over the palisade, and, in its delight at catching sight of the bear, the poor little creature gave a sudden leap, sprang clean out of its mother's protecting arms, and fell headlong down into the monster's den!

Had it alighted on the hard stone pavement it would have been killed there and then; but, even as it was, the huge heap of straw that had broken its fall seemed to have saved it from instant destruction only to reserve the poor child for a far more frightful doom, as soon as the sleeping monster should awake.

The confusion that instantly ensued was indescribable. Some shouted for a rope; but there was none at hand. Some cried to shoot the bear; but the nearest gun was on the rifle range, beyond the town gate, a mile away. In short, while calling to each other to do this and that, it seemed more than probable that they would end by doing nothing at all.

But, all at once, the jostling, clamouring crowd parted like water before a ship's bow, and a man, bursting through it, was seen to whisk himself up over the railing and drop down into the fatal pit.

"Who is it?"

"Gottfried Tapfer."

"God help him!"

And well might they say so; for, at that very moment the scores of watching eyes around the den saw, with a thrill of unspeakable horror, that the bear was beginning to stir!

The baby's light fall, dulled by the heap of straw, had not sufficed to disturb the slumbering monster; but when the young man dropped down, he alighted upon the stone pavement, and the clatter of his heavy wooden shoes on it roused the fierce brute effectually.

It raised its head, and stared stupidly around it for an instant, and then, at sight of the prey that was so near it, its small, narrow, piggish eyes lighted up with a sudden gleam of cruel joy. Then up it got upon its short, thick, pillar-like legs, and shambled clumsily forward, its huge, shaggy head moving restlessly from side to side; its frothy tongue lolling out hungrily from its gaping jaws; its red eyes glowing like live coals—a perfect picture of brute strength and unreasoning ferocity.

But the bold and active young Swiss was not to be so easily caught. He had already snatched up the fallen child; and, as the bear made at him, open-mouthed, he darted toward the only available place of refuge.

In the centre of the pit had been set the trunk of a pine tree, the boughs of which, lopped off within a foot of the stem, formed a kind of rude step-ladder, up and down which the bear was wont to scramble, to the great delight of his numerous visitors. Up this tree the active lad scrambled nimbly, aiding his ascent with one hand, while holding fast the

child with the other, and in a trice he had reached the highest point.

Even now, however, the young hero's escape seemed not a whit less hopeless than before; and all that he had achieved could do no more than delay for a few moments the hideous fate to which he appeared inevitably doomed.

But just then the course of this weird melodrama took a new and unexpected turn.

A second man came bursting through the crowd, and, clambering over the palings, took his stand upon the narrow stone coping within, on the very brink of the pit; and, in this prompt assistant the amazed lookers-on recognized the hot-headed, swaggering Rudolf Kuhn himself.

Meanwhile Kuhn — who, beneath all his childish bluster, had the heart of a *man* — bent forward and held out both hands toward Gottfried Tapfer, while a comrade outside the railing clutched him firmly by the collar.

"Throw me the child, lad!" cried he, cheerily. "I'll catch it, never fear; and then you'll have both hands free to grip a pole that we're going to pass over to you directly."

In fact, Rudolf, with a coolness and presence of mind for which no one would have given him credit, had already sent off three or four of his comrades to cut or break away a small flagstaff, which stood upon a projecting angle of the rampart, at no great distance; and the good fellows were now working away at it as if for their lives.

IN A TRICE HE HAD REACHED THE HIGHEST POINT.

Gottfried tossed the tiny living bundle into Kuhn's outstretched hands, steadying himself carefully against the pine-stem behind him as he did so. Rudolf caught it dexterously, and in a moment half-a-dozen eager hands were passing on the child to its distracted mother, who could

hardly believe, even then, that her darling was really saved.

But what of its deliverer?

What, indeed! To all appearance, *his* fate was now certain; for the bear had by this time reached the foot of the tree on which he was perched, and reared up against it with a savage growl, as if just about to clamber up and attack him.

But the courageous Swiss had no mind to yield tamely to his fate, without at least an attempt at resistance; and, snatching off one of his heavy wooden shoes, he flung it down with all his might at the advancing monster, hitting it full on the snout.

Furious at the pain of so severe a blow on its tenderest point, the brute uttered a fierce snort of rage, and, pouncing upon the offending shoe, crushed it to splinters with one snap of its mighty jaws, with a horrible grinding crash that made the blood of the bystanders run cold, as they thought that, in a few moments more, those cruel fangs would be crunching in like manner the limbs of the gallant young fellow who had sacrificed himself to save a helpless child!

In a moment more, the ferocious beast was clambering upward!

But Rudolf Kuhn's hint about the pole had not been lost upon Gottfried, who needed no one to tell him the priceless value of every instant gained in this match against time with death. Taking off his other shoe, he hurled it right at the bear's uplifted face, with the whole might of his sinewy arm.

The hard wood struck the monster full on the head, with a thump which echoed all round the den. But the thick fell of shaggy brown hair that covered the brute's huge flat skull was a very effectual protection; and the blow, so far from stunning or disabling it, served only to rouse it to double fury.

Just then a dull crash, some distance away, told that the flag-staff had yielded to the efforts of those who were attempting to break it off, two of whom came racing like madmen along the rampart, carrying between them the pole that was to save Gottfried Tapfer's life. But, prompt and zealous though they were, their assistance came too late.

The bear had already reached his prey, and the doomed man felt its hot, foul breath steam up into his face from the terrible jaws that were gaping to devour him. Driven to desperation, Gottfried drew himself together like a wild cat about to spring, and, commending his soul to God, launched himself into the empty air!

It was a desperate leap, and a quick gasp of terror broke from every man who saw it.

The bound, made with all the energy of one who knew that his life hung upon it, carried him clear over the intervening space on to the stone ledge within the palisade. But the force with which he came against the railing threw him backward. He strove in vain, for one instant, to make good his footing on the narrow, slippery ledge—and then toppled over toward the fatal pit!

The shuddering lookers-on turned away their faces; but, just when all seemed over, Rudolf Kuhn (who had kept his place on the inner ledge, in readiness to thrust out the pole when it came) sprang forward and clutched the falling man by the arm with one hand, while clinging tightly to the railing with the other.

Gottfried was saved, and, a few moments later, the two young heroes were standing unharmed outside the palisade,* amid the shouts and even tears of the excited throng—for, in the strong reaction of that supreme moment, not a few of these rough, hardy fellows broke down and sobbed like children.

"Give me your hand, comrade, and forgive me for the foolish words that I spoke just now," cried Rudolf Kuhn heartily, as he seized in a cordial grasp the hand of the very man whom he had been taunting as a coward only a few minutes before. "You are the bravest man of us all—and let me just hear anyone dare to say that you are not!"

But there was no need of this implied championship; for, from that day forth, the quiet Gottfried Tapfer was the hero of his native town of Berne.

* This bear-pit still exists, and I myself saw it the last time I passed through Berne.—D. K.

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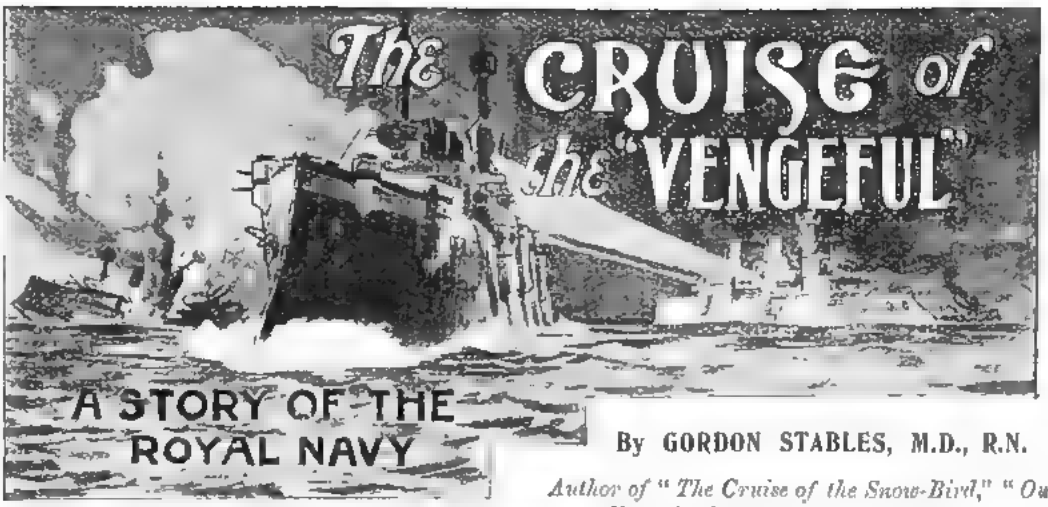


By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Author of "The Cruise of the Snow-Bird," "Our Home in the Silver West," etc., etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

SYNOPSIS.—CHAPTERS I.—XX.

H.M.S. *Vengeful* goes to sea with sealed orders on the declaration of war between Great Britain and two European powers. The junior doctor—Elliot—who has newly joined the ship, arouses the suspicions of some of the officers by his strange, inquisitive ways. A watch is set on Elliot, who is caught, red-handed, stealing important documents from the commander's cabin. It is discovered that Elliot is a French spy, known in his own country as "Louis mon Brave." He is condemned to death, but escapes by diving over the ship's side and swimming to the Madagascan shore. The *Vengeful* proceeds on her course and is attacked by two French cruisers—the *Majuba* and the *Cronjé*. She sinks the *Cronjé*, and the *Majuba* surrenders at the close of a hot chase. They put in at Johanna to coal and repair, and the *Majuba* is re-christened, becoming H.M.S. *Ocean Prince*. While there, Commander Capel receives terrible news from the Admiralty—England has been invaded by France and Russia. He sends a deputation to the Sultan of Johanna to endeavour to secure the co-operation of his fast fleet of dhows. In this he is successful; and the two cruisers, with the torpedo destroyer *Tadpole*, put out to sea in search of the enemy. They reach Zanzibar, and Lieutenant Rawlings thinks of a plan to capture Louis mon Brave, who twice previously has eluded their vigilance. Disguised as Arabs, he and thirty of the *Vengeful*'s crew steal out to sea in five dhows. They board and capture a Russian gunboat. Meanwhile the French spy returns to Johanna, sets free the French prisoners there, and attacks the British Consulate, which, after three days' resistance, is forced to surrender; its occupants are taken prisoners, but a rescue is effected by the crew of the *Vengeful*, the French spy's army being annihilated. After an unsuccessful attempt to blow the *Vengeful* sky-high, Louis mon Brave escapes with the stolen papers. The *Vengeful* and her consorts go after him immediately, and when eighty miles from Aden learn that the enemy's fleet sails south on the following day. After a council of war the British captains decide to await its coming and to give battle, to which end their submergible boat, *Sea-Dragon*, is lowered.

CHAPTER XXI.

UNDER THE WAVES IN THE "WARLOCK."

THE *Sea-Dragon*, or *Warlock*, was one of a class of submarine or submergible boats which had only recently been added to the British Royal Navy. There was a dozen in all of these built, but this was the only one that had as yet been commissioned for service in foreign lands. This terrible engine of warfare carried, as already stated, five torpedoes—just two more than she had been built for. Herein lay the danger; the space between decks was very limited indeed, and the slightest lurch of the boat might prove fatal. Everyone on board was supplied with what our Jacks called "breathing tackle." This was an apparatus worn like a mask, and by no means clumsy, and it not only generated oxygen gas, but destroyed the exhaled carbonic acid. There was an element of danger even in this, however, for if a mask were injured accidentally it could not be immediately repaired or replaced, and the wearer would run the risk of almost instant suffocation. The men knew this, yet they were calm and clear-brained. No excitement here. Every movement was methodical, even to the lifting of hand or foot.

For hours the *Warlock* rushed on along the surface of the water. Her power was electricity, and, saving the hissing of the seas she was dividing, not a sound was to be heard.

Almost on a level with Merridale's head was a tiny but immensely strong skylight of triple crystal, and through this he could catch glimpses of the starry heavens. As the time wore on he kept his eyes almost constantly riveted on this, in order to catch the first glimmer of the search-lights belonging to the enemy's fleet.

He did so at last, but it was far away and uncertain.

"Steady and calm now, men," he cried. "You are ready?"

"Ay, ay! Ready and fit, sir!"

Next moment the *Warlock* dived on an inclined plane, and the indicator told 25ft. below the surface.

"Ready, torpedo No. 1!"

"Ready we are!"

The speed was slackened now, for every ten minutes the glare of the flash-lights illumined the water above them.

Immediately after it had darkened, the boat rose till the little skylight conning tower, and that alone, was above water, and from this it was easy for Merridale to take his bearings.

He could now distinctly see the huge French flagship at anchor off the yellow flickering lights of Aden, and mark also the position of the next largest battleship, evidently Russian. Several others were farther away.

"Men," said Merridale, "let us breathe one short prayer, then—to our duty."

Just one minute!

And the time had come!

Merridale was bending forward, gazing intently from one to another of two indicators before him.

The *Warlock* was sinking. Down—down—down, till one dial indicated a sub-level of 50ft. Then he touched a button, and instantly a tiny click was heard, as a bolt no bigger than a bullet left the *Warlock*. It had a wire attached. Two or three seconds afterwards it was in touch with the battleship's keel, and the hand on indicator No. 2 pointed to the word "STRIKE."

"Fire!" cried Merridale.

He was trembling all over now, but his voice had no quaver in it.

The awful bolt of war immediately left the bows, and then the midshipman's middle finger struck the "reverse" button. The *Warlock* shook a little, that was all, but she was speeding away from danger "at the rate of knots."

Then the boat was violently agitated for the space of three minutes, and every soul on board of her knew and felt that the torpedo had struck home, and that of all the brave men on that great flagship few, if any, would be left to tell the tale of her destruction.

But this was no time for sentiment, and speedily now the *Warlock* was being steered for the Russian.

Merridale had quite recovered his spirits. Pity had moved him before. But there was not an atom of that in his heart as his little vessel tore onwards to the Russ. He felt as one feels who is slaying a deadly snake.

Success a second time, and another harvest of death!

The third torpedo missed fire.

The fourth sank a Russian cruiser.

The fifth hitched, and Merridale could do no more.

Meanwhile, onward through the star-shine sped the *Vengeful* and her consorts, she herself leading, the others at present in fore and aft line.

On and on, slowly but steadily, every man at his quarters, every soul exalted, every heart beating high for battle.

Not a light was shown.

Capel had indeed worked out his plans most magically, and so terrible was the commotion which Merridale had caused, and so great the hurry on board the four remaining ships to get up steam and clear off to sea, that the *Vengeful* was not even seen by flash-light until within a thousand yards of the doomed fleet.

Ah! doomed it was, indeed! Not a boat thereof must escape, for each and all of these cruisers had, doubtless, copies of the secrets and code of signals stolen by Louis mon Brave.

These secrets must die with them!

Two of the enemy's ships ran foul of each other, and in less than half an hour sank under the terrible fire of the *Vengeful*.

The *Ocean Prince* gave a good account of another, while the daring little *Tadpole* steamed close in shore under a tremendous cannonade from the forts, and sank the last remaining cruiser with a torpedo.

At daylight nothing remained of the enemy's fleet except the wreckage and *débris* that littered the waves.

But the forts had yet to be silenced. And this took all the morning.

Then the unequal contest was over.

It was breakfast time, and Merridale was back once more, receiving the thanks of his commander; and the cheers of his messmates as he entered the gun room "clothed and in his right mind" were so genuinely hearty that there would be but little chance of this brave young British sailor ever forgetting them.

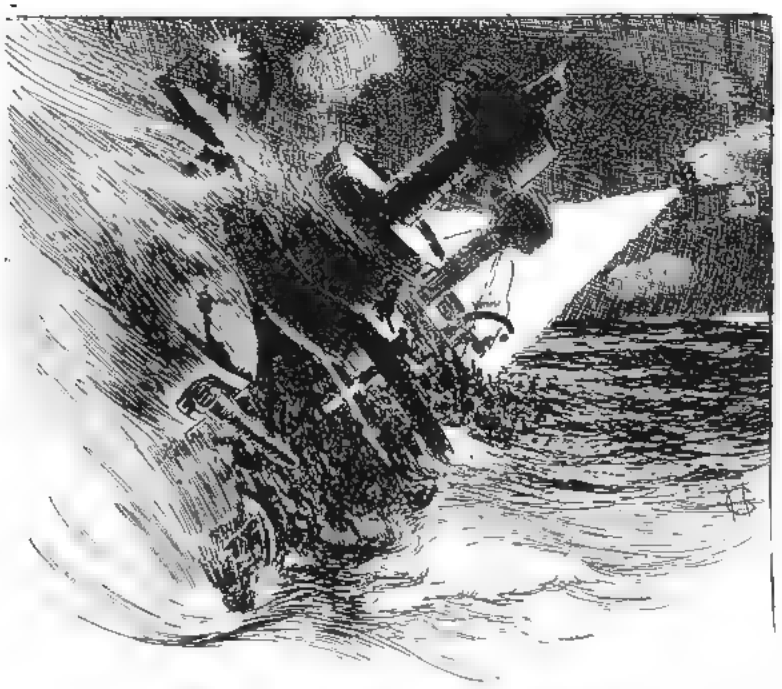
Under command of Merridale, Curtis, and Scott, the electric launches now landed a small army of bluejackets and marines, later in the forenoon, and, for once in a way, the tide of war took a very curious turn; for not only were the British prisoners set free, but the French and Russians were made to exchange places with them.

Men, women, and children—all our poor people—were in a terrible plight; many were dying, many were dead, and others, sad to say, had gone raving mad.

But there was joy on the *Vengeful* now, and on the *Ocean Prince* as well, for so far it seemed that our service secrets were safe.

There was a great dinner next evening on board the *Vengeful*, followed by an impromptu dance, for

many ladies had come off from the shore, and seemed to have quite forgotten their recent imprisonment. In fact, everybody appeared to be bent only on keeping up the fun and general jollity. Rawlings, it was noticed, retired early, and Capel, leaving Mr. Curtis as master of the ceremonies, went to his cabin and sent for Mr. Rawlings.



SANK UNDER THE TERRIBLE FIRE OF THE *VENGEFUL*.

"Come along, Rawlings," said the commander two minutes after, "and sit you down. I thought you'd like to speak to me."

"So I meant to, sir, as soon as the noisy crowd cleared off.

"What are you going to do?" he added, before Capel could speak.

"Do?"

"Yes. You know we're not safe while Louis lives or is at large. If I were Louis I'd defy you yet. He doesn't know we've spoiled his game."

"Is that what you say? Well?"

"If I were Louis I'd leave nothing to chance. He has kept copies of our code book, you may be well sure. He will soon shake himself clear of his dhow-fleet, in spite of ours, and sail for farther west. He will dodge around till he finds a French or Russian warship, and in her he himself will run the gauntlet, get through the Red Sea and the canal, and reach French shores.

The commander laughed.

"Who is to catch him, Rawlings?"

"By heaven, sir, *I* will! Trust me. No; I should say, try me. The game is worth the candle. Give me the *Tadpole*—give me Merridale and Dr. McDrift, for I'll be bound there will be some wounded about."

Next morning the saucy little *Tadpole* steamed south and away from Aden, and on her quarter-deck, not to mention other officers, were Mahmed himself, Merridale, Rawlings, and Scott.

The time flew on till the *Tadpole* was far across the line.

Mahmed was ever on watch, as before. He was as patient as the ship's cat, and had eyes like the eagle's.

It was he who first sighted the flying dhow, much to the joy of all hands. His own flying dhow it was.

What was the news? Ah, just the news that was wanted and longed for; for Louis mon Brave and his dhow-fleet had been scented and run down. They had gone to earth, if I may so phrase it, in the inner lake of the identical island on which the Russian crew of the *Plevna* had been marooned some months before, and the outlet was blockaded by Mahmed's dhow fleet.

Rawlings looked a little serious. Merridale laughed.

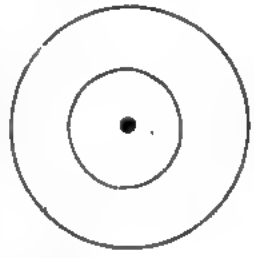
"Isn't it just too awfully nice, Curtis?" he cried, exultingly. "The beggars are bottled."

CHAPTER XXII.

ON HER BEAM-ENDS.

I HAPPEN to know the "identical island" in which Louis mon Brave had taken refuge as well as I know my own tennis-lawn. I landed on it while slave-hunting many years ago, and I am told there is no difference in the place to this day.

If the printer will place a capital "O" on the margin, and a tiny one inside, with a dot in the centre, he will give us a map of Plevna Island at once. The wee "o" is the inland lake, the dot in the centre the inner isle, the broad outer space between the two "o's" is all jungle, and the place is evidently of volcanic origin.



Dhows can enter the lake by a passage from the sea. But, once inside, it is really not a difficult affair for a vigilant enemy to keep them in.

As Merridale expressed it, they were bottled.

Hurrah, then, for Louis mon Brave's bottled fleet! and hurrah, for the arch-spy himself!—for dead or alive they would have him now.

Fifty thousand pounds divided according to rank between the officers and men of the *Tadpole* would be a good haul, but I must do them the justice to say no one on board had such a thing as money in his mind when their wicked little craft steamed westwards and by south, away for the Crusoe Isle.

The crew expected to have a fight. Such men as Louis and Rigault were not to be caught napping; besides, there was that marooned Russian crew to deal with.

Well, there was, or had been, a fight, but alas! for the luck of the *Tadpole*, it did not get there in time to participate in the struggle.

And this is how it happened: Louis and his dhows had not been anchored in the lagoon many days before one of his scouts from the bush brought him news that Mahmed's own dhow had left suddenly for the north.

"It is what I expected, my Rigault," said Louis to his friend. "Now, indeed, fortune begins to smile."

The two men were seated by the camp fire with the Russian officers of the *Plevna*. They were bivouacked on the inner island, enjoying their fruit and wine, after a hearty dinner, for a Frenchmen never fails from a commissariat point of view.

"Yes," said Rigault. "*Oui, oui, mon ami*, and what shall we do now?"

"Fight, fight, *certainement*. Then make all sail for *la belle France* and *à Londres*, and what they call 'Merrie England.'"

Both laughed aloud, and the Russians chimed in most merrily.

"Now happiness," continued Louis mon Brave, "must indeed be mine! Ah, Rigault, *you* do not know what love is! But my Pauline shall be mine. She can no longer refuse; she will be Queen of fair France, and I her slave. Be it ours now to rush through the Canal of Suez. It is held by Russia and France, and once in the Mediterranean with this code of signals we will confuse the English navy—if it still exists! And, Rigault, now is the time!"

"What! After dinner?" said his friend.

"Yes, now. Soon the sun will set, and by moonlight even the vigilant Arabs will hardly expect us. Behold, how fair the breeze blows!"

The wind did blow fair, and at sunset, if there were Arab scouts in the bush, they could have noticed nothing unusual on the little lagoon island.

The full moon rose early to-night, and hardly had its beams begun to silver the sea, ere out from the darkling passage, like tall, gaunt ghosts, swept the dhows of Louis mon Brave.

It was dhow for dhow, but the attack had been most unexpected, and hardly had the Arabs of Mahmed shrieked their wild notes of alarm, before the enemy's vessels were rasping alongside their own, and the wild, half-drunken Russians had boarded.

The fight was short and fierce, and in less than a minute the blood was running in streams from the lee scuppers of Mahmed's dhows.

"Slay, and spare not!" was the cry of Louis's men.

"Kill! kill! kill!" that of the Arabs.

Let me draw a veil over the scene which followed the victory of the arch-spy.

His triumph was complete, and not a life was spared.

A week after this, when Rawlings stood on the coral sand here, with Merridale by his side, a few blackened, half-burned beams were all that the sea had given up to tell the awful story.

"Foiled!" said Rawlings. "But the game isn't finished!"

"Better luck next time," cried Merridale.

"Hadn't we better look in at Johanna?" said Commander Blyth that evening, when all were once more aboard the *Tadpole*.

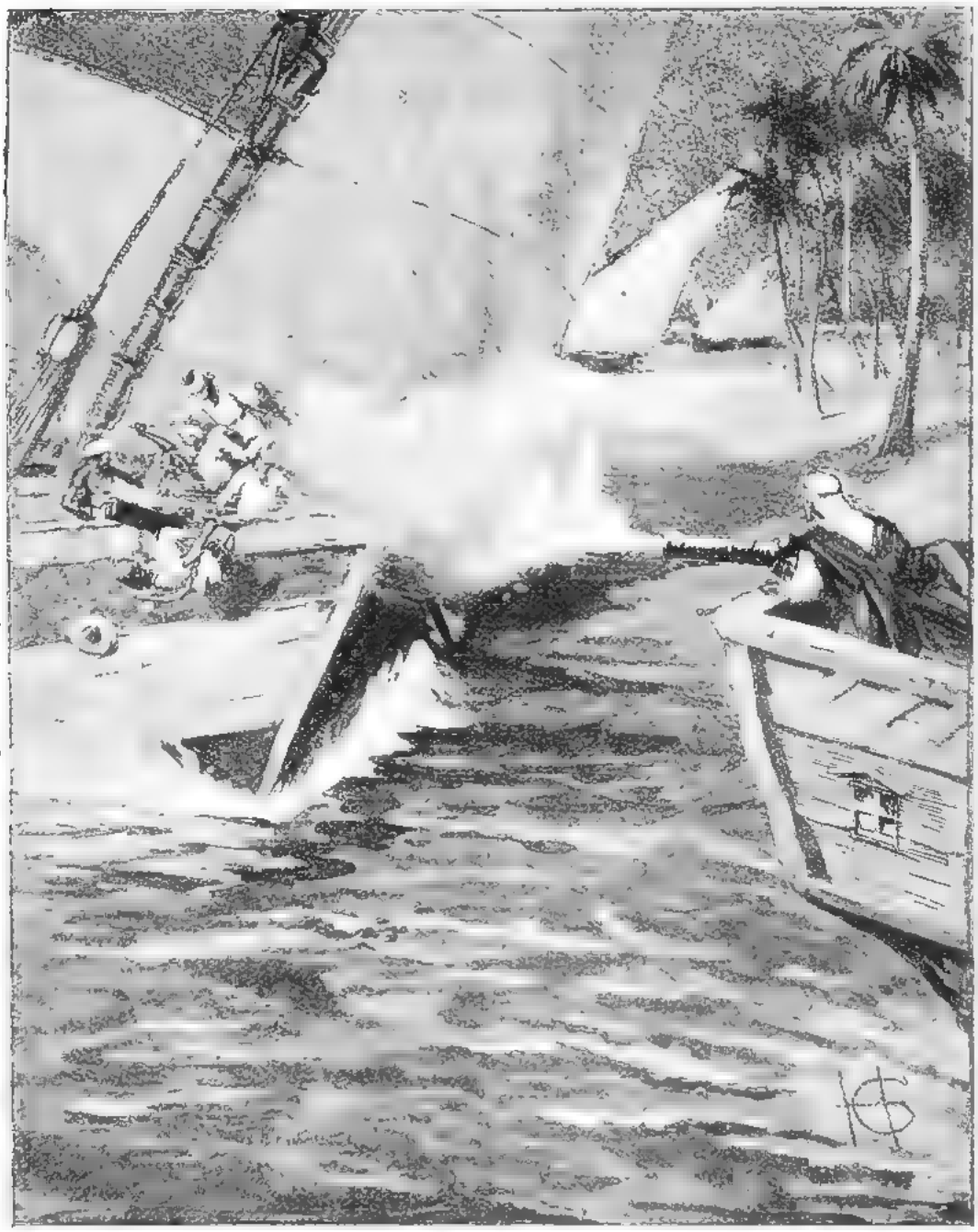
"Oh, yes, do let us look up the old Consul," Merridale implored.

"If I were Louis mon Brave," said Rawlings, "I should get far to the east with my dhow, then trek for the Red Sea."

"Well, Captain Blyth," he added, "the spy has scored again, and I dare say is far enough away by this time. Yes, we may as well bear up for Johanna, to make—sure."

If Rawlings and Blyth expected news at Johanna they were disappointed.

Nevertheless, as fuel had to be taken in and



THE FIGHT WAS SHORT AND FIERCE, AND IN LESS THAN A MINUTE THE BLOOD WAS RUNNING IN STREAMS FROM THE LEE SCUPPERS OF MAHMED'S DHOWS.

repairs seen to, they made this beautiful and romantic island their home of peaceful rest for a few days.

What a heavenly little haven it seemed, too! Far, far from all the world's din and turmoil, from march of armies and from battles at sea, the honest, calm-minded Cummings was living contentedly with his family.

Cummings had not time to meet his friends at the pier, so quickly did the *Tadpole* flash in and drop anchor; but Aggie was the first to hasten to the flag-pole and hoist—no, not a flag, but a large white table-cloth. This would easily be understood.

And, between ourselves, reader, the next thing that Aggie—and her sisters, too—did, was to rush away and dress and beautify a little, while their father ran off to visit the larder and wine cellar, and to hurry up his Arab cook. The curry must be a special success, the coffee superb, and the wine, Cummings was convinced, would speak for itself, and probably make others speak as well.

Merridale had many a delightful walk with Aggie in the now peaceful woods. From the hillside they could catch glimpses of the beautiful blue sea. "Oh, not one whit more beautiful and blue," thought Merridale, "than my Aggie's eyes!"

Well, I suppose some will say this was calf-love. I am not so sure about that. Anyhow, the two innocents were very, very happy, and when parting came at last, Aggie cried more than any of her sisters did. For her young sailor boy had plighted his troth, and given her a lovely turquoise ring.

And he told her, too, that he was going to marry her, but that, of course, she would have to wait till—till he was an admiral.

I ought to smile at this, but I really haven't the heart. "Wait till Merridale was an admiral!" However, hope springs eternal in a middy's breast.

* * * * *

I am sorry we must now leave that sweet little island, kindly Consul Cummings, and his gentle children. But hark! it is the tocsin of war, and we must hie us hence to wilder scenes.

* * * * *

Soon after the *Tadpole* sailed southwards the port and fort of Aden found itself in a better position than ever to repel invasion. Every man that could be spared was sent on shore from the fleet, and worked day and night in strengthening the walls and throwing up trenches. The guns had simply been captured by the enemy, and were as good as ever. There was, moreover, a very large supply of ammunition and stores; it would therefore be able to stand a long siege, and as shelter-caves had been dug, into which the people could run and take refuge during the shell-fire of a bombardment, there would be little to fear. Indeed, although Captain Bullard offered a passage as far as Bombay to the civilians, they preferred throwing in their lot with the troops at Aden. They knew how they were here they said, but no good news had come from India lately, and they feared that another mutiny had already taken place.

Indeed, the French and Russians, before the recapture of Aden, had openly boasted that India was no longer under the British flag. The tribes had come down from the mountains under cover of the Russian eagle, the rebels had joined them, and there had been a massacre which quite put Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi into the shade.

No one on board the *Vengeful* believed this; but Bullard was now determined to test the truth of the report. So, leaving word for the *Tadpole* to abide by Aden and try to give a good account of any enemy that might appear, the great cruiser, with her consort and the *Plevna*, steamed off and away for Bombay.

When they reached the beautiful offing they were received with great rejoicing, for the place was still in our hands, although everything looked black enough, and a universal rising of the natives was expected almost daily.

They found the twin-screw battleship *Centurion* here, and three more great cruisers.

These were really overawing the populace, and Admiral Doughty was afraid that the moment he withdrew his ships, the signal would be given for murder and massacre to commence.

Contrary to his expectations, the *Vengeful's* people received but little more news than they already possessed. The last from England was as black as black could be, and since that time the cables had been cut, and the Suez Canal was in the hands of the enemy.

No, they had not destroyed this canal. They knew better than to do so. It was the highway to India—the Colonies of Australia, and when Britain and her territories were sliced up and divided among the powers, this canal would come in very handy indeed.

It seemed to be the general impression at this time among all natives, sad to say, that Britain's hour was come, and that her knell was rung.

Many wished her well, but Germany remained sullen. Japan, on which so much dependence had been put, hung fire, and as to America, well it was divided in opinion. Nearly all the people of that great republic pitied us, but—Fate seemed to have gone dead against the Britishers, and they, the Americans, could hardly be expected to fight the whole world for our sakes. They would hold on a little anyhow, just to see, and if anyone dared to cripple the commerce of their own glorious country, they would draw the sword and fight. If the worst came to the worst, and the British didn't get up again, it would be bad for trade for a year or two, but, bless everybody! trade was a hundred

headed hydra, and when put down in one quarter of the globe, was sure to crop up in another.

In one way, however, America did assist our native land. She did not see the fun of permitting John Bull to starve, although she would make the old boy pay through the nose for every sack of flour or flitch of bacon she sent him.

It was a grand time, too, for making fortunes by blockade-running. Britain's coasts were so extended that the largest fleet in the world could not keep vessels carrying contraband of war at bay, so arms and ammunition simply poured into Scotland north, and speedily found their way now by circuitous railway routes into the centre of England, which, by this time—six months after the outbreak of this awful conflagration—had become virtually the seat of war.

But the Americans could still send food openly, and anything they chose to conceal, so they sent their gallant ships of war to protect huge convoys, and landed them under the very bows of French ships, who dared not fire a shot on the flag of a nation that could be a powerful friend or a fearful foe.

In fact, there was nothing the French were more grateful for than America's neutrality.

But the crisis was coming. The worst had almost come to the worst, and the peace-at-any-price men of England were already clamouring at the gates of the Government, and praying to be heard.

The British ship of State was battered and bruised, and on her beam ends, with her tattered flag, however, nailed tightly to the mast.

Well, when a heavily laden ship is on her beam ends, the odds are greatly against her ever righting again.

And not only was our great ship of State heavily laden, but her ballast had shifted, and destruction stared us in the face.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"NO QUARTER!"

Britons have one peculiarity which our greatest enemies have always marvelled much at: they do not know when they are beaten. Perhaps this is a trait of the Anglo-Saxon character and the Celtic as well.

Never a day passed now in the dire straits to which London had been reduced, that a deputation of some kind or another did not call upon or attempt to see the Prime Minister, or the Commander-in-Chief, with the hope of persuading him to yield.

The answer this deputation received from the white-haired, stern old man who was at the head of the army, was ever the same, and gruff enough in all conscience. "No! There is not sufficient occasion to give in yet."

And yet the people were reduced almost to a state of starvation. They had eaten nearly everything up; typhoid or enteric fever had broken out, and, truth to say, the living had now hardly strength enough to bury the dead.

But some good news leaked into the city almost every day.

Portsmouth still held out—so did Plymouth; and, strangely enough, even Dover, while many towns and cities of the North and of the Midlands seemed determined to fight to the bitter end.

Again, the French had been routed everywhere in Ireland, and all but driven out of the island. St. Patrick, they tell us, banished the snakes from green Erin, but a new saint seemed to have arisen, sword in hand—for it is in times like these that really good men get to the front—and he had been busy banishing the invaders. The eyes of the Irish people had been opened, and this very man, who had been condemned to death, but forgiven, only three years before, had been chosen as their military leader. Neither French nor Russians were able to withstand his judgment, his skill, and the wild onslaught of his troops at every final rush in battle.

I never could understand how it is that the French as a nation are so fickle and non-abiding. It is lucky for Britain that they are so. Still, one would have thought that when at war, as they were now, with every prospect before them of ultimate success, their Presidential Government would have held together to the glorious end; and that, from their point of view, meant the subjugation of the Anglo-Saxon race. But it was not so, for the people began now to clamour for the speedy termination of the war, and when the bad news reached Paris that Ireland was practically free, then the Government collapsed like a pack of cards, and the scenes in Paris—the riots, the bloodshed, the madness—reached a climax that was unprecedented in the annals of that strange and beautiful city.

I say "strange" advisedly; and now, stranger still, the old Bourbons saw their chance of an innings, and did not fail to strike while the iron was hot, and kept on striking until the people of France were welded into one solid mass, and by the supreme efforts of a woman, too.

This was none other than Pauline, or the Princess Pauline, as she came to be termed, the lady whom Louis mon Brave so dearly loved, and for whose sake had sacrificed so much, and gained so much as well—the man with the charmed life.

This beautiful woman, then, had all France at

her feet, and if she could not bring them peace all at once, she brought them concord.

It was a larger army, she told them, that France needed.

She had but to lift her finger, and lo! that army collected itself from every corner of the country, and grew and grew daily and hourly.

But Princess Pauline was paradoxical in the extreme—her sex often is. Yet it really seemed marvellous that this beautiful lady should, at such a time, determine to gratify a whim of her own, and attempt to pay off an old grudge she had against the British court. Her hatred of our Royal Sovereign was both bitter and phenomenal, for had she not been dismissed from Balmoral Castle?

"*Sacré!*" she said to one of her ministers, "I will be revenged in my own way. Then will I return in a short two weeks' time, and myself lead the new army of France into England, to gain its crowning victory."

Louis mon Brave, this lady's lover and *fiancé*, was not the only spy she controlled. No, she had reduced espionage to a fine art, and not a day passed that she was not closeted for a short time with one of her emissaries.

She had heard that royalty was gone to Balmoral Castle for safety's sake.

That was enough for Pauline.

One evening, about two months after the escape of Louis from the lagoon island, three fast transports, convoyed by two splendid cruisers, left the shores of France, and steamed northwards and away, keeping in well towards the east side of the German Ocean. These ships carried in all an army of 10,000 men.

It was an army of revenge, and perhaps there was no woman in Europe more happy now than Princess Pauline, as her brave ships bore her onwards over the rippling ocean, where she hoped to do a deed that would startle the world and make her famous for all time.

Broad and wide are the links of Aberdeen, and soft its sands, and on these, from open boats under the fire of the great guns of the cruisers, the forts having already been silenced, the army of revenge was landed. This was, therefore, the second time Aberdeen had been bombarded, most of its splendid granite public buildings having been laid in ruins at the commencement of this fearful war.

Once again the inhabitants had to fly to the country. They tore up the northern railway, and also that of Deeside, in their route, and were soon scattered all over the shire.

Pauline and her little army had now a clear road to Balmoral, and in three days of forced marching the beautiful castle on the banks of the dark, winding Dee, and amidst the most romantic forest scenery in Scotland, was surrounded.

But everyone had taken time by the forelock, and gone farther west to the royal village of Braemar.

If she had thought to capture royalty, therefore, Princess Pauline was mistaken.

Yet her revenge was, with this exception, complete.

With her own hands she applied the torch to the pile of brushwood heaped against the doors of the looted castle, and water, woods, and mountains were that night lit up by the red gleams of a fire such as had never been seen on the Dee before.

But little did this mad woman reck of the fires she had kindled in the Highlanders' bosoms. It was at Braemar that Charlie Stuart's flag was first unfurled in the '45, and the Scottish standard was floating again now on the braes.

No need to send the fiery cross round this time to summon the clans to arms. They gathered like angry bees from every direction.

Then on to the assault!

It was an assault the French were unable to withstand, though made by only 2,000 Highlanders. They fled, and were pursued by the victors far beyond Ballater. Here they were met by the Aberdonians, and out of all those 10,000 men, not one was allowed to escape alive; for the wild cry of "No quarter!" had been raised, and the Dee ran with blood for days.

But the Princess had escaped in an almost mysterious way, for no one had seen her flee.

When the news of this victory reached London the people went crazy with joy. So they did all over the country. Edinburgh was the first to throw off the French and Russian yoke, then Glasgow and Newcastle.

The Highlanders had first raised the shout of "No quarter!" and this was to be the British war-cry throughout the war.

* * * * *

The *Vengeful* visited all the chief ports in India and Ceylon, and found that everywhere there reigned the same darkness and terror—the ever-abiding fear of an uprising of natives, with wholesale massacre to follow.

The wonder seemed to be that the Russians, with their army of nearly a million strong, which had been threatening the northern borders, had not already descended like a cloud of locusts, everywhere reinforced by the hill tribes, and carried fire and sword even to the shores of the Indian Ocean itself.

* * * * *

In this penultimate chapter, I have already made use of the words "fiery cross." Every reader of Walter Scott's novels knows what this means. And now there left England, on a mission of life or death, not one fiery cross, but five; for though our unhappy land had been thrown on her beam ends, she was about to make one last glorious stand for her existence among the nations.

These "fiery crosses," then, as I am content to call them, had been in dock building long before the war commenced, but nobody could have guessed to what use they would ultimately be put. They were made for fleetness more than for fighting, but nevertheless carried one each of the heaviest guns ever built, besides four quick-firers of a completely new pattern. They had the marvellous speed of fifty measured miles an hour.

These wonderful little cruisers, then, were sent out to every sea to summon the ships of the nation home, to fight the last great battle which must decide the fate of our poor, stricken country.

Their enormous speed was obtained from a species of compressed oil, and they were able to cover nearly 1,000 miles a day, and keep this up eight days.

The *Die-hard* was the special "fiery cross" that had been appointed to carry the news to the East Indian Fleet which should ensure its mobilisation, and bring it home flying. An attempt had been made some time before this to take up and re unite the cable, but this had failed completely, and it was now a very difficult task indeed that the *Die-hard* had to perform. Her sister gunboats had the open seas before them, but the gallant captain of this little craft had determined to get through the Straits of Gibraltar by night, and then, after taking her chance in the Mediterranean, to rush the canal.

This was a most dangerous undertaking, for although only a ship or two guarded its Red Sea termination, a combined fleet cruised off and on at the European end.

Fortune favours the brave, however. It was an extremely dark night when the *Die-hard* reached the entrance, and blowing almost a gale of wind.

And not one flash of light appeared. So, cautiously now, and with easy engine-power, she gradually made her way past the enemy and *into* the canal.

This marvellous result of scientific engineering had, only four years before that year of 1910, been greatly widened and deepened, with the consent of all the Powers, so that now the very largest ship of war could traverse it—free from danger, even by night.

Once into the canal, therefore, the daring little *Die-hard* went gliding along, challenged here and there, but always replying in French, and, in a comparatively short time, found herself in the open sea, and with one Russian battleship at least at her mercy.

The commander of the *Die-hard* was greatly tempted to try conclusions with her. Indeed, so safe did the Russian feel that even the sentries were hardly troubling themselves to look overboard, and Captain Stransom could have launched a torpedo, and in all likelihood blown her to perdition.

But his orders from the Admiralty were most strict: Unless attacked, with no possibility of getting away without a fight, he was, under no circumstances, to lose time by assuming the aggressive.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BRITAIN IS FREE!

THE orders with which those five "fiery crosses" were racing over the ocean to every station under the sun—namely, to mobilise forthwith in British water—were of so startling a character that at first admirals in India, China, North America, the Pacific, etc., could hardly believe their senses.

"What!" they cried. "Return home! Return to mobilise, leaving India and all other territories entirely unguarded! Has the Secretary for War gone mad?"

"These are the orders," was the reply. "Foreign stations must rank as nothing for the time being. If Britain falls, they fall. If Britain can be saved at any cost, it will after a time resume its sway in every land. The rendezvous is *The Channel*. Home! Home! For St. George and Merrie England!"

Not a day was lost, and in less than a fortnight the first fleet had assembled off Aden, and among them, I need hardly say, was the *Vengeful*, the *Ocean Prince*, and the saucy little *Tadpole*.

The reader must remember that this was no ragtag-and-bob-tail squadron got together in a heap just anyhow. No, for it contained at least half a dozen of the finest battleships of modern times, with many cruisers, officered and manned by the flower of the navy, and armed with the most effective weapons of the day.

Their orders were to proceed at once through the canal, without waiting for the arrival of ships from more distant stations.

At a short council of war held on board the flagship, many captains thought the plan foolhardy, but not one demurred.

"We've got to try," said Admiral McBrain, a sturdy old tar, and the very image of some of our

THE CHIEF FLAGSHIP WAS BLOWN TO PERDITION BY THE *WARLOCK*.

roughest and gruffest Trafalgar heroes. "And we'll try hot."

And try hot they did.

Wonderful to say, though the enemy—French and Russian—had taken possession of the Suez Canal, they had not thought of fortifying it. In the wild rush of this bold squadron, therefore, the two Russians that held the Red Sea end were speedily overpowered and so sunk with all hands.

One British ship was left to guard the canal and to fortify it. The rest dashed on, but still the greatest of caution had to be used. It would spoil all to have a mishap in the canal.

When, early on a spring morning, this splendid squadron suddenly appeared in the Mediterranean, the enemies' ships were taken by surprise. The fight was hot and sharp, but the Frenchmen seemed to be hardly awake, and when their flagship was blown to perdition by the *Warlock*, and two more disabled, then "*Sauve qui peut!*" was the cry.

It was a running fight now, but very prettily indeed—headed by the *Vengeful*—did our fleet out-manœuvre, and finally surround the foe.

The French *do* know when they are beaten, and speedily now flag after flag was lowered, and Britain was victorious.

The news of the utter destruction of our Channel and Mediterranean squadrons was found to be false. A drawn battle or two had been fought, that was all, and on both sides the navies were now concentrating all their energies for the final great struggle for the possession of the English Channel and Straits of Dover.

When or where the battle would take place no one could as yet even guess.

Things began to look brighter for Britain, however, and a swift submarine easily dodged the Thames blockading squadron, and brought news that, without the loss of a ship or man, the combined squadron of the Indian and Mediterranean ships had forced the Straits of Gibraltar and were manœuvring not far off the Bay of Biscay.

Meanwhile terrible fighting was going on in the Midlands betwixt our new army from the North and the enemy.

"The British have no fortifications anywhere," the French had told themselves. "Our progress through the centre of England will be a triumphal march!"

True, we had no great battlemented forts. We had better, though, for the network of hedges and ditches over all our cultivated country formed a network of trenches against which neither French artillery nor rifles could make headway. Our northern army fought its way slowly and doggedly, but surely, onwards.

Finally they drove the foe, in isolated armies, into Norfolk, Suffolk, and Surrey.

Then, with one final rush, they effected a junction with the great camp around London, and the city was relieved.

Joy bells pealed out from every steeple and tower, and our Government began to breathe freely once again.

Ah! but the new French army which had long been delayed for want of a proper commissariat (all the southern counties of England being by this time little better than a wilderness) was at last ready to commence its embarkation and descent upon our shores. The whole was under the command of Princess Pauline herself, virtually speaking, for she was on board the French flagship, and there was hardly a French soldier who would not have laid down his life for the "New Queen," as she was called.

And Louis mon Brave was ever by her side. How this mysterious being had reached France was unknown. It is sufficient for us to know that he had reached his own country, but all too late for the enemy to make any use of his discoveries. For, thanks to the submarine service, England was now in communication with her fleet, and all signals and cyphers had been speedily changed.

Our generals had adopted the policy of "No rest for the enemy." Its southern wing was driven back on Reading, where in a fierce fight it was beaten and disintegrated. The Thames, as in the days of Alfred the Great, literally ran red with the blood of the slain.

This battle cost us deep and dear, but such a victory was almost cheap at any price. The news thereof was flashed along every free wire in England and Scotland, and now for every hundred men slain in our army at least a thousand volunteers rushed to fill up the gaps.

The French were soon in fearful straits, and began to realise the truth of the old saying, that it may be easy for a foreign foe to land in England, but very difficult indeed to get away again.

The enemy's main hope now lay in reinforcements from France. The invaders had fallen back on the towns of the coast, and, having fortified and entrenched them, they determined to play a waiting game. Indeed, they had not another move left to them.

The war was still raging in full force, however, in East Anglia, but, on the whole, our troops were more than holding their own.

But great was the rejoicing when our North American Station Squadron joined our great fleet.

And where, it may be asked, was the Channel Fleet?

After an unsuccessful attack upon double the number of Russians and French in the Irish Sea, it had melted away, and was reported by the enemy to have been utterly annihilated. But brave and canny Admiral Grahame knew well what he was about. He and his fleet had melted away it is true, and were last seen in the Atlantic. But they had succeeded in doubling Cape Wrath nevertheless, and were now steaming quickly southwards along the Scottish shore. And not a stray Russian ship escaped destruction, either from the ships themselves or their submarines.

The morning of June 1st, 1910, will ever be remembered throughout the world as that on which the greatest naval battle of history was fought in the English Channel.

The French plans, it may be admitted, were all beautifully arranged and most skilfully engineered. Nor were they unacquainted with our strength; but our combined fleets were far larger, and simplicity itself was going to guide their every movement. The easiest task was allotted to thirty Russian ships, for there seemed to be nothing to apprehend from the north.

Their orders were to remain where they were until the invaders had passed over, then to join the southern fleet, and assist in completing the destruction of the British Fleet.

Could anything be more easy?

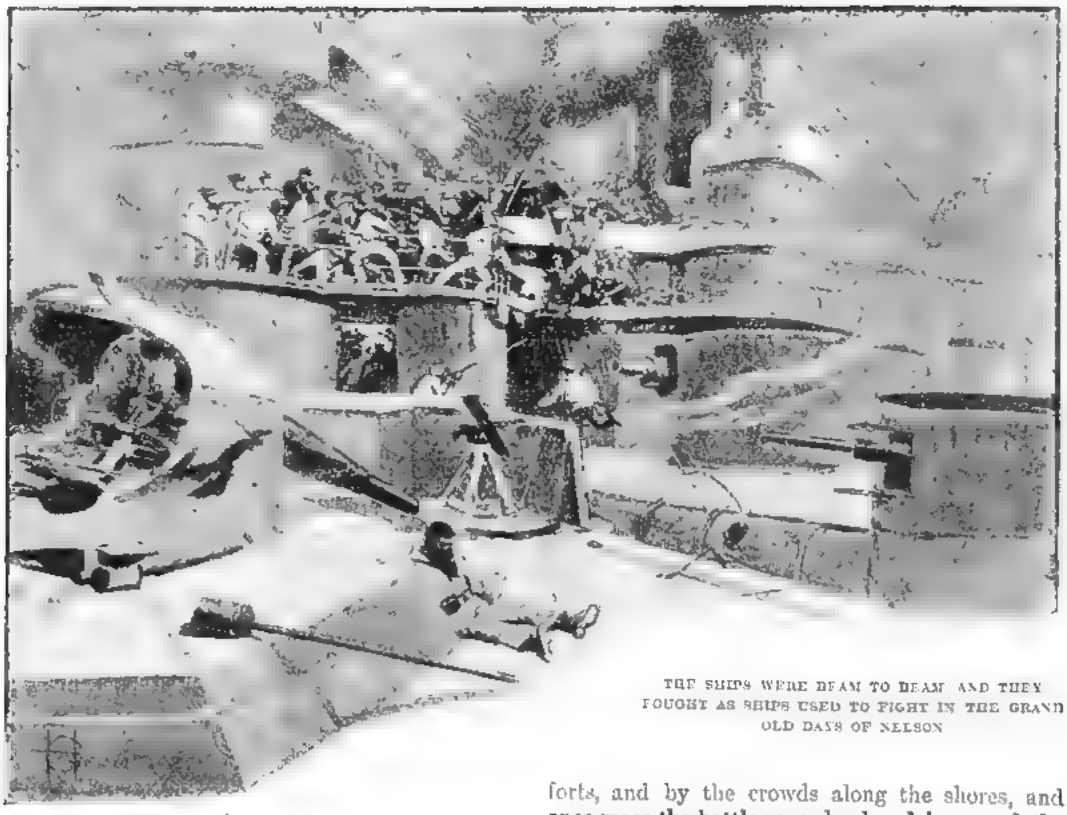
"No. Britain is doomed! The sun never sets, we are told, on our flag, and our *reveillé* drums beat merrily every morning on forts and ships the wide world over, but now, alas! that sun is setting for ever, and Freedom shrieks as the white ensign sinks amidst the rolling clouds of battle and of fire." Thus spoke our enemies.

The manœuvring of fleets of war is, even during our peaceful evolutions, a puzzle no landsman can make out. I will not try the reader's patience, therefore, with any attempt to describe in detail the battle that follows.

But all day long this battle is viewed, not only from the forts of Dover and many captive balloons, but by tens of thousands of our troops and civilians along the shore.

The day is most beautiful, and the sun is shining, with hardly a breath of wind. Inland, in every copse, sing the mavis and blackbird, while high above the lark trills its joy-song; but there is none to listen to-day, no one to rejoice with the happy birds. Everyone's gaze is turned yonder. Neither hunger nor thirst are thought of. Every face is flushed, every eye is sparkling with amazement and anxiety. The thunder of the fearful fight, even here, would drown the loudest voices were much conversation attempted.

Will the sun set before the battle is decided?



THE SHIPS WERE BEAM TO BEAM AND THEY FOUGHT AS SHIPS USED TO FIGHT IN THE GRAND OLD DAYS OF NELSON

Hardly, for, alas! it can be seen that, though our ships have penetrated three or four times through the Frenchmen, and for a time hurled back or sunk many of the advancing transports, their losses are very terrible.

And lo! though not in full retreat, towards four o'clock our fleet is seen from the fort to be withdrawing southwards.

Is it beaten? Oh! are we conquered? This is the despairing cry on every lip.

The French believe so, for they have sent a submarine to order the Russian Fleet of the North to steam at once southwards, and the fort guns of Dover are already beginning to shell these Russians at long range.

But why does the Northern Squadron hesitate, then stop?

And why have the British retired?

I can answer those questions in a single sentence. Admiral Grahame, with the Channel Fleet, is seen to be rushing down from the north, and the arrival of the China Station Fleet is being heralded by such cheering and shouting as never before have been heard from the throats of British tars.

The cheers are taken up by the men in the forts, and by the crowds along the shores, and once more the battle rages loud and long, and the submarine boats have been despatched to make an utter end of the invaders now covering the seas for many and many a mile. That Armada is hurled back or sunk, and while Grahame plays havoc with the Russians, every French line is outmanœuvred and broken.

No quarter! No, no, no! Sink, burn, and destroy—that is the order—that is the cry.

And long before the sun goes down the scattered ships of the Franco-Russian Armada are flying in all directions. Next day they are all securely bottled in French ports, and the war is virtually at an end, and—*Britain is free!*

The cables are speedily picked up and spliced, and the news of the final struggle and victory is telegraphed to every land the wide world over.

* * * * *

Just one episode of this terrible battle concerns my story, which began on the *Vengeful's* decks, and there must end.

It was, then, while the battle was still raging fiercely that this splendid cruiser, under a protecting canopy of smoke, which had been raised on purpose all along her sides, bore fleetly down upon the French flagship. Bullard's main object

was to ram and sink her. But in this Capel failed, and when the smoke rolled off he found his ship beam to beam, just as ships used to fight in the grand old days of Nelson. And once again the command was given—so foreign now to ships of war—"Away, boarders!"

Right merrily twittered the bos'n's pipe. Tom Harris felt in his glory. So did Merridale, Curtis, and Scott. All three boarded at the head of the wild rush.

"Avast! Avast!" the French admiral shouted through his megaphone. "Avast, Angleeshmen! This is not fighting—this is savagery!"

Poor man, he fell dead from the bridge next moment, and the enemy, after dodging at hide and seek for a time, rushed pell mell below.

The great ship was ours.

But the Princess Pauline had remained on the quarter-deck, and by her side, sword in hand, stood the arch-spy, Louis mon Brave.

This was just before the admiral's death.

But Jack Howard had seen him, fought his way, cutlass in hand, across the deck, and finally confronted him.

The lunge that Louis made at Howard was prettily parried, and next moment, with the old seventh cut, Jack laid his foe bleeding at his feet. But Pauline now threw herself before him.

"Kill me," she cried, "but spare my lover's life!"

Jack Howard lowered his cutlass at once.

"No, my dear," he said. "That man murdered my poor pal, but the British sailor isn't born yet that will turn his hand against a woman."

"Bravo, Jack!" shouted Bobby Blair. "That sentiment is worthy of you. And I sye, Jack—now as the fight's finished I want to get away aloft to crow, or stand on my head and hurray with my hind legs."

* * * * *

The fight was indeed finished, and the war too. Every officer on board the *Vengeful* was promoted, and the reward for the capture of Louis mon Brave was divided betwixt all.

The beautiful Island of St. Helena being still a capital health resort for British prisoners, Louis, after his recovery, was sent there for life, and Pauline was allowed to marry him and share his exile.

But during this fearful war Britain learned two things; first, to organize a complete system of well-paid espionage, and, secondly, never to despise an enemy, nor live in a fool's paradise, and dream that the silver streak cannot be crossed.

THE END. Gordon Stables.

THE CAPTAIN. **Volume IV.** **THE CAPTAIN.**

(October, 1900 — March, 1901.)

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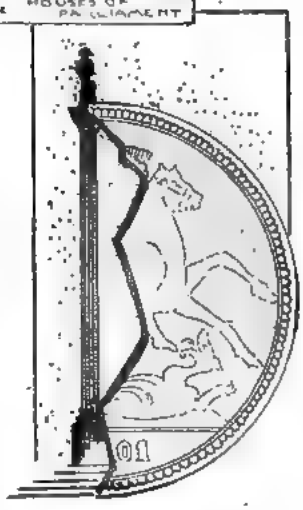
THE £ S. D. OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

Written and Illustrated by Harold Macfarlane.

The column of sovereigns necessary to defray the cost of a football season would be almost two and a-quarter miles high, and if the column were bent so as to form a goal post, the two uprights, each 360ft. high, would be 2 miles 184yds. apart. In the above design we have, in order to make it obvious, had to exaggerate the width of the sovereign, the extent of which exaggeration is shown by the subsidiary diagram where the coin depicted above is compared with the Nelson Monument, in Trafalgar Square.



When GAUGING the amount we spend, as a nation, upon sport, the statistician is at once confronted with many difficulties, owing to the absence of official figures dealing with the same. These difficulties he will, of course, have to surmount to the best of his ability until, recognizing the importance of sport as a factor in the making of the nation, the Government of the day introduces into the Cabinet a Minister of Sports, who will preside over a Board of Games, who, in turn, will deal with a department wholly concerned with the nation's pastimes, from hunting and racing to skittles and spillikins. We would suggest that the first president of the Board of Pastimes should be

LORD HARRIS,

an admirable statesman, an ideal county cricket captain, and a thorough sports man — with the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P., the famous light blue wicket keeper, as his spokesman in the House of Commons. And we would further urge that the first work of the department should be a "Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom, of all matters appertaining to Sport," the publication of which would be welcomed by the nation at large with considerably more enthusiasm than is evinced when the average present-day "Blue-Book" is placed upon the market by Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

THE 7,000,000 AVAILABLE RECRUITS FROM THE FOOTBALL ARMY WOULD EXTEND FROM JOHN O' GROATS TO LAND'S END

Thrown upon his own resources, the initial duty of the statistician is, to gauge the number of participants in the national game that is indulged in during two-thirds of the year; and a diligent search amongst statistical tables reveals the fact that in the United Kingdom there are

7,000,000 MALES,

between the ages of ten and thirty, who are available to be recruited for the Football Army, which number can be divided into two classes, one of 4,000,000, who are, so to speak, just ripe for the field, and 3,000,000, who are in training, or are arriving at an age when it is incumbent on them to retire into the Reserve. For several reasons, which we have not space to specify in detail on the present occasion, we are of an opinion that, broadly speaking, 10 per cent. of the first mentioned

class, and 5 per cent. of the remainder, can be regarded as active football enthusiasts, which proportion will give us

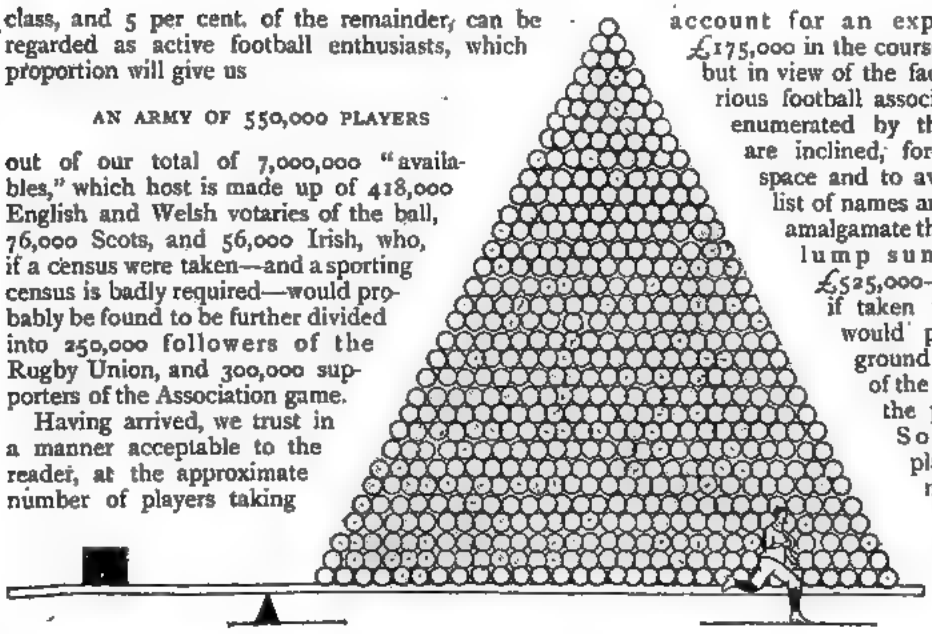
AN ARMY OF 550,000 PLAYERS

out of our total of 7,000,000 "availables," which host is made up of 418,000 English and Welsh votaries of the ball, 76,000 Scots, and 56,000 Irish, who, if a census were taken—and a sporting census is badly required—would probably be found to be further divided into 250,000 followers of the Rugby Union, and 300,000 supporters of the Association game.

Having arrived, we trust in a manner acceptable to the reader, at the approximate number of players taking part in the game, we can now proceed to set forth the result of our estimate respecting the sum which is spent thereon, and the first point to be settled is the amount which the great professional teams require in order to keep them going, and that which is necessary to cover the current expenses of the gate-money-earning amateur organisations. A few months prior to the present season, it was announced in the Press that, with an income of £9,000, the Manchester City Football Club made a profit of £1,148. We further learned, on another occasion, that the Sheffield United Cricket and Football Club had an income of £10,394 coming from last season's football, whilst the football expenditure was £8,638, a sum more than three times the amount that would be required for the purpose of marking out the touch and goal lines—120yds. and 80yds. respectively—enclosing the playing arena required for an international match in solid silver the thickness of half a crown and 2½ins. wide. From these and other figures we find that, approximately, the First and Second Leagues would account for an expenditure of £175,000 in the course of the year; but in view of the fact that the various football associations can be enumerated by the dozen, we are inclined, for the sake of space and to avoid a lengthy list of names and amounts, to amalgamate the whole in one lump sum—namely, £525,000—a sum which, if taken in sovereigns, would pave 207ft. of ground (the distance of the record kick on the part of a New South Wales player at Sydney named Hedger) 13½ft. wide, and would outweigh a

PYRAMID OF FOOTBALLS 31FT. HIGH,

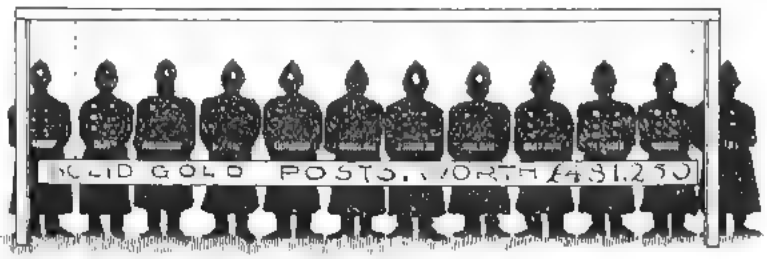
which would entail a walk of 25yds. in order to circumambulate it at the base.



PYRAMID OF FOOTBALLS 31FT. HIGH.

The takings at the gate during the season, represented by a cube of gold 2ft. in each dimension, would be equal in weight to a four-sided pyramid of footballs, 31ft. high. In this diagram the player to the right is 6ft. high; the footballs and cube of gold are drawn to the same scale.

Although this half-million guineas goes a good way towards defraying the cost of the football season, every player knows that he has numerous expenses that his club in no way defrays, which are not included in the above amount, and it is this personal expenditure that we will next consider. The club, for instance, does not pay the laundry bill of the individual who leaves the field in a begrimed condition, having covered himself with mud and his club with glory, but it expects him to turn out neat and clean the following week; the club does not supply him with knickers, shin-guards, football boots, shirts, and stockings; it does not evince a very enthusiastic desire to buy his railway ticket for him



THE PLAYERS' EXPENSES, IF TAKEN IN SOVEREIGNS, WOULD BE SUFFICIENT TO FURNISH TWO SOLID GOLD REGULATION SIZED GOAL POSTS.

and it not infrequently suggests that an annual subscription from the player who gives it his services is not undesirable: if we modestly suggest that 35s. will, on an average, cover the expenses of the active footballer during the season, we shall probably cause those members of the football army whose expenses run into ten or more times that amount to smile more or less broadly—we will, therefore, repeat the cogent formula "on an average," and trust that it will not fail to quell the laugh of scorn. In the aggregate our modest estimate will amount to £962,500—a sum which, if converted into gold, would provide sufficient quantity to permit of a set of

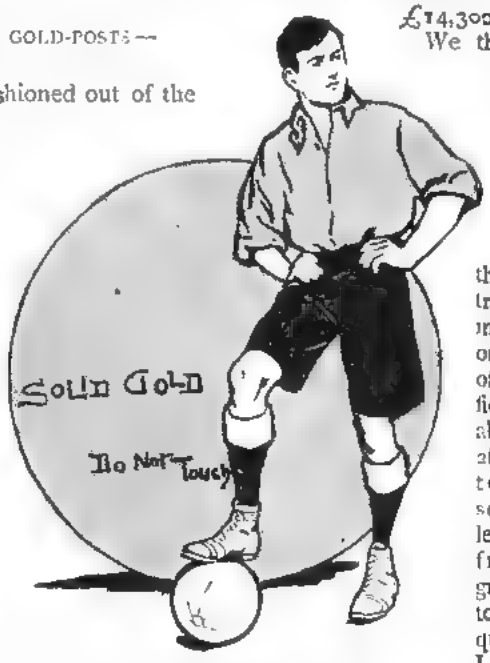
REGULATION ASSOCIATION GOLD-POSTS—

we mean goal-posts—to be fashioned out of the same; each of the four posts being 8ft. high, 5ins. in width, and 11ins. deep, and each cross-bar 24ft. long, 2ins. in depth, and 4ins. in thickness, which would be sufficiently massive to withstand the onslaught during the roughest of games.

In the course of the season some 4,000,000 spectators, we believe, attend the First and Second League fixtures, 612 in number; and probably some 494,000 put in an appearance at the thirty-eight matches that comprised the competition proper for the English Challenge Cup last year; these figures suggest that the total number of spectators at all matches during the whole course of the season of thirty-four weeks must be something prodigious, and in the mind's eye we see those of our 7,000,000 "availables" not engaged in battle on the muddy field, eagerly scanning the feats and feet of those who were, week by week. We have no desire to be charged with a want of enthusiasm for the game, but conscientious scruples prevent us from setting the seal of our approval upon the picture conjured up; we do not believe our 7,000,000 "availables" attend football matches every Saturday; nor do we believe that a quarter of their number have ever thronged our football fields on the same day—nay, not even on that famous occasion last season, when Scotland played England at Celtic Park, and 62,000 supporters of the rival teams, but Britons all, yelled applause at the doughty deeds of their favourites, and paid for the privilege at the rate of

£877 9s. 10d. PER GOAL KICKED,

or £4,387 9s. 6d. in all, a sum which is a trifle over one-fourth of the amount expended on Scotland's latest ground, known as New Ibrox Park, which accommodates 75,000 spectators, and one that would pay almost one-third the price of a solid gold ball, of exactly the same dimensions as the spheroids used in Association matches, which would cost £14,300.



A SOLID GOLD ASSOCIATION BALL, 4FT. 2INS. HIGH.

We think that we are quite within the mark, however, if we allow that 21,000,000 spectators attend football matches in the course of the season of eight months, and this total, which is less than one-fiftieth of the number of passengers travelling on our railways in the course of a year, is on an average at the rate of 620,000 a week, or sufficient, if they marched four abreast, and at intervals of 2ft. 7ins. between each row, to form a procession seventy-eight miles in length, which would extend from the Aston Villa ground near Birmingham to the Evertonian headquarters at Goodison Park, Liverpool, or to Newport or Lincoln.

The entrance fees of our aggregate spectators, at the rate of 6d. a head, we have already accounted for in our first item of £525,000, on the principle that gate-money earning clubs, on the whole, pay their expenses, including professionals' wages, out of the same, but with no profit. In addition to this 6d., the spectator has other disbursements. For instance, he has railway fares; indeed, when the Leicester and Northampton Rugby Clubs met last year, at the latter town, no less that 4,000 enthusiasts travelled from Leicester at a cost of £400, in order to encourage their representatives. In addition to rail and tram fares, the spectators at football matches have a great penchant for telegraphing the result to their friends; they are also, especially in the

case of matches away from home, put to extra expense on account of food, and on the first opportunity the average spectator purchases a football edition of his favourite evening paper, and eagerly reads the account of the match he has just witnessed. At 10d. a head these expenses amount in the aggregate to a sum of £875,000, which is £132,000 more than would be necessary to cover

A GROUND WITH A SILVER SHIELD

110yds. long, and 75yds. wide, and having the thickness of half a crown, that would be exactly large enough to permit of a Rugby Union game being played upon it, if two teams could be obtained to embark upon such a suicidal match.

If the time of the spectators and players is taken into consideration, and charged for at the rate of 6d. an hour, then the President of the Board of Sports will have to put on the debit side of his budget, on account of this item, exactly £898,750, which sum would represent 4,100 years of time at the above price; but he would doubtless place on the credit side of the account precisely the same sum—the asset being health, self-reliance, pluck, and penetration—all of which are engendered by the sport, and all of which are very valuable possessions for a nation such as ours. We will therefore omit this item from our balance sheet, the debit side of which will now stand at £2,362,500—a sum which, if taken in sovereigns, would provide sufficient gold to permit of a

SOLID GOLD ASSOCIATION BALL, 4FT. 2INS. HIGH,

to be fashioned out of the same, that would outweigh ten Rugby teams, each man of which would be qualified by size to join the "Fat Man's Club" of Paris, in view of the fact that he would weigh 20st.

Now, if we allow that each player takes part on an average in six matches during the season of thirty-four weeks, a trifling calculation will show that in the course of the eight months in which it is legal (in a football sense) to play, there will be played 50,000 Rugby and 82,000 Association matches, or almost 4,000 games every week; in these matches, if the same proportion of goals are scored as in the 306 games comprising the fixtures of the First Division of the League, which realized 857 goals last season, some 369,600 goals will be kicked during the eight months—which gives us an average of 10,870 goals a week, each goal costing, if we divide the total sum expended on football by the number of goals scored, £6 8s.; in other words, from 3 P.M. to 4.30 P.M. each Saturday during the season

TWO GOALS, COSTING £12 16S., ARE SCORED EVERY SECOND.

MILITARY TRAINING IN AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

THE American school-boy is encouraged to take a much greater interest in military matters than his cousin on this side of the Atlantic, owing to the fact that, to a great extent, the military academy takes the place of the English public school.

When he enters it, at about twelve years of age, he finds the routine pretty much as follows: Reveille at 6.30; study during the morning and the first part of the afternoon; sports and military exercises; a little study in the evening, and then tattoo. There is generally a debating society, photographic club, string band, etc., much the same as in an English public school. During the summer the battalion goes into camp for a fortnight.

The American boy usually leaves his academy either to go to college (or university) or to West Point (the American Sandhurst). If he passes through the latter he enters the army or not, as he sees fit.

The result of this is that the military training, regular exercise, and excellent scholastic course turn out a man who will not only be steady and prosperous in business or profession, but will be able to take his place when his country needs him as a thoroughly trained and well-disciplined soldier. Of late there has been a great deal of discussion on the subject of cadet corps, but England might well follow the splendid example her American cousins have set her.

The American Government encourages this military training by detailing specially qualified officers, graduates of West Point, to act as instructors in these academies, and also in those colleges and universities which may require them. Let those who are not in favour of military training for boys read General Baden-Powell's account of how, during the siege of Mafeking, a corps of boys between eleven and twelve years of age were employed as orderlies instead of men, who could not be spared from the trenches.

JOHN F. PARKER.

CAMELS IN AUSTRALIA AND AMERICA.

On page 123 of the November CAPTAIN there is a picture of an aboriginal boy on a camel. A reader, residing at Milton, near Portsmouth, informs me that he has never heard of camels in Australia, and can't think how the boy comes to be sitting on one. "It is a mystery," he adds, "which I wish you would explain." Always anxious to oblige, I button-holed Mr. Walker Hodgson, who drew this picture, and asked him to reply to my correspondent. This is what the artist said:—

There are a great number of camels in Australia, where, as you know, *I have ridden them, as well as drawn them.* I saw 300 unshipped one day on the north-west coast, and very funny they looked as they were swung ashore. Here's a sketch of one. They had been brought from Aden.

But there were camels in Australia thirty years ago. When Ernest Giles, the explorer, traversed the great island-continent in the 'seventies, he had a number of these useful "ships," and he attributed his success to their powerful aid. Five years ago I sketched, at Coolgardie, the famous camel, "Misery," which had quite recently travelled *600 miles without a drink!*

"SLINGING" CAMELS.

But what say you to camels in America? Comparatively few people know that the United States at one time took a large herd of camels to the south-west for army uses, and that a hoary, decrepit remnant of the herd has been wandering in Southern Arizona and New Mexico until recently.

The importation of camels was advised in the early fifties, when there was a great migration to the newly-found gold fields in California. In December, 1854, Major C. Wayne was sent to Egypt and Arabia to buy seventy-five camels. He purchased the first lot in Cairo. Having taken in these, the naval storeship, *Supply*, sailed to Smyrna, and thirty camels of another variety and from the Arabian desert were bought. The *Supply*, loaded with camels and fodder, reached its port, or the Gulf of Mexico, on February 10th, 1857. Three had died during the voyage and sixty-two remained well and hearty. The strange beasts were laboriously landed in the course of several days. Under the care of Captain J. N. Palmer, about half the herd were taken inland to Camp Verde, where they began their military service for Uncle Sam. The others were kept at Indianola, where it was proposed to experiment with them as beasts of burden in moving army supplies in arid regions. The animals were not properly cared for, and several died. In vain the army officers urged the hostlers to give the camels a fair trial. There were frequent reports that one or two had broken away during the night and wandered away across the sandy plains, and it has been suspected that extraordinary zeal was not always put forth to find the animals.

From May, 1858, until 1861, some thirty of them, which had become partly domesticated to American ways and adapted to the climate of the south-west, were kept at the U.S. forts at Verde, El Paso, and Yuma. They were fed and cared for at the expense of the War Department, but because the troopers and teamsters in the Service could not be induced or forced to use the beasts instead of horses and mules, and especially because of the clumsiness of the camels' harness, and the unusual labour in packing and preparing a ship of the desert for service, they were seldom used. In the last year or two of their stay at the garrisons they were merely pensioners upon Uncle Sam's bounty and were never brought into service.

It is likely that a few of these animals still survive, but they have not been seen in the central part of either New Mexico or Arizona in several years. A number of the members of the International Boundary Commision that recently finished a survey of the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, report that they saw two camels on their progress through Southern Arizona, and the animals, although seen well only through powerful field glasses, appeared to be in their prime, and probably were descendants of some of the original herd.

There, friend correspondent, "live and learn."

NOW *THAT'S* A GAME THAT ALWAYS DID APPEAL TO ME.

A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

(From the "Hurst Johnian.")

"ARE you there?" (pause). "Are you there?" (longer pause). "Are you there?" (pause and ring). Ditto, ditto.—At last, in scarcely audible tones, "Yes." "Ah! will you kindly switch me on to number 25 B—n, please?" "Number 29 B—n." "Yes, thanks." "What?" "I said yes thanks." "What?" "Alright, right"—noise as of garden roller on a gravel path—must be the electricity running along the wires—wonderful things these—grr-rr-r-r. "Yes?" "They're talking to you now from number 29." "Right,"—more path rolling—sudden loud shout. "Yuss, what d'yer want?" "Oh, er-er is this 25 B—n?" "Yuss." "Can I speak to the—er—Reverend Canon R. for a minute please?" "To the what?" "To Canon R." "Why, is 'e 'ere?" "Yes, unless he may be out, but would you be so good as to find him for me?" "Wull, I don't know as 'e is 'ere." "But could not you see for me?" "Wull, I'll go and see if 'e's at the bar." "Stop! what place is this?" "The Crooked Billet Taver——" Hastily ring off—how annoying—must have been talking to some horrid publican—must have mistaken the number—no—25 right enough—will ring up the Exchange again! Grr-rr-rr.

"Are you there?" "Yes." "Did you put me on number 25 just now?" "No, number 29." "Well, I said number 25." "Shall I put you on to number 25 now?" "Yes, please." "Very well"—(voice from without)—"That will be threepence more to pay, please, sir," —can't help it, must speak to him somehow—prolonged wait, plenty of path rolling and strange metallic sounds—at last—"You're on now, sir."

"Thanks—Are you there? Are you there? Can I speak a minute to Canon"—"Do you mind waiting a minute, they're just coming through." "Right!"—wonder what he means?—fifteen minutes gone—must wait I suppose. "Are you there?" "Yes, I am here." "Diamond Jubilee first, Simon Dale second, Dis"—grr-r-r-rr-r. "Are you there?" "Yes." "I beg your pardon, I must have put you wrong—number 25 is your number, I think?" "Yes, please." "Will not keep you a minute." "Thanks!"—keeps me many minutes, feel inclined to give it up—still, they say everything comes to him who waits—begin to want my tea—never mind (long pause)—grrrr-rr-r-r—"They are talking to you from 25, sir." "Right." "Yes?" "Oh! could I speak to Canon R? I will not keep him a minute." "Certainly, I will go and fetch him." (Prolonged wait.) "Are you there?" (No answer.) Ditto, (still silence.) "Are you there?" "Yes." "Who are you?" "I am R—." "Oh! I am so glad I have found you at last. It was such an important thing that I should be able to ask you to-day whether——" "Your time is up, sir, waiting to use your wires." (Switched off.)—Absolutely refuse to speak to me at the Exchange—think the telephone must have broken down. Voice from without: "That will be fifteen pence to pay, if you please, sir."

Next time I shall write a post-card.

(January and February Competition Results will be published next month.)

"I'LL JOIN 'EM."

AND THE TIGER SMILED.

Tiger: "Hullo! Who are you?" Boy: "Oh! I'm a Harrow boy."
Tiger: "Are you? Then you'll soon be an eaten boy."

THE MANDARIN'S PIGTAIL

Sketches by Alf. J. Johnson.

S.s. *Strathore*,

In Chinese Waters, *April*, 1900.

DEAR OLD "WINNIE,"

It was ripping to get your jolly letter with all the home news when we touched at Singapore on 15th ult. Good old school! I am glad you held your own, and a little over, at Rugger the past season. That last match with Rettingham must have been a stunner, and no mistake! I could see you perfectly well scudding across the field on those long pins of yours. I hope your knee is better. It was a nasty knock; but you got in, and "congrats.," old chap! So you've got Wren's length, feeding that mighty brain? Well, more power to it, and I know you'll pass! Be sure you let me know.

And now I must tell you of a great scrape Traquair and I got into at Foo-chow, where we arrived a week ago. As nothing could be done with the cargo for the first day, and the tide didn't serve, and there wasn't much for us to do, Traquair and I got leave from Captain Bethune—it was an old promise—for a day ashore to go and see my cousin Harry, who has been settled at Foo-chow for a long time, doing a big inland trade with the natives. Of course, this was before anything was known of this awful Chinese rebellion, or we should not have got leave.

Our first squint at China was mighty fine—the quaint topsy-turvy houses, with the roofs turned up at the ends, then a belt of forest, and at the background a range of high mountains with snow-capped peaks. The moment after the sails were reefed and the big anchor touched bottom, four native boats put off from the shore. There was a tremendous race to reach the ship first, and what with the way the boats swayed about, and the excited jabbering of the Chinese rowers, I expected every moment to see them capsized. They did look rum chaps, with heads the colour of, and as bare as, oranges, except for a long coil of pigtail. When they reached the ship's side they began jabbering in pigeon English, and they nearly came to blows to see which would have the honour of taking us ashore. However, there wasn't much to choose between them, in looks or anything else, so Traquair and I slipped down the ship's side, and dropped into the nearest boat. It was a weird craft, but the Chinese seemed to be quite at home in her, and we reached the shore safely. We didn't land at the big harbour, but at a little wooden jetty, and the moment we stepped upon land we were surrounded by a crowd of staring, chattering Chinese. They were very friendly, and we all had a good laugh at our attempts to find out from them where Cousin Harry lived. We could not make them understand, and we were getting a bit tired of the game, when we espied the black-coated figure of a European priest coming out of a house. Jove, we were glad to see his friendly face—and what a trump the *padre* proved!

"Blessed Erin! Fwhat are ye doing here, me childer?" he exclaimed, with outstretched hand as we went towards him. "From the ship, are ye? Well, well, it's many a day since I set eyes on as foine a pair of bhoys, and it's to me humble house ye'll come first."

You have no idea how friendly his words sounded in that foreign land, and how kind he was. We went into his house, and his Chinese servant brought us some grub—rice with pieces of chopped fowl, lots of sweetmeats, and tea in tiny cups without any handles. Pressing us to come and see him again before we sailed, he sent us on our way to Cousin Harry's house, which was about a mile into the country. It was a mighty pretty walk, along a road shaded with all kinds of flowering shrubs and trees which we had never seen before, and didn't know the names of. The country all around consisted of paddy fields (rice, that is) and opium fields, blazing with all kinds of coloured poppies. After walking a mile we came to Cousin Harry's house, something like the *padre's*, only larger. It was snugly situated in a wood clearing, and the verandah was covered with a mass of twining flowers. A natty little fox terrier, awfully like old "Gunny," was lying at the door, and gave us a most friendly welcome. A Chinaman, much better dressed than any we had yet seen, then came from the inside of the house, and, salaaming, asked us in—in English. I told him who I was, and asked if Cousin Harry was at home. He grinned with pleasure,

and then his face clouded over as he told us that my cousin had left the day before for a week's trading in the interior. Well, I did feel sorry at the thought of coming all these thousands of miles, and then to miss him by a day. It was rough luck. Po San—which was his name, he told us—was an awful decent chap, took us all over the house, gave us lunch, and pressed us to remain. But, of course, we could not, as we only had a day's leave, and had to be on board ship again that evening.

And then, "Winnie," Traquair and I set off for the town. My hat! I wish I had some of these writer Johnnies' pens—R. L. Stevenson's or Max Pemberton's—to tell you all the rum things we saw. It was mighty queer. The first street we entered was awful narrow, really now, only about 2yds. wide. Crowds of Chinamen, dressed in all kinds of coloured overalls, and wearing those funny soup-plate sort of hats, were going about their business. Everything seemed to be done in the street, *i.e.*, a barber was gravely shaving a man's head and talking all the time; then we saw an artist painting beautifully on canvas; a conjuror was performing some wonderful tricks; a dentist was drawing teeth from a Chinaman's mouth, and several Chinese women were cooking something over stoves—and all this, mind you, out in the open. Everyone was chatting and laughing in loud tones, and they did seem to be a merry, busy crew. Somehow I never thought the Chinese were such a jolly set. They didn't take the same notice of us that we bestowed on them. The shops were as small as cabins, and had no windows. The worst of it was the smells. Phaugh! You will understand this when I tell you that it seemed to me as if the mangy dogs and pigs prowling about everywhere were the only scavengers. Hundreds of different shop signs, emblazoned with Chinese characters, hung above people's heads from side to side of the street. Every now and then great muscular Chinamen—I suppose they were coolies—carrying heavy loads on shoulder-poles, would come swinging along, and shouting to the people to get out of the way. You can imagine the commotion it made. In a sort of courtyard we saw two prisoners sitting on their haunches, a square of heavy wood round their necks, and their ankles and wrists chained.

Well, old Steevie and I were strolling along, taking in all these curious sights, when suddenly we heard a great commotion in front of us, and several huge men, brandishing whips in their hands, came careering down the street, and evidently ordering everyone out of the road. Then there was a great blare of trumpets, and blowing of whistles, and beating of drums. Traquair and I were wondering what was up, when we espied behind these "musicians," aloft in the air, the figure of a very fat Chinaman, seated on some gorgeous chair. The whole show was awfully like a circus procession. Traquair burst out with, "It's a Mandarin—at last!" Well, he was evidently some big Johnnie, from the way all the people *kow-towed* to him. Mandarin or no Mandarin, he was too funny for anything, hoisted up there, with his absurd air of importance. When trying to round a corner of the street the bally show stuck, and there was his Celestial Highness, "sitting up aloft" like the "sweet little cherub," taking no notice—he seemed half asleep—while the carriers proceeded to move out of the way a whole lot of shop articles which were the cause of the stoppage. Traquair and I simply roared, and old Steevie burst out with, "This little pig went to market, and this little pig stayed at home!" and other compliments. We noticed one of the Mandarin's—as we came to look upon him—attendants go up to him and whisper something, and the great man's face flushed darkly. He looked very angry, and his lips moved. The next moment, before we knew what was happening, two of the men with the whips rushed straight at us, and one of them bowled me over. Traquair was quicker, and with a shout to me to look out, he stepped aside from the man's rush, and landed him one on the ear. I tried to get up, but the man simply sat on me, and another Chinaman came from behind and did for old Steevie. Nice, wasn't it? When they had tied us up, the man who had spoken to the Mandarin left his side and came to us, and his eyes looked very venomous. He spoke something like this, but the curious thing was he could not pronounce his "r's":—

"So, you—you lil fo*l*eign devils, you call him g*l*eat Mandafin *peeg*. By Kwan-te, you suffe*l* fo*l* this insult. You come 'long!"

We felt pretty sick, you may be sure. Like idiots, we never thought they would understand what we were saying, not that we meant 'em any harm. Things were beginning to look pretty bad for us, as you may imagine. The chap who had spoken to us said something to the crowd which had gathered round, and they began to show many signs of hatred towards us. We were bundled into a sedan chair, and carried swiftly along for a short distance, turning several corners, we thought. How we wished six of our "A.B.'s" from the good old *Strathore* were within hail! At last we stopped; we were routed out of the "box" and, accompanied by the four Chinese, were taken up a narrow, dark passage which twisted about in the queerest manner, until the leading Chinaman stopped at a door, which he opened,

and we were led into a small room. We were then left to ourselves, trapped like rats. It was so dim there we could hardly see at first, although it was early in the afternoon. There was a queer musty odour about the place. The one door was heavily bolted, and the only other opening was a barred window in the wall, 10ft. from the ground. Not much good telling you, "Winnie," what we thought of ourselves; you will probably be able yourself to find something suitable to call us. Every now and then we heard a sound of shuffling footsteps coming from the other side of the door, and at intervals the face of one of our kidnappers appeared at a little grating in the door. Sweet, wasn't it? After a bit the "face" unbarred the door, and another pair of these beauties came in, bearing a tray with two bowls of rice mixed with some kind of vegetable, and two cups of tea. They set the food down on a bench, untied our wrists, and, with grins on their faces and pointing to their mouths, motioned us to fall to. We ate a few mouthfuls, drank the tea, and then had our wrists re-tied. It was beastly humiliating. We had half a mind to floor one of them, but while one of them was doing the trick, the other gentleman stood by with a murderous-looking knife in his hand.

It must have been late in the afternoon when the door was again opened, and the four Chinamen appeared. To our great relief—for the ropes bit into the flesh—they set our wrists free, and, surrounding us, marched us out of the prison, along some narrow passages, with any number of turns, and lit at intervals with lamps—it was awful creepy work. At the bottom of a flight of stairs we were halted; one of our guards mounted the stairs, and as he opened the door we got a glimpse of a number of Chinamen standing or sitting in a large room. After a short while he returned, and we were ushered into the room, and brought to a halt before a beautifully-carved chair, covered with coloured silks, and raised from the floor. On each side of this chair was a Chinaman, sitting at a little table with writing materials before him, and perhaps about a dozen other Celestials lined the walls. A door by the right of the chair then opened, and in came the Chinaman who had spoken to us in English at the beginning of the row, walking backwards and bowing profoundly to the Mandarin, who

THAQUAIN WAS QUICKER; HE STEPPED ASIDE AND LANDED HIM ONE ON THE EAR.

waddled up to the chair and sat down. Immediately behind the Mandarin came a Chinese boy, who held in his arms a light blue, silk cushion, upon which rested the end of the Mandarin's pigtail. As the old chap took the chair, the boy sank on his knees, and still held the cushion with the pigtail on it. All the others began *kow-towing* to him too. After they had stopped bowing, the Mandarin, who directed a most venomous look towards us, spoke in a rapid, excited tone of voice to the English-speaking Chinaman, and every now and then he pointed solemnly to his pigtail. The Chinaman then translated his words to us as follows, only I have written it properly, and not as he spoke it, pronouncing his "r's" as if they were "l's." You bet we never forgot one word of it!

"O, Offsprings of Evil, hearken, and give due heed to the words of wisdom that fall from the lips of the Most Mighty Mandarin, Tsai Wen Yung, Deputy Governor of the City of Foo-chow, Knight of the Order of the Pearl Button, and of the Peacock's Feather! Know, then, that when the day was yet young, the Most Mighty Mandarin did hold council with his brethren of the Sacred Order of the Peacock's Feather, when the words of wisdom in Prince Tuan's Message were read, calling on all Chinamen to drive out and kill all the foreign devils, for the time had come so to do. Now the most honourable brethren did agree thereto. Ere the moon was three days old the holy massacre was to begin, and not cease till all the foreigners were killed! And as His Celestial Highness had left the council chamber, and was glorifying the street with his sacred presence, as he returned to his honourable house, his eyes were offended by the sight of you, cursed dogs! Moreover, ye did revile and laugh at the Most Noble Mandarin, and did call him pig's names. Now, by his Sacred Coil of Hair, by which he shall rise to celestial heights, the Most Noble Mandarin hath taken oath that ye shall not go unpunished, and ye shall be the first of the foreign devils to be killed, as is most just. See, ye dogs"—the Mandarin again touched his pigtail with his right hand—"this he swears by yon Sacred Coil of Hair! Have ye aught to say?"

Now, as he repeated the words "Sacred Coil of Hair," and as we realized all that it meant to a Chinaman—to the Mandarin, a sudden mad idea for escape, born of the deadly peril we were in, flashed into my mind. It was a desperate hope, but we were in a desperate state.

The man again repeated: "Have ye aught to say?"

"Traquair!" I whispered to Steevie, "follow my lead exactly."

Stretching out my arms to the Mandarin, as if appealing for mercy—and old Steevie followed suit—I staggered towards his chair.

"Mercy! oh, mercy!" cried Steevie.

I suppose the old chap and the English-speaking Chinaman, as well as the other Chinese present, thought we were horrified and repentant, as we were told what an august personage the Mandarin was, with all his different titles, and were consequently a little off their guard as we bent towards him.

"Out with your knife, and make for his pigtail! Don't cut!"

In a jiffy we had out our knives, hidden at our hips, and sprang at the Mandarin, with our knives over his hair, as the boy attendant fell back, terrified at our onslaught. At the same moment I yelled to the English-speaking Chinaman:—

"If any of you move a step, we cut!"

The man shrieked out something in Chinese, and, as the guards sprang back, fell at the Mandarin's feet as he beheld our sacrilege.

"Listen," I said to him, trembling—for, I don't mind telling you I was in a blue funk. "Tell His Excellency we mean him no harm; but he will have to come with us to the ship, when we shall let him go back. Tell your master to bid no one touch us, or we shall surely cut his hair. We have our knives handy! Take us to His Excellency's sedan chair!"

You see what a crisis can do for such a thick head as mine!

The Mandarin's fat body shook like a jelly with rage and fear. Then he looked up at us, and rolled his eyes as if in entreaty. The secretary understood my words, and spoke to him in a torrent of words, as the result of which the whole room was cleared of all the Chinamen except the Mandarin and his secretary. With one hand I held the pigtail about a foot from the root, my knife in the other; while Traquair held it lower down, and had his knife handy, keeping a look-out lest we should be attacked from the rear. When the room was empty the Mandarin spoke to the secretary, who first locked the two doors, and then, getting a key from the Mandarin, he opened what must have been a secret drawer at the bottom of the great chair, and brought forth a box full of gold pieces. His face was working in the most convulsive manner, as if he was in agony as he spoke.

"The Mandarin him say he givee you this gold Him no hurtee you, you leave alone his Sacred Coil of Hair. Him promise, him sweal!"

But this would not do. We could not trust them. It would have been madness to do so. So I said to him, as friendly as I could:—

"No, no, we not want your gold! We want away, quick! We not touch the Mandarin. We go in

sedan chair to ship—not far. No one tell, no one see. Come!"

He rapidly translated to the Mandarin, and, as the latter heard, he covered his face with his hands as if for very shame. All his anger had left him. We were sorry at hurting the poor old chap's feelings, but our lives were at stake, and, after all, he himself was to blame for having got us into this scrape. He shook his head and spoke a few words to his secretary, who bowed as he went to one of the doors, and we heard him talking to a man outside. Very shortly he re-appeared, and, after wrapping his master from head to foot in a robe of dark silk, proceeded to lead him slowly out of the room—Traquair and I following with our hands us before, and keenly on the alert. The Mandarin, breathing heavily, could not walk very fast, and so we shuffled along—a most weird procession. We hadn't gone very far when we came to a big hall, where a gorgeous sedan chair stood; but no one was about. Into this the Mandarin went, and we followed close at his heels. The secretary remained outside, and when the curtains were drawn close, and we were snugly inside, we heard him calling to some men, and presently we felt ourselves being carried along. It was weird in the extreme as we sat in that dark kind of cab, smelling of sandal wood, and with a Mandarin! Then we were passing along a street, as we heard from the sounds of street life. As we sat there in a tense silence, suddenly we heard a sound of voices talking English, and—somehow—I looked out from the curtains—and there was Mr. Denison, the second mate, and four of our men—a search party, of course, from the ship, for it was now late, and we had outstayed our leave.

I called out to the Chinese secretary to stop, and he knew better than to disobey. At the same time Mr. Denison heard my voice, and stopped in amaze as he saw us. Before we parted from the Mandarin I had to ask Mr. Denison to come near, so that the secretary could not hear me when I told him of our scrape. Mr. Denison said not a word, but, as he realized the gravity of the situation, and how serious our plight might still be, he quietly took his revolver from his pocket, and held it out openly, so that all could see. Then Traquair and I let go the Mandarin's pigtail, after having held it without a break for about an hour, and backed slowly from the chair. Eventually we came to the boat, waiting for us at the wooden jetty, and reached the ship's side.

"IF ANY OF YOU MOVE A STEP, WE OUT!"

About the painful scene that followed in the captain's cabin I prefer to say nothing; but I'm glad I had a bottle of embrocation which the dear old mater put into my box!

Now, good-bye, old boy. I don't know when I've written such a letter. Write to me soon,—

Yours ever,

JACK BUNTING.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THIS month I am sending a packet of Bristol Boards to each of the following artists:—FRED THOMPSON, 99, Finchley Road, N.W.; D. NEWILL, The Homestead, Winchester; and FRANK CRISP, Royal Naval College, Greenwich—in recognition of sketches contributed this month.

The name and address of "SMITH SECUNDUS," winner of the prize in the January number, are as follows:—ALEX. H. CLAPPERTON, 67, Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

All winners of yearly subscriptions are regarded as members of THE CAPTAIN Club, and are entitled to wear the Badge.

"THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR."
(By C. F. Knowles.)

MR DAN LENO AS MARIAMNE.
(By Fred Thompson.)

A Few Hints on Rearing Puppies.

By "A Lover of Dogs."

To rear a puppy is not a very easy job, unless one has plenty of time to spare, but a little knowledge will go a long way in making it easier.

The chief things to remember are regular and wholesome feeding, plenty of exercise, and *cleanliness*—this last does not mean simply keeping the dog clean, but everything belonging to him; such as his dishes, collar (which should be cleaned *inside* as well as out), and last, but not least, his kennel. This should be scrubbed once a week with some good disinfectant soap, and then thoroughly rinsed and dried by letting the sun shine in it. I think the best staple food for puppies is Spratt's puppy biscuits, but these must be varied with gravy, greens, and potatoes, or oatmeal porridge, and occasionally bread and milk. Meat is not good for young puppies, as it makes the coat smell, but large bones are very good, as they help them to cut their teeth. The younger a puppy is the more meals it requires; thus, a puppy one month old should have six meals a day, while for a pup from three to six months three meals a day will suffice.

As to the bed, I find straw the best, as this makes the least dust; but every morning his bed should be taken out and aired (in the sun if possible), and the kennel should then be brushed out, as even straw will make a little dust.

The puppy must have his coat combed and brushed every morning, and if this is done regularly he will not want much bathing.

Treat your dog kindly, and I think when he grows up you will find that your time has been well spent.

DENTIST *(to coloured patient)*: "Don't trouble to open your mouth any wider. I intend to stand outside to draw your tooth."

(By Fred Thompson.)

"The Honest Toon."

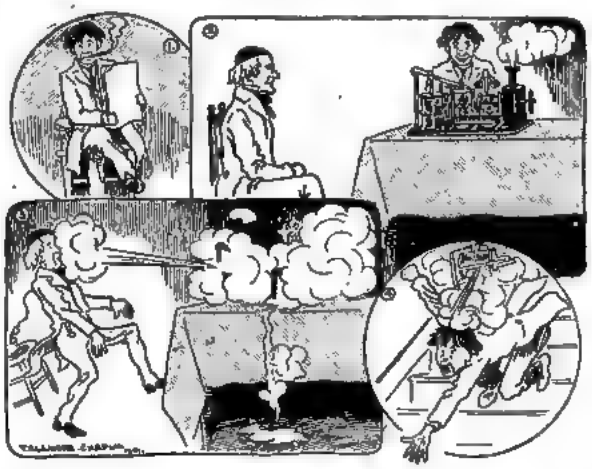
"The Honest Toon," or Musselburgh, possesses, perhaps, the

(By D. Newill.)

honour of being one of the oldest and most interesting towns in Scotland. It has time after time witnessed conquering bands of Romans passing through its midst, and these legions of the west have left in the surrounding districts many traces of their camping grounds and fortifications.

At Musselburgh Lord Somerset, the Protector of England, mounted his cannon to pour their deadly hail upon the valiant Scots, marching to destruction at Pinkie. Here, too, came Cromwell, who, regardless of the sanctity of the church, turned it into a stable for his chargers, while his troops bivouacked along the shores of the Forth. Here, too, came Prince Charlie; and here Mary, to surrender her wretched self to the Confederate lords. How numerous the conflicts, the royal and illustrious pageants, Musselburgh has witnessed in bygone times, while struggling to its present position!

Anyone who has viewed even the most famous sights in Europe could not regard with less admiration and delight the scenes of Musselburghian battles and royal strife. Here the eye may roam in freedom from Craigmiller, from Pinkie, from Fa' side, from the fourteenth century turrets of Pinkie House, and the four-hundred-year-old clock of Musselburgh, to the green Pentlands and Moorfoots and the gloomy Lammermuirs, with the Bass Rock and North Berwick Law standing forth against the clear daylight like rigid sentinels of the Forth; while Inchkeith, Fidra, and the Isle of May shine forth their solemn warning to the "toilers of the sea"; while Arthur's Seat and the Blackford Hill, after looking down for ages past on the grey and stately colonnades of the modern Athens, still lift their stately heads; while in the distance the Grampians, overhanging Strathmore, strive to peep over the heads of the nearer hills of Fife, and the Bens Lomond, Ledi, and Voirlich give to the onlooker an idea of that wild Caledonia well known by sight to few. And when we remember that each and all of those grand examples of Scotland's beauty are the scenes of all the gay, solemn, and sad events which have composed the glory of the "old country"—everyone must admit that no place



THE O.F.'s DIARY.

(1) Got back from lunch; found my office occupied by the Idea Merchant— (2) Who had a very greasy machine, which he said was his own invention. (3) He commenced to point out its various qualities, when something went wrong with the works. (4) So, with the help of the Art Editor and the junior assistants, I persuaded him to go.

(By T. Aliwork Chaplin.)

SHAKESPEARE ILLUSTRATED.
(By Frank Crisp.)

"MY FIRST CHAMOIS."
(Sent by W. A. Baillie-Grohman.)

elsewhere could be found to compare with this, "The Honest Toon."

SECOND MATE.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS.

V. Wakeford.—Your explanation is quite satisfactory. **Frank Crisp.**—You are coming on splendidly. I shall try to use a few of your drawings as space permits. **Charles F. Knowles.**—You will hear from me by post later. **H. Wodehouse.**—I have noted your name. Your sketch is not carefully enough done. **J. E. Vinnicombe.**—You really ought to take more pains with your drawings before you send them for these pages. Use black ink and do not shade so closely. Send me another sketch next month. **A. E. Olley.**—Do not attempt such elaborate subjects. If you had spent the same time in drawing a horse's head and the head of a soldier, it would have been better for you. You must creep before you can walk. Send a sketch next month of a more simple nature. **J. R. Burnham.**—I shall use the photograph of Netley Abbey when space permits. **Donovan.**—As a copyist of Mr. Tom Browne and Mr. Phil May you are a marvel; but we cannot publish anything in THE CAPTAIN Club pages that is not original. Why not do a little original sketch, just by way of a change? **Raymond A. Eddy** (CHICAGO).—Your photographs taken from the Cunard liner *Servia* are, unfortunately, very small, and I am not sure that I can use them, but will do so if opportunity offers. I am glad the Chicago fellows think so much of THE CAPTAIN. **Charles G. McClure.**—I regret that your sketch was not quite good enough to "grace the pages of THE CAPTAIN." A little more practice and you will be all right. **A. Shannon.**—When sending photographs or sketches always write your name and address in full on the back of each. Your enclosures were too dark for reproduction. I thank you most heartily for your letter. Please consider yourself an official representative in Kirkcaldy. **Julius Cæsar.**—Don't dash things off quite so rapidly, Julius; take a little more pains. The artist-members of THE CAPTAIN Club are, as you see, a painstaking lot. **Reginald Purse.**—The joke is not quite suitable; otherwise your drawing is clever. **Herbert Hanson.**—Here is my honest opinion: Draw on cardboard, use black ink, make firmer lines, take more pains, and let me hear from you again. **John C. Weir.**—See previous reply. **Royan Middleton.**—(1) R.B.A. stands for Royal British Artists; (2) Mr. T. M. R. Whitwell and Mr. George Soper generally draw on smooth Whatman's board, with ordinary Indian ink for the wash parts. The pictures by these gentlemen are always clear and well defined, and as a rule they do not use white paint (or body-colour). **H. Phillips.**—(1) You cannot do better than get "Light, Shade, and Shadow" (G. Newnes, Ltd.), price 3s. 6d., and after you have mastered it thoroughly you will not have much trouble in turning out pen-and-ink drawings for the magazines if you have the ability. (2) Although Sir John Tenniel, Mr. J. Proctor, and Mr. F. C. Gould use "cross-hatching" to get effects in their cartoon work, for the sake of making good line illustrations it is better not to "cross-hatch." Study the drawings of younger men. Sir John Tenniel's cartoons, of course, were engraved on wood. From the sketch you enclose I cannot say that you

OUR EQUATORIAL BROTHERS; OR, JUST THE SAME.

"What's all dat trouble up dere about?"
"Oh, nodding but foot-cocoanut—an now dey argument with Massa Umpire."

(By Fred Mann.)

will become a prominent black-and-white artist. **E. R. Coleman.**—Your contribution is so small and light that it would be useless for me to criticise your work from such a specimen. **H. Hives.**—Your drawing is not rejected because it is too large. See my answer to "Herbert Hanson." **W. F. Broom.**—You put far too much fine shading into your work. Don't attempt such elaborate subjects. **Arthur S. Atkinson.**—You certainly show more aptitude for architecture than you do for figure drawing at present. Still, your work is very free, and I hope you will send us some sketches from time to time. Why not make a design of a fowl-yard, or a set of dog-kennels; this would be good practice for you. **"Pickles"** (BELFAST).—Glad you like the illustrations by our C.C. artists. **Billy Ruffian.**—The drawing is good; I will say something about the poem next month, when I shall be reviewing the work of other "authors," as well as artists.

Contributions also received from:—S. H. Barlow, Joseph Johnson, Douglas Clarke, E. V. Perce, Harold Barnshaw, N. Ashford, J. B. O'Neill, Jessie Holliday, R. F. Megginson, David Loughnan, A. Terry Davis, W. A. Russell, Harry Platt, Billy, W. B. Huntly, W. H. Toy, Charles S. Baker, A. G. Scott, S. C. Pain, Cyril Burrage, Elsie Simmons, "Œnone," John S. Cox, E. H. Butcher, Eyed Awry, L. M. Snow, D. Kilroy, J. Richardson, Sidney Jones, C. Lang, James Skuse, S. G. Dutton, T. G. Southern, J. F. G. Taylor, H. S. Fleming, E. H. Kennington, Jack Loutet, J. G. Williams, J. E. Matthews, "Admirer of C. J. B. Wood" (who is requested to adopt a shorter *nom de plume*), A. J. Eggleston, "Pat," G. H. L. Barnes, Cyrillus Floriensue, Alex. Russell, James Hembrow, R. Bruce Chambers, Tom Lloyd, "G. E." "Vedo," A. R. Cousins, "J. E. L." "Riddle-me-Ree," Albert Scott, "Buddles," "B. B. R," P. Kahn, C. S. A. (Ramsgate), L. Ryland (Rossall), G. Harper, R. Cohen, Lionel Jacob, C. C. A., Alfred Rigby, D. G. Barnsley, Norman B. Ashford, W. G. Ladd, P. H. Blanshard, Boston, J. E. Llewellyn (Modern School, Bedford), and many others.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,

Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by March 12th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified*.

No. 1.—**"How Best to Make a Profit out of £1."**—Send us your ideas on this subject. Don't exceed 400 words. Three prizes from our advertisements to the value of 7s. 6d. each, to be chosen by winners.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 2.—**"Calendar Events."**—Three prizes of 7s. each will be given for the three best essays on the Calendar Events for March. Limit of words, 400.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—**"Idiosyncrasy."**—How many words can you make out of that? Dictionaries may be used. Names of places and people are not allowed, nor foreign or dialect words. Three prizes of 7s.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty.
Class II.	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—**"Names of Dogs."**—Send on a post-card a list of the twelve best names you can think of suitable for dogs. Prizes—THREE ALBUMS.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II.	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—**"Curious Photographs."**—Our last competition of this nature was a great success; we shall be publishing the "curious" results shortly. So we have decided to have another. Send in anything quaint and queer you have taken. Three prizes of 7s. each.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—**Special Foreign Readers' Competitions:** Time limit, July 12th.

(*a*)—Map of the country in which I live.

(*b*)—Curious customs in this part of the world.

(*c*)—A photograph or drawing of anything you like.

Foreign readers may go in for one or all of these subjects. In each section there will be three prizes of 7s. each, a prize being awarded to each class in (*a*), (*b*), and (*c*).

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	Age limit: Fifteen.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

Volume Five, which begins next month, will knock every other volume we have yet issued into a cocked hat. Having now precisely two years' experience to go upon, we—the gentlemen who are good enough to assist me, and myself—consider that we pretty well know what you want. As has been said before, and must be said again, it is impossible to make everybody completely happy, but we intend to please as many as possible. Now as to what we have got for you—come April.

"Smith's House."—I know that "Acton's Feud" was voted a stunning good yarn by everyone who read it, because I was verbally and by letter informed of the fact by such a lot of people. Well, in April commences a new public school story by Mr. Fred Swainson, which is every bit as good as "Acton's Feud"—in fact, even better. In a wonderfully short space of time Mr. Swainson has jumped into fame as a school story-writer, and you will understand why he is so popular when you tackle "Smith's House." It is full of grip and life, and there's a heap of fun in it, too.

"Sir Billy and Co."—During the past two years you have heard a good deal about Greyhouse and various people who had the honour of being educated there. Now, it has struck the author of these tales that those who have "lived" with Sir Billy and his friends at school may like to hear how they got on when they reached man's estate, and went forth into the world to show what good stuff Greyhouse could turn out. In "Sir Billy and Co." you will meet the Greyhouse boys as *men*. This tale will no doubt interest readers of all ages. I may tell you that Sir Billy becomes a barrister, while Parsnip goes on the Stock Exchange, and the two become associated in an adventure which forms the plot of the story.

Other Attractions.—Lovers of the sea and doings in foreign lands will find that "O. F. and Co." have kept an eye on their requirements. In April will appear the first part of a very extraordinary Australian coast yarn, called "The Great Treasure Lobster," which simply bristles with excitement, and is one of the most thrilling tales I have read since Jules Verne wrote his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Another very big feature in the new volume will be "Birds'-nesting by Photography and Tele-Photography," by Mr. A. Williams, who, with a colleague, devoted the fine days of *nine months* to getting together the material forming these remarkable articles. We have also coming on a big article on "Atlantic Liners Up to Date." Mr. C. B. Fry will continue to give expert advice to athletes; Mr. Haydon Perry will go thoroughly into every branch of cycling; and other CAPTAIN Club experts will give us of their best from time to time.

Our Stamp Editor.—Readers of THE CAPTAIN—especially those who are philatelists—will join with me in wishing "*Bon voyage!*" and a safe return to Mr. H. M. Gooch, our stamp expert, who has just sailed for Australia. Mr. Gooch has been writing for THE CAPTAIN and advising young collectors since the magazine was started, and I am sure we shall all miss him very much. Mr. Gooch expects to be back about April, 1902. During his absence our stamp corner will be conducted by Mr. E. J. Nankivell, editor of the *Philatelic Record*—one of the cleverest and best-known stamp authorities in this country.

"The Captain" Badge.—We have now made arrangements with Messrs. Fattorini and Sons, of Bradford, to supply us with a very large number of badges. This firm is well known for the skill and enterprise it displays in metal work of this description, and we placed our order with Messrs. Fattorini feeling sure that they would turn us out an article of tip-top quality. Our expectations have been fully realized — the badge, in red on gilt, is got up so well that there is absolutely nothing of the "cheap and nasty" in its appearance; in fact, fastened to the lapel of the coat it looks exceedingly well. We have decided not to make any conditions concerning the buying of this badge, save that the wearers *must be members of "The Captain" Club.* The price of the badge is a round SIXPENCE—we make no charge for postage. Those members of THE CAPTAIN Club requiring the badge should apply for it, stating that they are members of the club, and enclosing six stamps. Address envelopes: Badge Department, THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. As I said before, the badge can be worn on hat or cap, on the lapel of the coat, as a brooch, or as a watch-chain pendant. When writing, state distinctly whether you would like your badge provided with a *pin* or a *stud*, or simply with a small ring for the watch-chain. I may add that the badge may also be had in silver—price TWO SHILLINGS.

"Captain" Club.—The work of booking the names and addresses of applicants for membership is still proceeding. The idea of a "club" in connection with THE CAPTAIN has been taken up with extraordinary enthusiasm by foreign and colonial readers, as well as at home here. In the summer we hope to publish a supplement to THE CAPTAIN containing names and addresses of members. Meanwhile, although they are too numerous to be severally acknowledged, letters concerning the club are being carefully read, and the suggestions they contain duly noted.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. R. A. (1) sends me an interesting letter about his school, the Dollar Institution, N.B. It seems that this school was founded in 1818 by a herd boy who ran away from home to South Africa, where he amassed much wealth. "A. R. A." (2) also informs me that, following our instructions as to "How to Make a Canvas Canoe," he turned out a first-rate article, which cost him from first to last 8s. only. I have often wondered whether our "how to make" articles inspired readers with a desire to make the things mentioned, and here is one very distinct proof that they do. I hope lots of fellows at Dollar will join THE CAPTAIN Club.

Yorkshireman.—(1) If the magazine is taken in for you, and for you only, you can become a member of the club. (2) Send your query to Mr. Manning Foster, c/o THE CAPTAIN. (3) By the time this answer appears your dormouse will either be dead or well again. The reason for sickness among these little pets is, principally, because they are not kept clean, or because their food is not of the right sort. As I have often said, people ought not to keep pets unless they thoroughly understand them. Ignorance of the way to look after pets amounts to absolute cruelty. If a boy is ill he can complain, but a dormouse is a dumb animal.

Beginner in Black-and-White.—(1) Hundreds of correspondents have asked this question, and now I will give a final reply. Mr. Tom Browne does not take pupils, nor does he give instruction by post. In the "Answers to Correspondents" at the end of our "CAPTAIN Club Contributions" department, the Art Editor of THE CAPTAIN has given heaps of sound counsel. Let all beginners look up their back numbers, and read them. (2) You cannot expect Mr. Tom Browne, or anybody else, to give an autograph unless you enclose a stamped addressed envelope. This rule applies generally to autograph collecting.

L. A.—You can get all the information you want out of the most recently published Navy List. Any bookseller will be able to procure this for you. The whole matter, however, lies in a nutshell. You or your parents should write to the Secretary of the Admiralty, Whitehall, London, S.W., asking for the information you require. This will be furnished you in a printed form. Nominations are obtained by simply applying to the Admiralty; but a little interest is a good thing—that is to say, it is just as well if you know an admiral, captain, or commander who can put in a word for you.

P. R. (DUMFRIES).—What you describe as a "burr" is, I suppose, a strong provincial accent. No, I don't think such a thing is ever operated on, because a "burr" comes naturally to people living in certain parts of the country, and has nothing whatever to do with a malformation of the throat. Some people, when they go to a district where pure English is spoken, in time lose their provincial accent, and some do not. I see no harm in a bit of an accent myself; it adds strength and grip to one's speech, and is very effectual in Parliament, in the pulpit, and elsewhere.

K. Almond.—I am afraid only one of your sons can join the club. They had better take it in turns, one this year, another next, and so on. I hope you understand that this club is formed expressly for the benefit of purchasers, and not for readers who share THE CAPTAIN. Although two out of your three boys will be debarred from certain club privileges, they will still be able to read the magazine; and that, after all, is the main thing it is taken in for, I presume.

C. W.—(1) Unless you take THE CAPTAIN in yourself, or unless it is taken in especially for you, you cannot become a member of the club. (2) Any "Life of Nelson" will give you a good account of the battle of Trafalgar; and Mr. Henty has written several books about the Crimean War. "One of the Six Hundred," by James Grant, is all about this war. (3) Yes; we have a large number of readers in Nottingham.

Mrs 'Arris.—(1) What! you don't believe there never was no such island? When I tell you that Mr. Mayland is quite the most truthful of our contributors you will see that your incredulity is quite without foundation. (2) You can get a bat from Messrs. Gradidge & Sons, of Woolwich. If you write to them and mention your weight, height, and age, they will reply and state just what sort of bat would suit you and the price you should pay.

Harry.—You can procure an extremely useful box of tools from Messrs. Melhuish, Sons & Co., of Fetter Lane, London, for anything from half a guinea to half a hundred guineas. As you are a beginner, perhaps you had better try the former before you invest in the latter. Of course, if you are requiring a large quantity of tools for your school shop, then the half a hundred guineas order will be necessary.

R. M. C. (Toronto) is a very staunch supporter of The Captain in his part of the world. He tells me that the Jameson Ave Collegiate Institute won the Athletic Championship of Toronto mainly owing to Mr. Fry's system of training, which was closely followed by all the competing Jamesonians. Certainly "R. M. C." may consider himself our official representative in the city of Toronto.

MR. R. M. GOOCH.
Photograph by Russell & Sons.

Punch and Judy.—(1) The Captain for April, 1900, can be had from this office for 8½d. (2) *Ask* your master to explain; he will, if you do so nicely. (3) Run races at home, in orchards, etc., but not at school. Let the boys race by themselves, and the girls by themselves. (4) Send a stamped envelope if you want further particulars *re* algebra, etc.

Money-Grabber.—(1) Of course, stories should only be written on one side of the paper. If you don't know that, you cannot have got very far in the art of writing. Better wait a little before you send us a story. (2) For a respectable tale we pay anything from 150gns. to 1 guinea. 150gns. would just suit you nicely, wouldn't it?

George O'Beirne (1) has to use crutches, and wants to know if that will debar him from joining The Captain Club. Of course it won't. (2) With a little improvement his handwriting will do all right for an office. He should get one of Skerry's "Civil Service Copy Books," price 1s.; address—27, Chancery Lane, London.

P. L. H. (Swansea).—There are a great many excellent athletic outfitters, so it is rather invidious on my part to put one of them above another. However, I know that, at any rate in the matter of tennis racquets, a lot of my friends have had very satisfactory goods from Mr. F. H. Ayres, of Aldersgate Street.

G. C. C. (aged thirteen) wants me to tell him the best way to make a profit out of £1. As I have not the commercial mind which is necessary for providing information of this kind, I am making "G. C. C.'s" question into a competition, particulars of which will be found among The Captain competitions for March.

Scholasticus (Bedford).—If you want to procure all the things you mention in bulk, you had better go to a firm which executes large orders. I don't think I can recommend you to a better house than that of Messrs. Benetfink & Co., Cheapside, London.

Lisper.—Awfully sorry, but I really cannot tell you how to stop your lisping. If lisping could be cured, nobody would lisp; and that's plain. However, you can alleviate it by always speaking slowly and as distinctly as possible. Never talk in a hurry.

H. J. Evelyn White claims that the King's School, Ely, is the oldest school in the kingdom, as it was founded shortly after A.D. 673. Other "oldest schools" we have mentioned must climb down before this exceedingly venerable institution.

Hundredweight.—The first number of The Captain appeared in April, 1899. Particulars, etc., as to the price of the volumes can be found at the foot of the Contents of the number you are now reading. Kind regards to the "mater."

W. L. C. (St. Paul's School), suggests that there ought to be more enthusiasm among school-boys in the matter of volunteering. I heartily agree with him. Every fellow who can, ought to join the Cadet Corps attached to his school.

H. B. Parker.—I hope to publish your prize essay in a future number, and am sorry, therefore, that I cannot return it to you. **E. M.** (Chesterfield).—Binding cases for both the *Wide World* and Captain may be obtained for 1s. 9d. each, post free, from the Publisher. **J. S. L.**—How many more times? You may enter as often as you like for competitions as long as you put each attempt into a separate envelope. **Clare.**—Do not tell anybody, please. **John and Ross Grey.**—Use "plain deal" wood. **Nancy Lisle-Graham.**—See list of authors in answer to "Mars" (January). **F. G. Bristow.**—Consider yourself our representative at your institute and at Plaistow. **Ker Kerraje.**—Send questions to this office, with the stamps, and enclose stamped envelope for reply. Mark your letter, "Stamp Collector." **Xerxes** is afraid that the "O.F.," being so old, will have to resign soon. Cheer up, "Xerxes"! The old hoss is good for a lot more work yet. **"England for ever"** (Munich).—That's right—keep your end up. **A. S. Webster and many others.**—Brothers who share The Captain cannot all be members of the club—only one can join. **Inquisitive.**—I'm sure I don't know. **J. N. W. G.**

—Learn whatever instrument your inclinations guide you to. Don't bother about a "Memory System." **D. H. F.**—See answer to "Mars" in January. So you are a girl! Ha, ha! **P. S. Byshe.**—You'll slow down right enough. Anyhow, don't worry, old chap. You can't stop growing until Nature says you shall. You'll probably stop when you're 6ft. and a bit. Most tall fellows do. **Ach. van Swae.**—What ho, a poet, are you! **S. Posgate.**—You are the sort of member we want. Hope you are feeling fit now. **"Reg."**—Do as your people wish, and stay at home. It will be time to go abroad when you are twenty or twenty-one. **Jules Saliba** (Tunis).—Glad to receive your letter. I cannot put readers in communication with one another. Sorry, but that's our rule. **C. R. Harris** and **S. G. F.**—We shall have several interviews in the next volume. No information can be given *re* "Comps." except what appears in The Captain. **Pingius.**—Yes, you can represent us at Woking. I like your writing. Full of character and pleasant to read. I think you'll get on in life, if you don't play the fool. "Playing the Man's" the finest game I know. **Quidnunc.**—The rule is that you must take in The Captain, or have it taken in for you, and you only. If your brother complies with this rule he can join the club. **A. H. Jones.**—Consider yourself an official representative of The Captain at Bedford. **D. E. L.**—Look up our article on the "Kodak" in July, 1900. **H. W. J.**—See answer to "G. B.," about beginning in journalism and literature. **Cecil Cooke** will find most of his wishes granted in our next volume. **B. C. J.**—No, I am not Mr. W. W. Jacobs. I think your handwriting is quite good enough for a bank. **A. R. Cousins.**—Yes, "A. P. Cousins" was you—printer's error. **Architect.**—Go to any good stationer in Torquay, and ask for the indiarubber you mention. **Derbeian** wishes to know which public school has the oldest cadet corps, and thinks this honour belongs to Derby School, but doesn't mention date. **Kaymaca.**—Have put your name down for The Captain Club. Sorry I haven't time to visit Jamaica just now. **O. G. Fisher.**—Letters to the editor must *not* be sent with Captain Club Contributions or competitions. Have put you down for the club. **Seddie Tipps.**—Tell your brothers to live in a balloon; they will then avoid the earthquakes. Have little suits of armour made for their little bodies, with linings of cotton-wool. **An American Boy** (Chicago, U.S.A.).—I congratulate you on your gentlemanly way of expressing yourself. **Kathleen B.**—Certainly you may join The Captain Club as well as your brother. Best wishes for the new century. **Critic.**—The feature was discontinued because it was supported by comparatively few readers. Unless a feature appeals to thousands of readers we do not consider it worthy of the space devoted to it. **Sapiens.**—Thanks for suggestions. Don't forget to spread the news of the club among the fellows you encounter in the course of your travels. **S. Shepherd.**—We have a photographic expert from whom information can be obtained by enclosing a stamped envelope. **George Teed** (Canada).—Have made you a member. **C. J. S. B.** may be an official representative at Routh. **Ring.**—The feature is discontinued for the present. **Andrew Scott** (Jamaica).—All right! I'll give you folks more time. **L. J. R.**—Get a "Civil Service Copy Book," price 1s., from G. E. Skerry, Esq., 27, Chancery Lane, London. **Fix** (Algeria).—Sorry, but I cannot put readers in communication with each other.

"Calendar Events" were received from "Mars," Stanley B. King, F. Simon, Cecil Morrell, Harold W. Smith, Roy Dunkerley, H. Mather.

Also letters from "Julius Cæsar," "Conway Cadet," H. E. S. (Valparaiso), Willie Paul, S. V. P. (Cognac, France) (suggestions noted), "Lassie," "One of the Starboard Watch," Esther Garston, P. G. B., "Trixie," R. Attaque, Heathen, Frank Harper, Percy Sefton and Robert Pritty, Walter Stott, African, Cameron Cowhouse, James S. Paterson, Cap'n, "Golconda," Oscar S. Prevost, G. Long, M. C. Pratt, F. W. Sleetburn, Eliot Phelp, and many other correspondents.

A number of Answers held over.

THE OLD FAG.

"THE CAPTAIN" CLUB.

The Editor will be glad to receive names and addresses of those readers who wish to join THE CAPTAIN Club. Only *bonâ fide* purchasers of THE CAPTAIN are eligible for election. There is no entrance fee and no subscription. Simply declare that you are a regular purchaser of the Magazine, or that it is purchased for you. Various particulars relating to the CLUB will be found in recent numbers of THE CAPTAIN.

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QUEEN VICTORIA.

Born, May 24, 1819. *Died, Jan. 22, 1901.*

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt.
Dispraise or blame—nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

JOHN MILTON.

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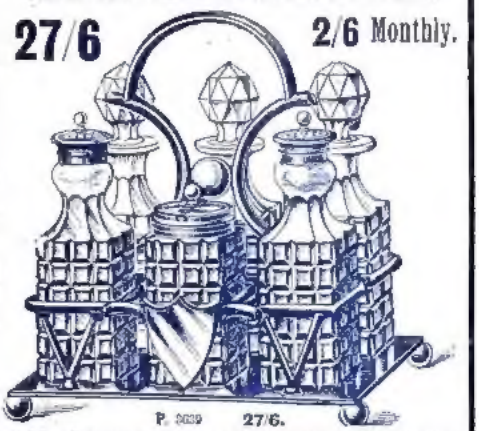

P. 2039 27/6.

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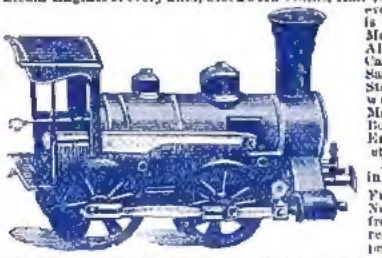

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